

DRUMMER

A person is shown from the waist up, wearing a black leather bondage harness with multiple straps and buckles. They are also wearing several black leather wristbands and a black leather collar. The person's arms are crossed in front of them. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some indistinct shapes and colors.

ISSUE 76

395

FOR OUR 9TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

**WE TAKE YOU TO DRUMMER'S BIG BASH, A SLAVE AUCTION
AND THROW IN A NUDE MR. DRUMMER '84 FOLDOUT POSTER!**

BEFORE "BORN TO RAISE HELL"



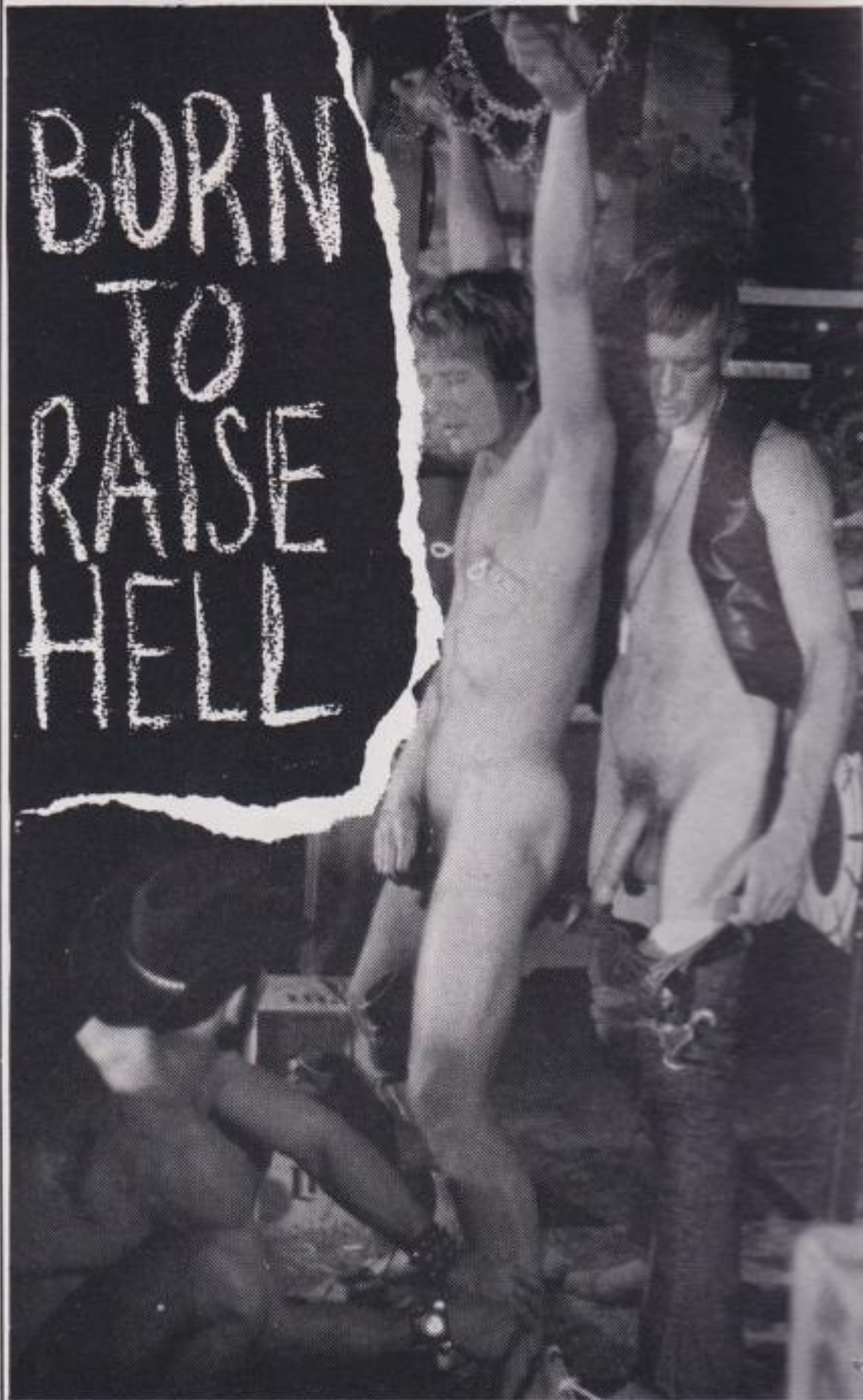
THERE WAS NIGHT OF SUBMISSION

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This is about the first big production of leathersex and showed a dungeon that was the talk of the leatherworld for years. It still holds up well and this is a print from brand-new theatre film. DRUMMER featured it in a very early issue and even published a picture book (now unavailable). Showing time is sixty hot and exciting minutes and the price is modest.

VHS/BETA **39⁹⁵**

NOW YOU CAN SEE IT!



BORN TO RAISE HELL is a seventy-minute hard-on. At least that is what I had the night they screened it for me. It is a classic in Leather SM moviemaking.

Robert Payne DRUMMER

Now, see for yourself the film that made a star of VAL MARTIN. Originally in four parts, this videotape is the complete theatre film and includes The Bar Scene, The Shaving Scene, The Dungeon Scene and the Cop's Revenge Scene. No collection is complete without it and we are extremely happy to finally be able to offer it for home viewing. Running time: Feature length, 70 minutes.

VHS/BETA **79⁹⁵**

WINGS VIDEO

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59⁹⁵



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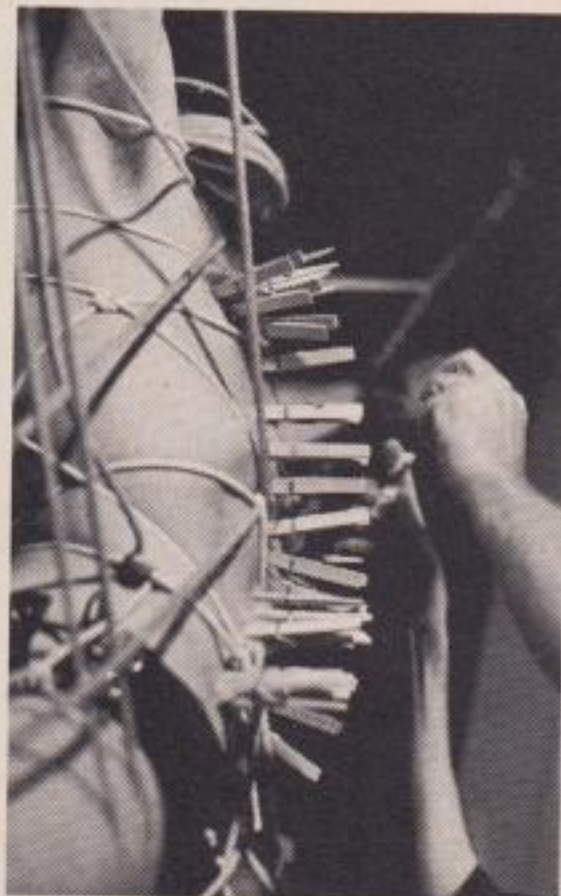
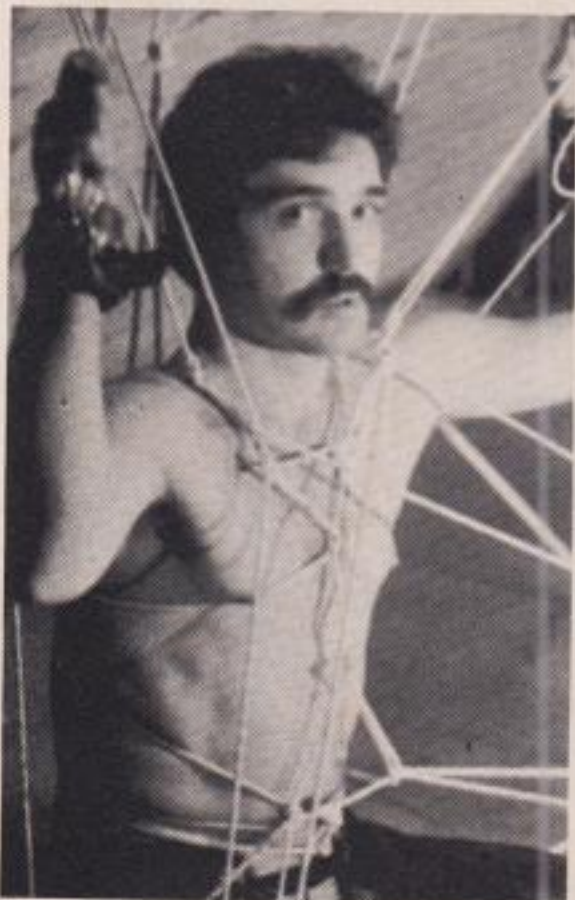
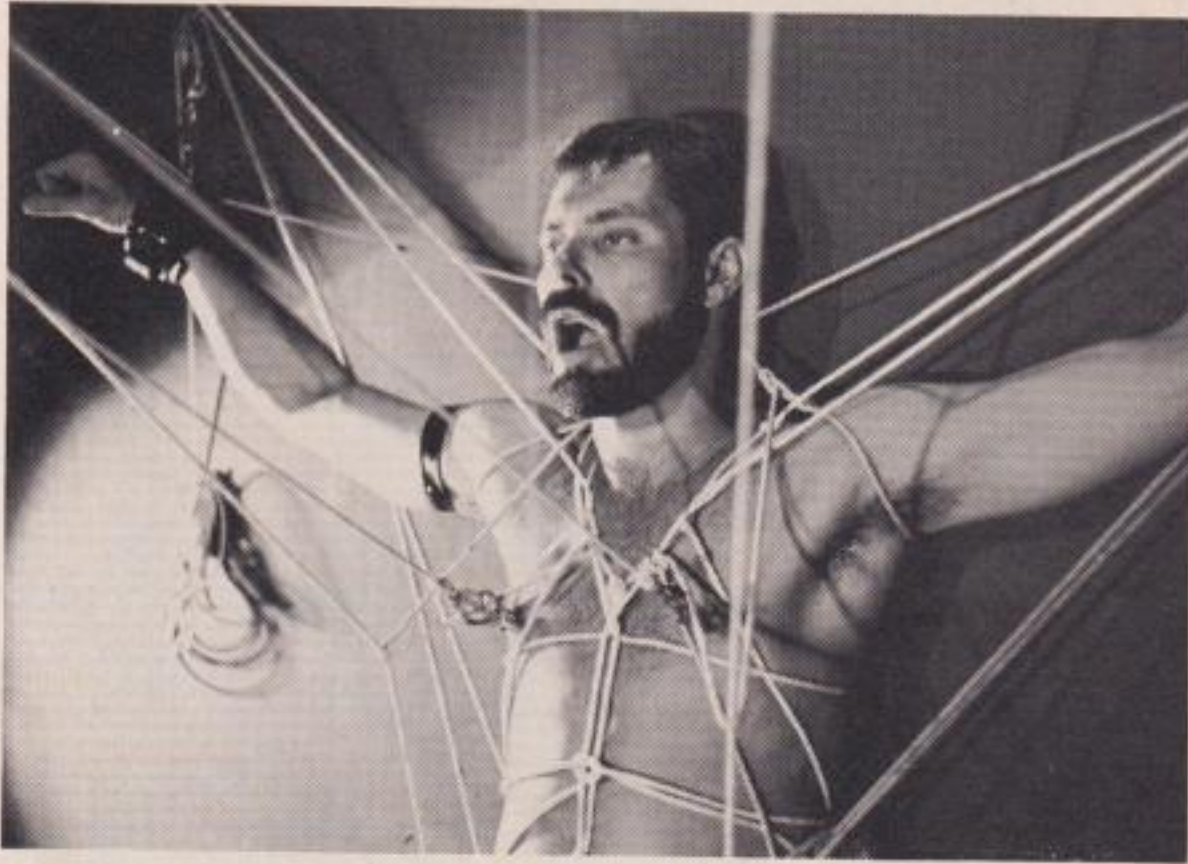
NEW FROM CLOSE-UP PRODUCTIONS

CAPTIVE MEN

A SENSATIONAL BONDAGE VIDEO FEATURING DANIEL HOLT, BART STERLING, THE MEN OF AVITAR, AND INTRODUCING CANE THE MASTER AT TIEING THE KNOTS. THIS VIDEO IS POWERFUL, FULL OF REALISTIC ACTION — A MUST FOR ALL YOU BONDAGE LOVERS, APPROXIMATELY 60 MINUTES LONG — VHS OR BETA \$79 POSTPAID.

Captive men was filmed to provide the bondage lover with greater knowledge of the bondage mystic. Cane the master lays the strap to his slave as the camera lens unfolds the magic of this project. Bart Sterling & Daniel Holt decide to pay Cane a visit. Bart is hesitant as this is his first time. He wants to go but is unsure. Holt has been to Cane before and so he is reassuring that Cane knows how to treat a guy right. They go. Cane takes Sterling to the rack and the ropes begin to fly. You won't want to miss the wizardry of Cane's talent. Holt meanwhile is into some

ropes himself. He also gets into some Cock action and finally cums on the master's boot, which he is forced to lick off. Sterling can't wait to return and Holt has his own reasons for wanting to visit Cane again. Cane ends the video with his own stylish design of cloth pins attached to the body of Smike. This entire video is one of a kind, something you haven't seen before. Don't miss this powerful, beautifully produced work. When purchasing please ask for CAPTIVE MEN. Payment by check, cash, or money order.



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DRUMMER 5



DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



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Cover: Sonny Cline receives the Drummer Stamp of Approval at the Mr. Drummer Finals. Photo by Robert Pruzan.

Opposite Page: Ray Wood, Mr. Pacific Northwest Drummer, tames the "Falconhead" at this year's Mr. Drummer Finals. Photo by Jim Moss.

Volume 9/Number 76

GETTING OFF

With issue 77, DRUMMER begins its tenth year. Who would have thought. The anniversary bash was the biggest and best. It was wonderful to have so many friends to celebrate with.

DRUMMER carried an article entitled "S&M Gym" in a very early issue and subsequently ran an extended series with the same title a few issues later. It was a great fantasy, a gym in which results were absolutely guaranteed, where the instructor carried a belt and a yardstick to prompt the members as they exhausted themselves lifting the barbells and doing their pushups. Everyone wore dog tags with their numbers on them, along with only jockstraps and athletic socks.

It has the prospects of coming to pass. There may be a personal instruction gym opening South of Market that will enroll only leathersmen who are willing to abide by its rules. The plans are about to leave the planning boards and go to the carpenters.

The plan is to strictly supervise those serious enough to want to change their bodies, attitudes and psyches for the better. Top-rate professional instruction by a no-nonsense MR. DRUMMER runner-up who will take it as a personal affront if you fail to become a showpiece within the allotted amount of time. Woe unto you if you don't please him. Leave your attitude behind and write to THE GYM c/o The Leather Fraternity. You will eventually get a brochure and more information. However, you will either have to live in San Francisco or be willing to fly in three times a week.

—John H. Embry, Publisher

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DRUMMER 7

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

HAIRY HUNG STUDS

Drummer 74 arrived today. Thank you for keeping up the good work and fine quality. You boys really know how to turn a guy on.

I enjoy the hot numbers that you feature in each issue, but how about some hairy studs? Nothing is a bigger turn-on to me than big, hairy, hung studs. I'm also looking forward to seeing Ken Bergquist (Mr. Southeast Drummer) in your next issue.

Keep up the good work.

E.H.

Tampa, FL

(Editor's note: You weren't the only one excited about Ken Bergquist, who was named First Runner-Up at the Mr. Drummer Finals in San Francisco. You'll be seeing plenty of him in this issue, in the official Mr. Drummer Program—and in the future. We have plans for Mr. Bergquist...)

MARLBORO MEN

I live in Greensboro, N.C., and the only good piece of ass I can get is when my finger breaks through the toilet paper. The book store used to be good, but the vice squad in this area has been bad news. The bars are full of disco bimbos, punk rockers, drag queens and questionables. I spend more time jacking off than anything else. The only satisfaction I get lately is when I receive your magazine. Which is disgusting, and I love every page of it. Issue 74 on Cigar Studs was at least a 6-cum shot (not all at the same time). That must have had everyone coming more than once. I really enjoy your mag—from cover to cover. You're the next best thing to the real thing—don't stop, or I'll stop coming. Also, I would like to request some photos of more hairy men, MARLBORO MEN. I am a Marlboro collector, and the reason is the studs.

Ski

Greensboro, NC

STRANGE CUSTOMS

Just a word of thanks for how much we appreciate *Drummer* out here in New Zealand. I had a subscription from issue one, but was forced to let it lapse because the Customs kept getting their hands on it. I now have to rely on a friend's subscription, but he also loses issues regularly to Customs seizures. The leather community in this country is very small and it is hard to get in touch with others in the scene, and for that reason

Drummer is very important to us, to remind us that we're not alone in the world and there is an international community of men in leather out there. All the best.

Keith Marshall

Wellington, New Zealand

PAIN/PLEASURE

I have noticed that all Master/slave articles deal with how much pain a slave feels. What about the pleasure? I have a Master and I feel very grateful for the discipline that he gives me. I know that his riding crop makes me a better person and a better slave. I work as head of a department at a large company and I owe my whole career to my Master. I am very happy and proud that he has chosen me for his slave and my only wish is that I can be the best I can be for him in the future. I hope that he will keep me as his slave and I will do anything that is required of me for that. I have great pleasure in being his property and I hope that all slaves out there will have that pleasure some day.

S.M.

Los Angeles, CA

ARMPIT LOVER

Your "In Passing" photo in *Drummer 74*—of a guy holding up his arm so that the other guy could lick his armpit—was a super turn-on! I am a wet armpit lover and I wish that your mag would have many more pictures like that one in the future. One was not enough.

I am also very interested in your "International Leather Scene" section, and I hope that it will remain a regular feature in *Drummer*. Loved those hot-looking studs in that photo showing the winners of the Mr. South of Market contest. Keep up the great work!

M.A.A.

No Address

VIVE LA FRANCE!

A long time ago, your printed a letter of mine concerning boots and uniforms. A very belated but grateful thanks!

Now—once every so often we come upon a little something we treasure and keep for a lifetime. Your magazine is one thing; a friend of mine has a stogey he picked up out of an ashtray in a redneck bar—It belonged to a trucker he craved but didn't get. He keeps it in what he calls his "treasure chest."

I recently found a magazine named *GEO*, and back in December 1983 they ran an article on the French Foreign

Legion. The cover of that issue is definitely worth framing, kissing, jerking off to, etc. Has anyone else seen it? I'd like to know. Am I the only one who has an interest in uniforms other than American? That might make a good article—Uniforms Around the World.

Jay F. Pomerantz

Freeport, NY

MORE OF THE MARQUIS

A friend...brought to my home *Drummer 74* containing Mason Powell's "The Doom of the Marquis de Cheval Gris." Now I can wait, but hardly, for more. The tale is a feast for the senses—and it can only be an appetizer for the continuation, to culmination, of the bounty it began. Is there to be more? Hopefully so, but if not there is only one thing to do and that is to order Powell's *The Brig*.

C. Reese

Fort Worth, Texas

(Editor's note: Yours is one of several requests we've received clamoring for a sequel to Powell's story; we've passed the demand along to the author. The poor Marquis—his sufferings may have only begun...)

ABOMINATIONS

Roy F. Wood's story, "The Conquering Strength" (*Drummer 74*), is a real turn-off. Although much of it is hot reading, the fact that the narrator is submitting not just to a strong man, but to a military dictator, takes it out of the realm of sex and puts it into the realm of politics. By the end, the narrator is willing to allow himself to be used to sell a nation's people into slavery—not the fun kind, but the kind that imprisons, tortures, and murders people against their will, the kind of dictatorship which would never allow the publication of a magazine like yours, or any free speech for that matter. The fact that the narrator expects to be killed in the process doesn't change the legacy he's leaving behind. And the fact that he's willing to unleash all this horror for the sake of an orgasm makes me wonder where Wood's head and yours are really at. Consensual sex is wonderful. Political oppression is abominable. I thought *Drummer* stood for freedom. Maybe you'd better read your motto from Thoreau more carefully, and remember that "different drummers" and reading Thoreau are not allowed in political dictatorships. What's hot about that?

Arnie Kantrowitz

New York, NY

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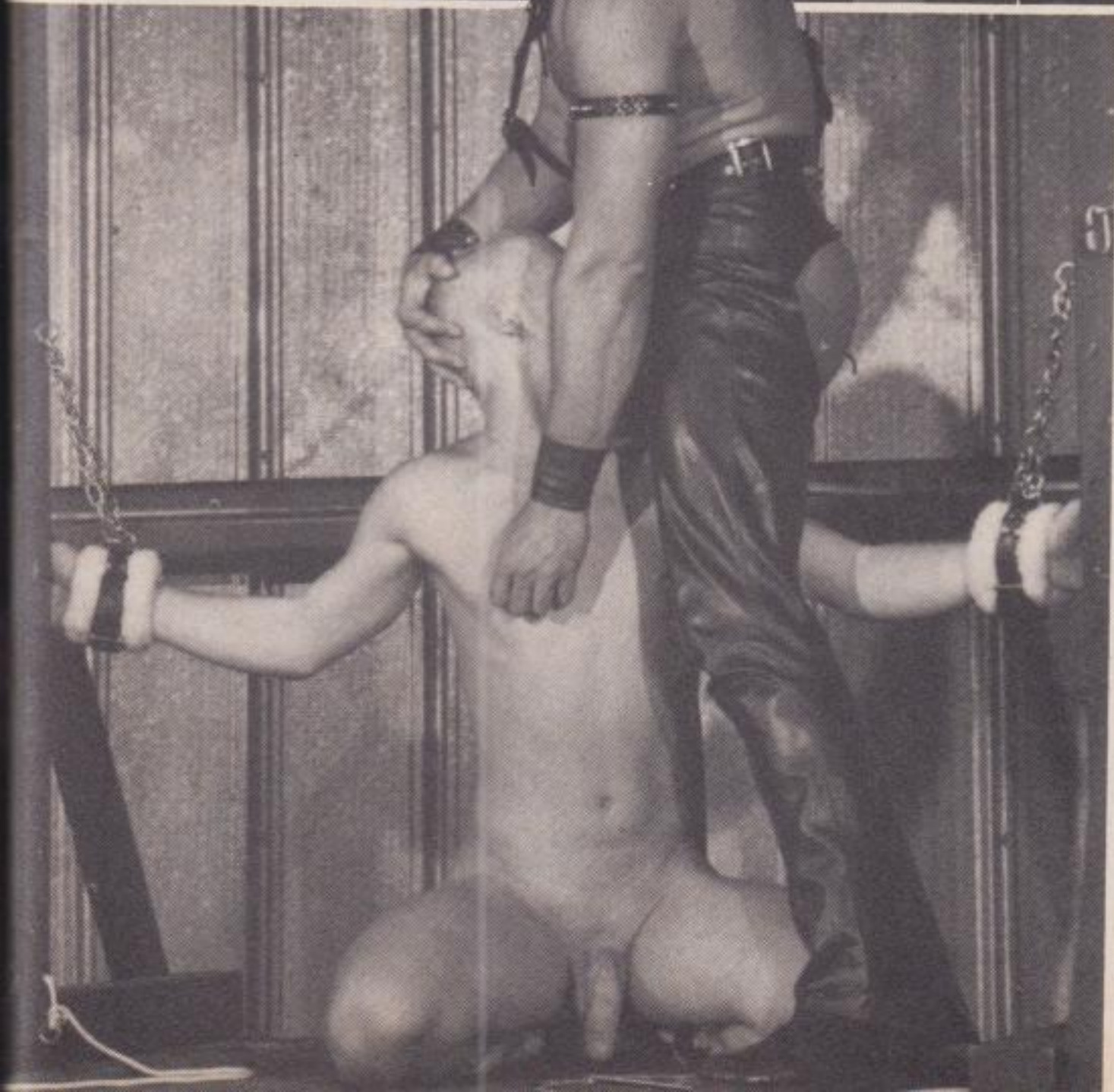
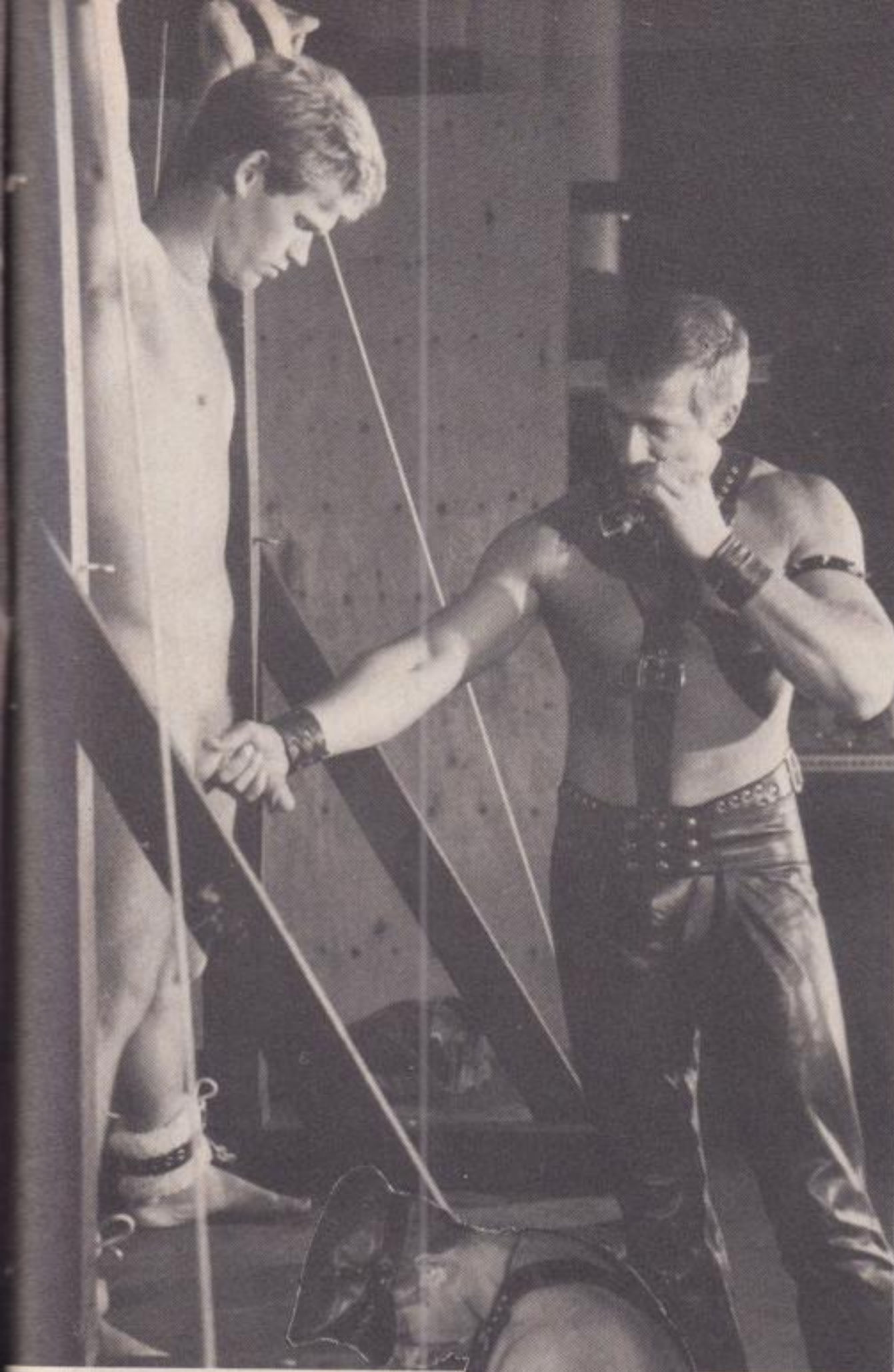
WARNING: Use of this phone number
may make things very hot
in your bedroom.



DRUMMER GOES TO THE TAPING OF A SLAVE AUCTION

• PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM MOSS

EIGHT MODELS GET CLIPPED,
SHAVED, STRETCHED, CHAINED,
DISCIPLINED AND PUT IN THEIR
PLACE AS WINGS' NEW VIDEO
PROJECT 'FOR SALE' TAKES OFF!



When DRUMMER gets invited to a filming of a videotape about slave auctions, DRUMMER goes. We sent cameraman Jim Moss, reviewer John W. Rowberry and said no to several would-be voyeurs from the staff who wanted to watch the action. And there was plenty of action to watch.

The story as we understand it is about The Man who carries on as if the Thirteenth Amendment had never happened. He works on eight slaves in all; a surfer, a construction worker, a businessman, a bodybuilder, somebody's stock boy, the male stripper, a mechanic and finally a hunk of a cop. Every one of them gets drug in, either by seduction or persuasion, and ends up on the block with a "For Sale" sign around his neck. We never know who the buyers are but we sure know who does the selling. And the shaving. And the whipping. Along with the shackling, binding and tying. Lest anyone not know who is in charge, it is forcibly brought to their attention.

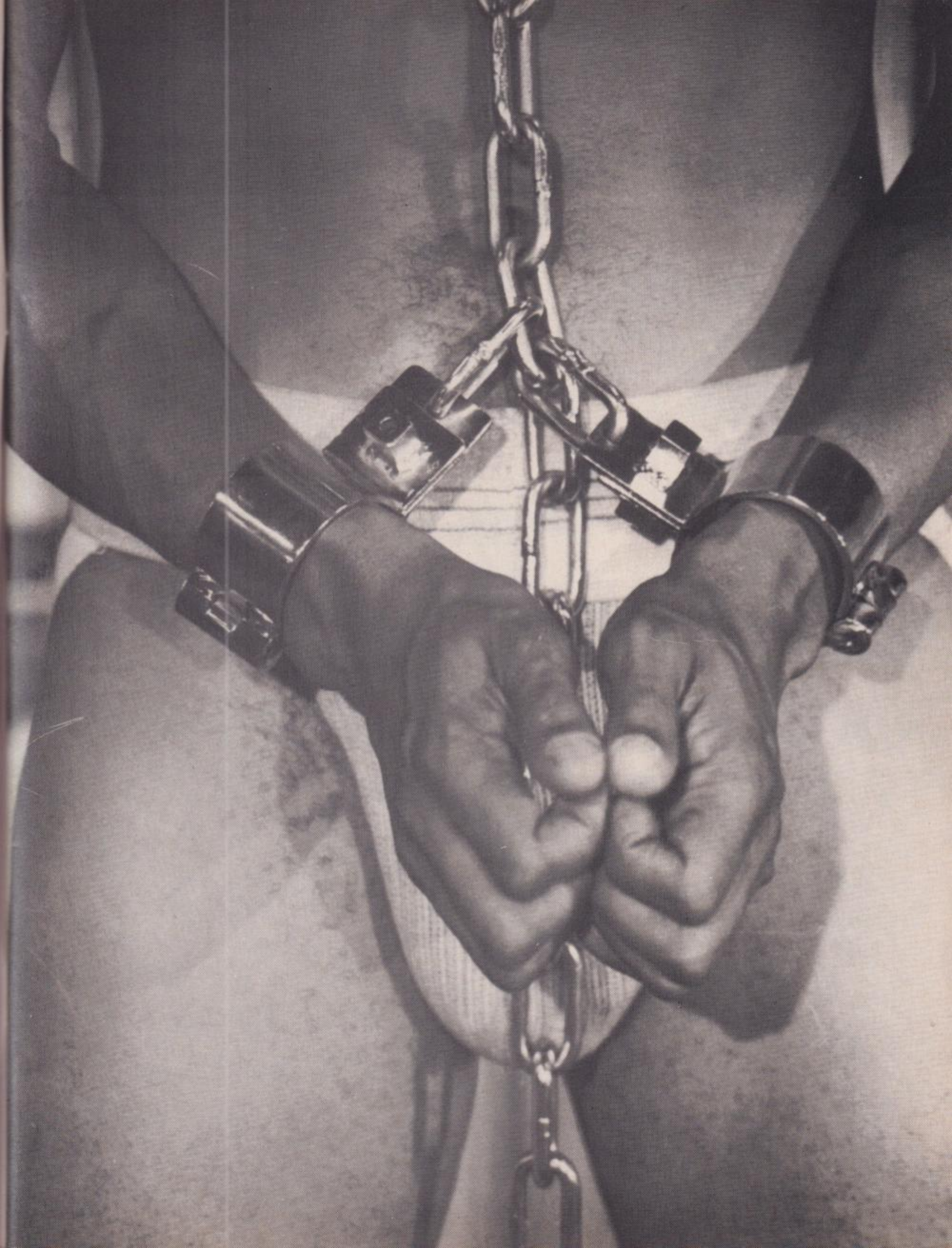


**FOR
SALE**

Included in the long-suffering cast are three Mr. Drummers, including Sonny Cline, Mr. Drummer '84 and first runner-up Mr. Southeast Drummer. Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer is there also with the chrome shackles shining against his glistening ebony skin. Magnificent!

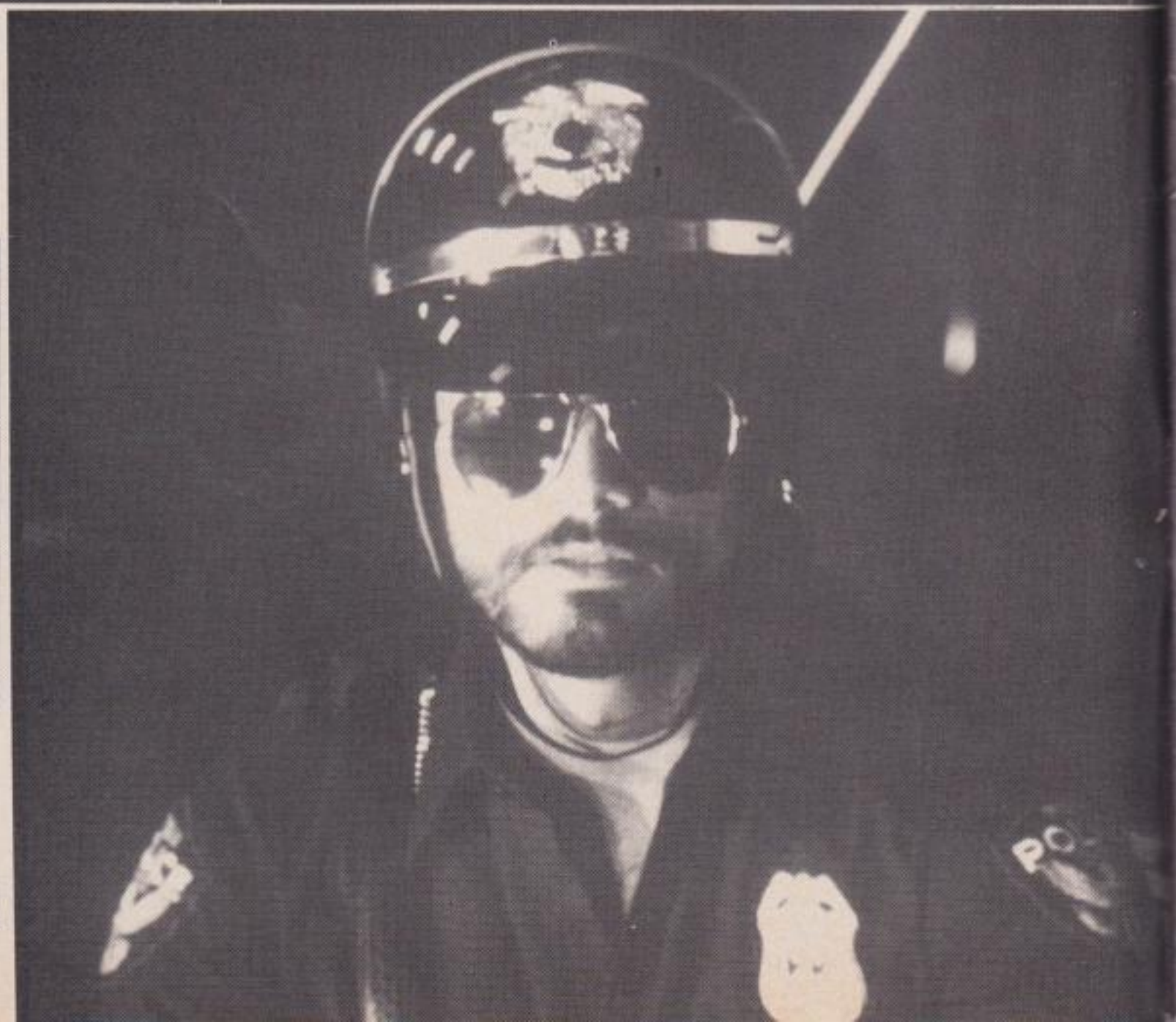
We are pleased to report a happy ending. Everyone had a great time, including director Robert Payne, who concocted the whole thing. When the producer finally popped for some six-packs, everybody got sloshed and the action picked up. The video cameramen told off the still cameraman for flashbulbing while they were taping, but later everyone kissed and made up.

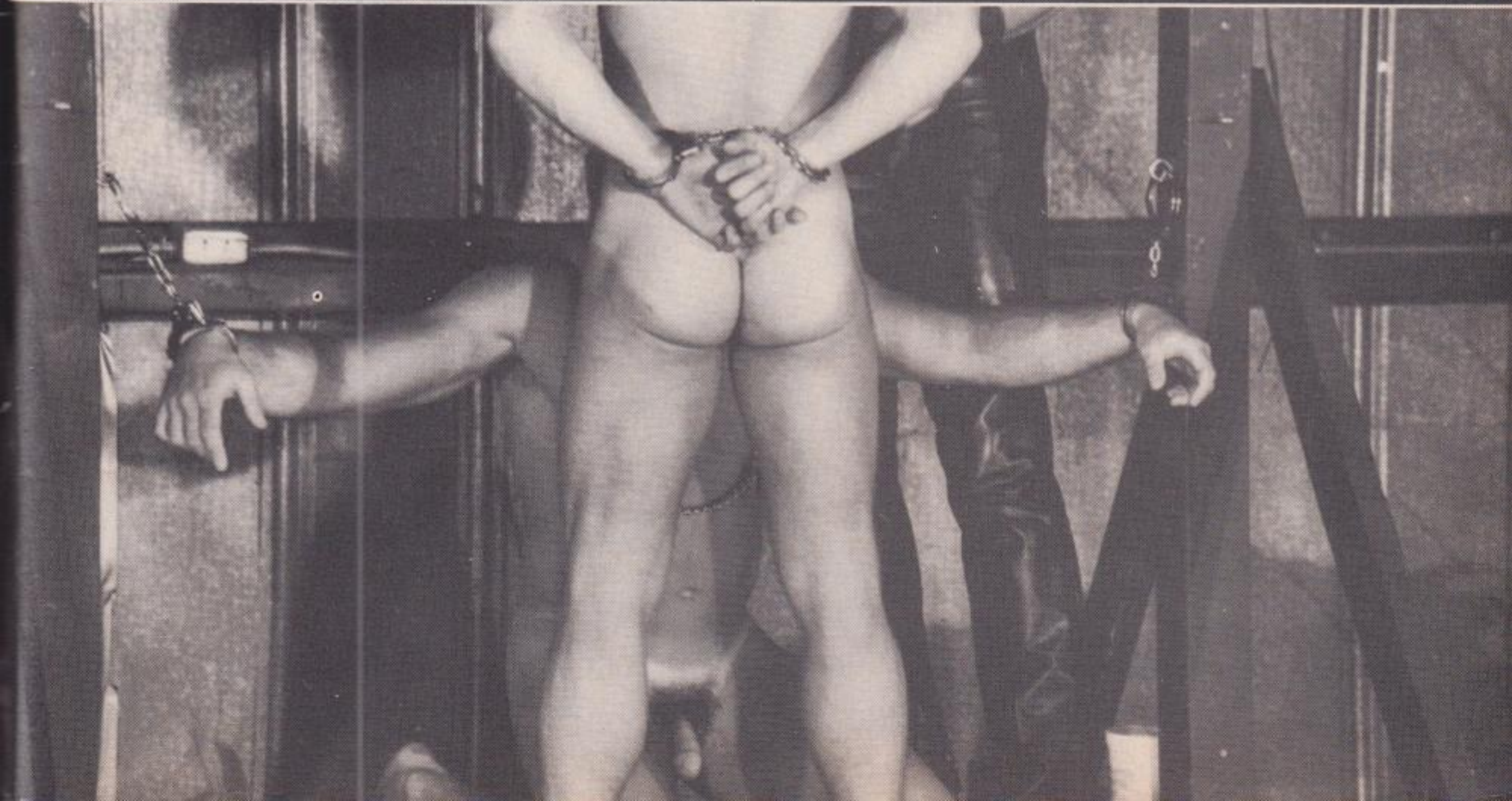


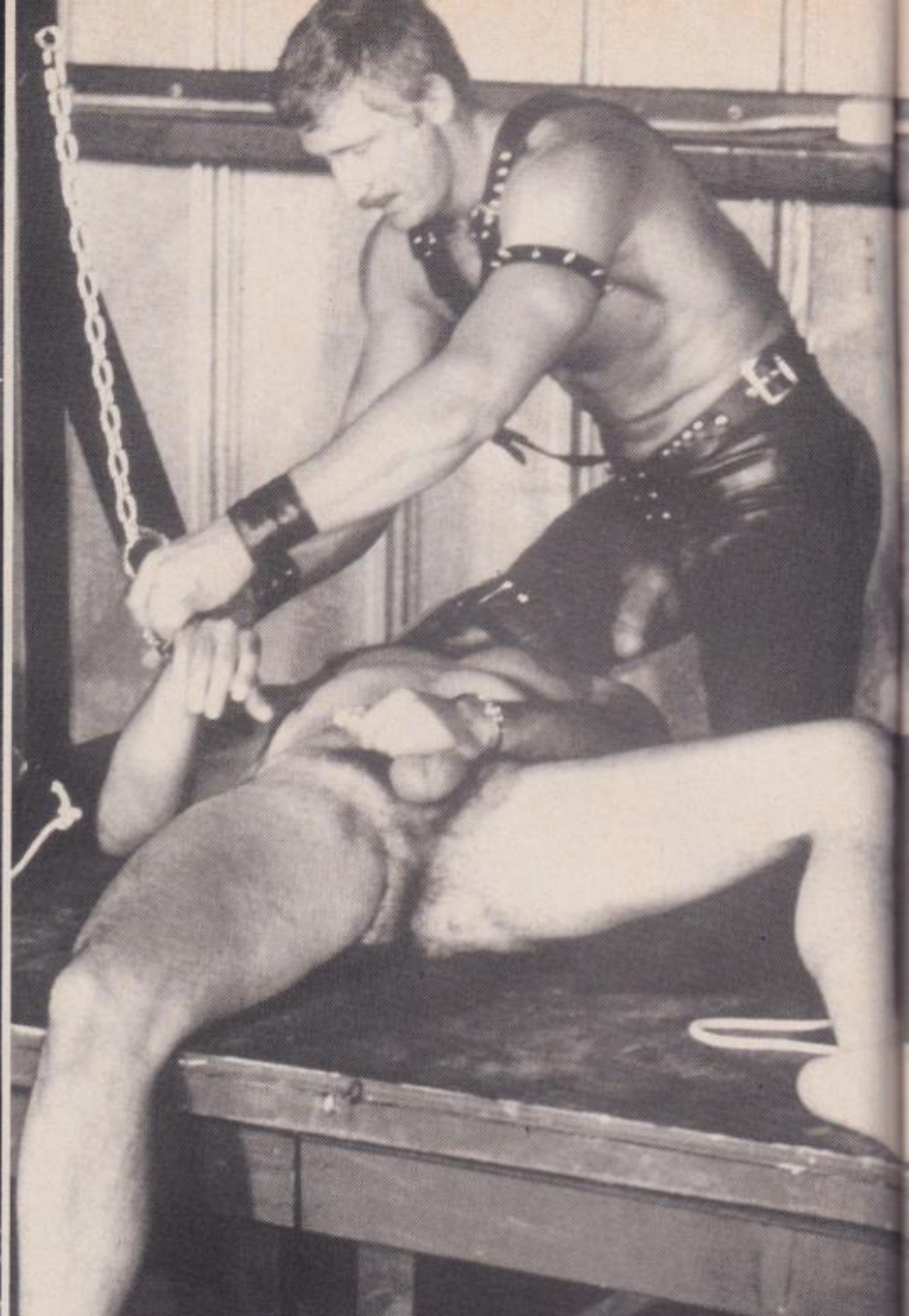




The "slaves" hung around to see whether or not the next session was better or worse than the one they had been subjected to, and on a couple of afternoons the "sold slaves" joined the party on the block for more.





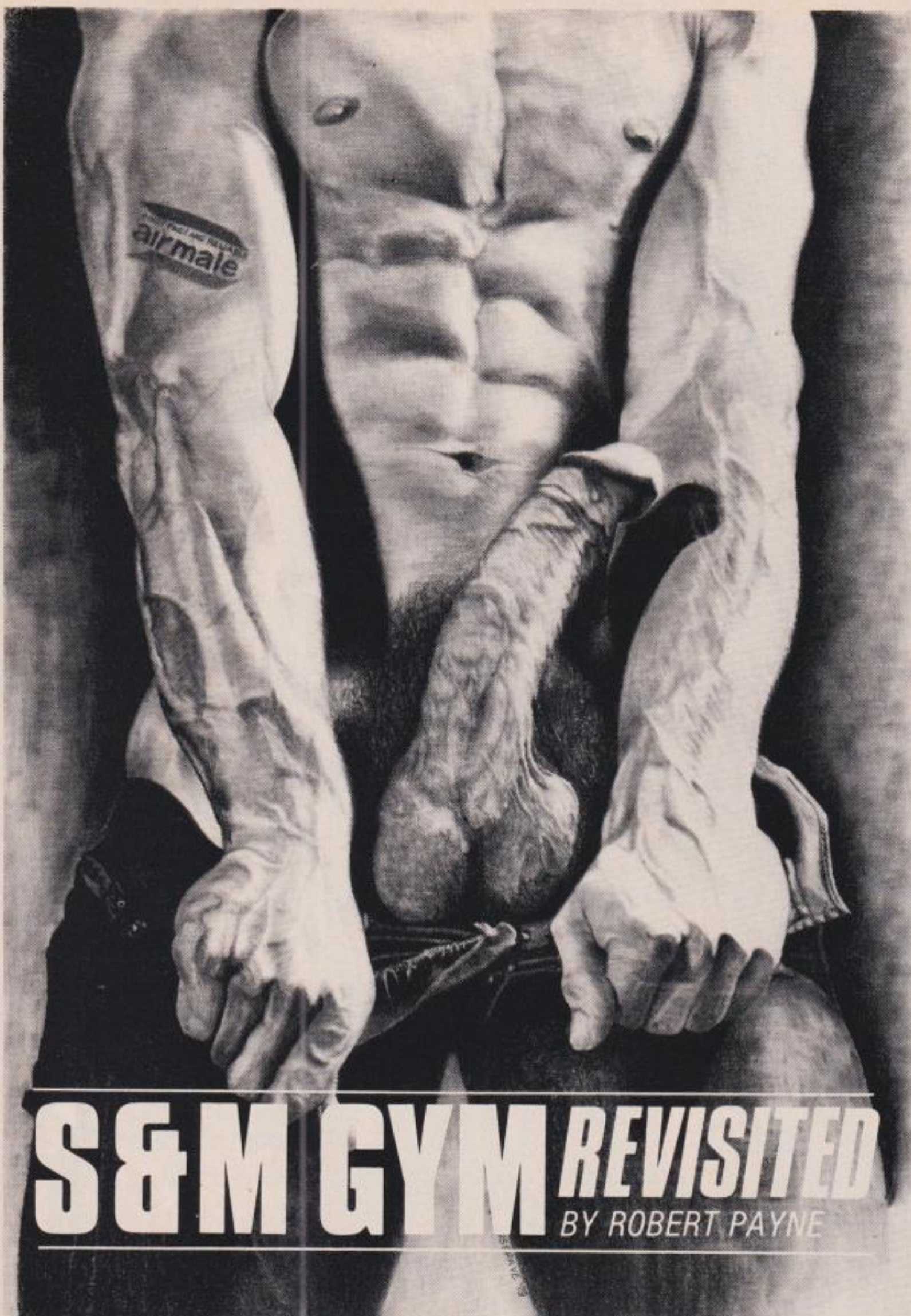


For Sale, which is the working title of the film, has all the earmarks of being an exciting production. The Man is for real and it shows. He did most of the work, hauling slaves up and down on the rack and the block. He shaved them, gave one a complete haircut and did it expertly. If you think the clipping in *A Few Good Men* was exciting, wait until you see The Man's clippers tear into the surfer. We will wait until the producers announce the cast to give credit where credit is due.

For the crew from *DRUMMER*, it was a blast. But don't take our word for it, see for yourself. □







S&M GYM REVISITED

BY ROBERT PAYNE

Illustration: CHARLES R. MUSGRAVE

I knew it wouldn't be your run-of-the-mill type of gym. You know, the high tech look, all chrome and mirrors and smoke and grey walls. It looked like a gym alright, the no-nonsense kind where the instructor follows you around and keeps on your ass until you do it right and proper. And while the equipment was definitely not Nautilus, everything was clean and orderly. However, the big difference seemed to be the instructor. Big and beefy, yes. Clone-looking, no. Over his giant pecs he wore a t-shirt that said simply "I AM IN CHARGE HERE" under the insignia for The Gym. And in charge he was. I found that out soon enough.

He patiently waited while I told him what I wanted and who had recommended me to The Gym and vice-versa. He smiled as one would at an idiot and

motioned me into a private room. "Strip," he said simply and there was not one shred of a question in the way he said it.

I stripped down to my jockey shorts and socks and stood waiting to be measured. They always do that in gyms. They then put your measurements on a little chart and very seldom look at it again. I yawned.

"All the way," the Man In Charge said and, embarrassed, I pulled off the shorts and socks. He brought over the tape measure and measured everything I had. His sheer authority made one of the things I had considerably larger than it had been when I walked in. He measured it from the top of the base to the tip and wrote it all down. I felt like a fool. "You need to gain a couple of inches across your shoulders, three on your chest, two on your biceps as well as your

thighs." That was hardly news, although I never had the expectations so precise before.

"You will lose an inch and a half off your waist. We will guarantee these figures as long as you follow your chart and do exactly as you are told. Are you capable of doing as you are told?"

What they *had* told me was true and I wasn't going to blow it. "Yes, Sir," I stated, expecting to hear my bare heels click.

"You need some sun and your body would look a lot better without that little patch of hair on the small of your back above your ass. Hair on your legs makes them look bigger, it does the same for your middle."

"How about this coming down my belly... Sir?"

"Shave it or leave it there. Your belly is going to be a lot flatter in a very short while." He paused to make it sound off the record, maybe. "Shaving your crotch makes your cock and balls look bigger."

I knew. Someone had done it to me once but no one had shaved me since. I made a mental note to do some shaving that night and wished that this hunk was the one doing it to me.

"You will wear a jockstrap and white socks like everyone else. You will be given an ID chain to put around your neck, so we know what to call you." Call me *anything you like*, for godsake. "There is no smoking and no messing around in the showers. We own your ass while you are here working out. I want to be proud of what we make you into and you had better work hard. In fact, I will personally see that you do." Period.

He put the chart in front of me. It had the outline drawing of a male body with the instructor's notations on my gains and losses, a date of three months away and today's date. I signed it and wrote out my check. I could have signed it with my dick, which was hard enough and oozing enough with precome. I was handed a key to a locker, a fresh pair of white athletic socks, a new jockstrap and a G.I. tag and chain that said "Property of THE GYM" with the number 79 on the back. I put everything on, put my gym clothes and street clothes in my locker and reported back. I felt the need not to waste any time whatsoever.

"Give me a couple dozen pushups,

I dropped to the floor and began doing the traditional pushups, hoping I was keeping my body sufficiently rigid and raising it high enough to satisfy the stern eye of the Man In Charge. I wasn't and before I was through warming up, I had done about fifty good and bad pushups. He wrote it down. I stopped worrying about my bare ass bobbing up and down in front of everyone else since everyone else's bare asses were hanging out just like mine.

I went through the dead weights, the leg machine, the sit-ups, barbells, more

pushups and, in fact, the entire list. Each time the numbers and/or weights would be marked down diligently.

There was none of the usual chattering and small talk that permeates gyms. Occasionally one of the class would get permission and walk over to the juice bar or the water fountain, but it was certainly not for conversation, other than a short, very low one. I watched some of the guys come out of the locker room. Many wore leather items. Perhaps these were the ones with motorcycles parked outside.

Some of the guys had small chains, other than the Gym's, around their necks. One hunky, if short, blond had a much larger chain fastened with a padlock. I fantasized that he had been enrolled by the man who put the lock there. One had something similar around his right ankle, I noticed in the shower. I also noticed a preponderance of shaved crotches and asses as I looked around in the showers. Was it at the direction of The Gym or the individual choice of the men involved? I didn't know anyone well enough to ask. I soaped up my rising cock and rinsed my tired body off.

The final batch of pushups was considerably better than the first, in spite of my weariness. To emphasize something that he was saying, The Man In Charge whapped me across my bare ass with a yardstick. I was tempted to say, "Thank you, Sir," but I kept my mouth shut and kept pushing up.

I handed in my tag and chain and walked down the stairs. I did say "Good night, Sir," to him as I left. He acknowledged it by telling me to be on time on Wednesday. "Yessir," I promised. I wouldn't miss it for the world.

In a week or so I got over my stage fright and started talking to my fellow sufferers. One of the guys with a permanent chain around his neck said he was a houseboy and that was all he wore while he worked. He didn't mind having to wear only a jockstrap and socks at all. In fact, he felt overdressed. His master wanted to make a showpiece of him and required a report card from The Gym each month. He had no hair on his body and he sported what could be called a G.I. haircut. Looked good since he had a great neck and a good set of shoulders. I hesitatingly asked him if he resented having someone telling him what to do all the time.

He smiled. "No, man. I would never have ended up looking like this. I was so strung out from drugs and bad food that I wonder why my master ever picked me. I didn't have no job and no training for one. Boy, do I have training now. I'm even going back to school. Naw, whatever he makes of this bod is his, believe me. Jeez, I gotta get home or I'll get my ass tanned. See you day after tomorrow."

He went off like an errant schoolboy,

all hundred and eighty-some pounds of him. I should have such luck.

The sessions became harder on one hand and easier on another. I could lift more weight and immediately had them increased. The Man decided one evening that I needed bigger calves since my thighs were increasing so well. He changed my chart and loaded the machine to put weights on my shoulders. You have to stand on tiptoe for a couple or three sessions of a dozen lifts apiece. My legs felt like rubber but I came through for the last four lifts as I felt that goddamn yardstick across my calves.

As I was showering he came in and looked at me. He noticed my crotch was shaved all the way down to the small of my back. He nodded his head a couple of times and told me to stand under the hot water a little longer and to keep my leg muscles from tightening up. God, would I love to have been ordered to get down and wash HIS legs, among other things. I put my head under the shower to wash away such thoughts. I should have put my dick as well since it seemed to have a mind of its own at that moment.

It was working, man was it working! By the end of two months I had made most of the scheduled improvements. I have gone to gyms before, but my experience has been that they mostly ignore you after you sign up. They are mostly a social scene and a lot of the guys simply hang out in the sauna or the sundeck. With the kind of work I was doing at this place, they should have paid me. But I looked at myself in the mirror by the juice bar. *I really looked good!* My posture had improved, my chest expanded, my waist contracted and there was a difference that was just as apparent—my attitude. I was more sure of myself and didn't have to talk a leg off of everybody to prove it. I knew what I wanted at this point and I made a decision to find it. I wanted to be good enough to belong to somebody. And I was beginning to be worth having.

It was about this time that I lost the nowhere job I had in the insurance offices. I hadn't realized how much I really hated going to work every day. It was just that in the back of my mind was the necessity to pay the fucking rent and all the bills that added up to what staying alive cost. But there seemed to be one vital necessity I would have to do without. Namely, The Gym. My first three months would be up and while the bod was all the better for it, it was something I wouldn't have the money for.

As the time period finished, my gains and losses were much better than the Man In Charge had predicted. Or, maybe he knew all the time and was just being conservative. At any rate he actually patted me on the ass with something other than that damned yardstick one evening and I decided that this was the time to break the news. So I did.

He looked at me with absolutely no

expression. "You're making good progress, Seventy-Nine," he said. "I know what I want from you for the next three months. You'll keep working. Don't worry about the money."

I started to protest. I was pleased, but I sure as hell am no charity case. Before I could open my idiot mouth however, he said, "You'll work here for us." There was no further discussion. He had said it. He had committed himself and saw no reason why anyone should need to kick it around in discussion. I certainly didn't either. I knew he would fill me in on the details when he thought I should know them.

He did. I was instructed to come in at eight in the morning to get the place ready, start the coffee (I wasn't allowed to drink any—only fruit juices—as "Coffee isn't good for you, kid") and start a day of backbreaking and thoroughly delightful drudgery. I continued to wear only a jockstrap and socks. The socks, I discovered, were to prevent foot infections. After we opened I put on a cutoff t-shirt that had "Property of THE GYM" on it and I guess that was the proper label. Now that I was no longer a client, I got my ass whipped for mistakes and my vocabulary was limited to "Yes, Sir" and "Thank You, Sir."

Not that anybody bothered me sexually. I was paid fairly and punctually and, if you count the fact that I gave up my apartment to live in the back of the gym's basement, I guess I was coming out better than before. When I had nothing to do, which wasn't but an hour or two a day, I continued my workouts. However, since I was there every day, I worked on upper body one day and lower the next. I was beginning to become not only a showpiece but maybe even spectacular. I enjoyed the looks and the occasional comments, along with the attempts at a pickup. But I was a bottom, let's face it, and not too tempted by another bottom, no matter how beautiful. I had The Man to serve, even if only by scrubbing the floors and carrying towels and supplies.

I guess I was making progress, since after the place closed and everyone was out, The Man would tell me to put my jock and socks in the dirty clothes bin and finish up naked as a jay. I still shaved my lower half regularly and had only a cockring between me and nothing. One night he attached my name (number) tag to the ring and told me to wear it that way. He still called me "79" either to reassure me that I was a Gym member or to tell me he couldn't bother with my name, if he really even remembered it. One night in the shower (which I was scrubbing at the time) he came in and stripped down, which was a rare treat anytime. He ignored me and turned on a faucet at the other end. I continued scrubbing the tile, all the while watching him out of the corner of my eye.

(continued next month)

FORESKIN UPDATE



Dear Mr. Berkeley,

I dig older men with foreskin, just like the fellow in your recent Foreskin Update. It's because of my dad. He is a real hunk of manhood and he likes to show it off. When I was a kid he'd go naked around the house with all his tools swinging. I was dazed when I saw him naked.

One day when I was about 12 I had to sit on the pot when he was soaking in the bathtub. He said it was okay for me to come in. I sat there staring as he rolled the soap around the exposed head a few times and then gradually worked it down the skinned-back shaft. Then he held his penis up in the air and just watched as the foreskin crept forward and began covering his head again. It stopped before it got to the top of his dick, so he dug his finger inside the skin and yanked out the foreskin tip. The tip finally came to a rest and formed a voluptuous point an inch in front of his cockhead.

I couldn't stand it any longer and blurted out, "Why haven't I got that?"

"Got what?" he shouted back.

"Why haven't I got a point on my wienie?" I demanded.

"Oh," he sat silently for a moment and then said, "It's because they streamlined you. They streamline all the boys these days. Weren't doing it so much when I was born. Your old man has an old-fashion wienie, kid." He laughed.

Well, that explanation satisfied me for a few years. Then I read Drummer and realized that there were a few other old-fashion wienies available.

Dear Streamlined,

Nice episode, kid. Thanks for sharing it. Yes, there are old-fashion wienies

available and they are not all on older men. My mail keeps amazing me at how many guys who were born in more recent decades missed out when the streamliner (circumciser) came around. Of course, it is probably the older men who've got whatever else you are looking for. By the way, where is your old-fashion old man these days? Some of our readers might want you to share him too.

Dear Sir,

I am into cock-modification. I wear a Prince Albert ring through my circumcised cock and have a butterfly on the shaft which spreads its wings when I get hard. I have modified numerous cocks in my day. I have given several cocks custom-designed circumcisions. One design I currently recommend is the California Convertible. No foreskin is removed, but the entire sheath of cock-skin is loosened so that it sits at the base of the cock and the look of the thing is circumcised. At the same time, the foreskin can be brought forward and worn over the glans by securing it forward with a lock or string. It gives the best of both worlds.

I have come to the conclusion that it is a shame to cut off any part of the sensitive foreskin tissue and I only do it now when my subject has his heart set on a conventional circumcision. Recently I ran across the enclosed article from a Japanese medical journal, circa 1940's, describing an intriguing method of circumcision (see illustration) which retains all the foreskin. The instructions are in Japanese. Do any of your readers translate the language? I have a line-up of uncircumcised dicks interested in this modification.

Dear Prince Albert,

Talk about getting pinned back! Al, I assume your subjects voluntarily place their penises in your capable hands and

that you are a medical professional. Cocks are certainly fun to play around with (and most cocks love it, too!), but some of your modifications sound rather permanent. Oh well, if the results please your subjects and their lovers...why not? I am well aware that many uncut men have circumcision fantasies and, for them, I agree that finding a method which preserves most of the foreskin tissue would be the most satisfactory (erotically speaking). Any form of cock-modification might sound grotesque to the uninitiated, until one realizes that 80% of American men carry modified (circumcised) meat between their legs.

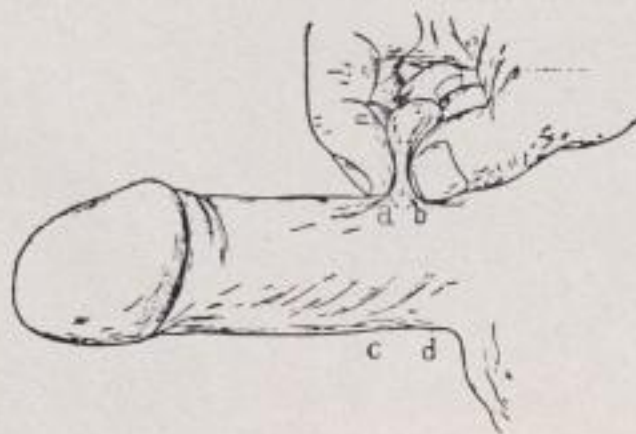
I have been aware of your Japanese method of circumcision. There is a gory (and grotesque) lore associated with it, which I learned from the "foreskin/circumcision grapevine." It seems that in the early '30s a German medical report announced the development of this circumcision procedure, extolling it as the breakthrough in the ancient art. I once saw a copy of an American medical journal report of that era reviewing the German find. However, Nazis sadism quickly soured the world on German medical findings and the new procedure was forsaken. The German doctor credited for the discovery supposedly continued researching circumcision fetish (surprise! surprise!) and his favorite cocks on which to experiment were those provided by Greek boys who had been selected off the streets of occupied Athens and shipped to the good doctor's laboratories. The son of a bitch supposedly bragged that his line-up of penises were usually rigidly erect as he went to work on them. Well, of course, Doc, despite what you were doing to them, those penises were responding to your attention...especially as their owners were experiencing a masochistic fantasy come true. Right, Prince?

The California Convertible, eh?

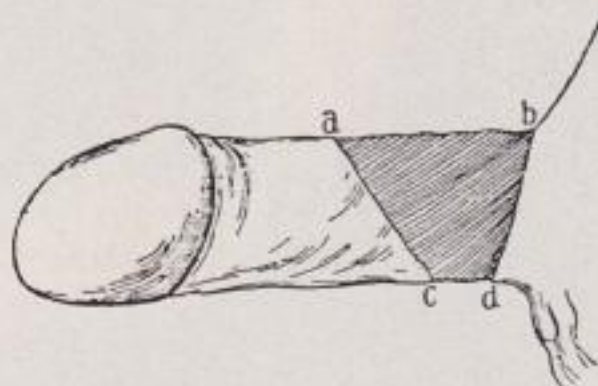
Dear Bud,

I have just read one of your Updates and got a real kick to learn of another

第 28 圖



第 29 圖



第 30 圖

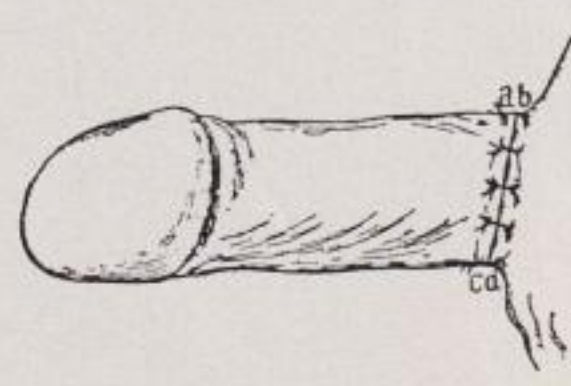


FIGURE ONE: Japanese text leads to a bit of Nazi foreskin lore.

Two Uncut Household. The writer said they had trained their skins to stay pulled back. How did they do it? Any information will be gratefully received.

One foreskin in our household is thin, relatively tight, yet mobile, and just covers a large, bulbous glans neatly equipped with a long, tight frenulum. The skin ends in a slight pucker around the meatus; because of this nifty feature, its owner, my lover, acquired the name "Rosebud" one night at an orgy.

The other foreskin is quite different—thicker, and for the past few years much longer because the frenulum gradually tore itself loose from the glans so that the effect is, as you say, quite streamlined. These are what we have to work with; what are the procedures for the "retraction training program?"

Dear Rosebud's Lover,

So you want to pin back the household's foreskins? Despite the current fad for long-hanging, drooping foreskins (yum), it is true that foreskin retraction is a basic erotic urge. Skinning it back and stretching out those preputial nerve endings is just about the most erotic sensation an uncut man can get. Somehow, keeping it back seems to prolong the sensation in the minds of some men. Besides, once in a while it's great to feel your cockhead run against your levis. Right? The trouble is that some uncut men can't keep the skin pinned back and others can't keep it forward. So, what will we do with the foreskins in this

household?

Foreskin I: Your problem is your oversized head (yum) plus your tight frenulum. A frenoplasty (surgical removal of the frenulum) would solve your problem quickly, but I have a feeling the household isn't about to sacrifice that tiny piece of magic. So, we have to put you through a regimen of foreskin stretching. One urologist claims that regular stretching will strengthen and thicken thin foreskins, and it will certainly loosen the fit over your bulbous glans. Sit back and let your lover do the work. He will dig his fingers inside your foreskin and pull (see picture). At first you might feel some stress, but as you stretch out your tolerance will widen. It might take several weeks but soon you will find retraction easier and, with your man-size head, you will have no trouble at all locking your skin behind your flaring corona.

Foreskin II: Your problem is the opposite from the one above. You have too much skin (yum, yum) for the size of your glans. Many uncuts have relatively small cockheads (when the penis is flaccid), and in no way can their dainty coronas trap the foreskin. So, what we have to do with you is to make a man out of you...or, rather, your head. We have to widen its flare. Let your lover do the work. Sit back and hold your foreskin tightly down at the base of your cock (or rubber-band it back; making sure you don't cut off too much circulation). Now, your lover will start massaging your exposed cockhead with oil, without

touching any other part of your cock. He can apply slightly abrasive brushes or cloths to your head, put hot and cold compresses on it, etc. A blast of air from the hair dryer will help too. Your glans will start flaring like never before, trying desperately to find its missing skin cover. After your lover is through for the session, keep your foreskin back as long as possible. It won't be too many sessions before your corona will get used to flaring, and soon it will act as a good trap by which you can pin back your foreskin. One nice thing about uncut cocks is that if you change your mind and decide you like wearing the skin forward after all, all you have to do is stop the sessions and your foreskin will return to its original beauty.

With foreskins being so scarce in this country, it seems unfair that your household has two. I hope you guys are sharing them with the neighbors.

Dear Bud,

I have a new foreskin. I got it by means of surgical reconstruction. I know that such surgery is controversial but for me it was more than successful. I was totally circumcised at birth. Now, tricks ask me how I missed being circumcised. I produce smegma now and some of my "cheese hound" admirers make dates to clean me up. Not in my wildest fantasies, while growing up with a clean and dried-out cockhead, did I think I'd ever be providing cheese. But the best thing about having foreskin is masturbation.

FIGURE TWO: Regular stretching will strengthen and thicken thin foreskins. Sit back and let your partner do the work.



DRUMSTICKS

Walking The Dog

Out in the electric night,
Onlookers stare with envy
At the dog on the end of my rope.
How they'd like to be him.
Hot leather bodies divide,
Knowing smiles follow him.
Bowed head, he doesn't see them.
Potential users approach,
One asks.
In a dark doorway,
The dog is used
For the fifth time tonight.
His stretched, fiery asshole
Will be ready
For me.

—Auggie Camelli



*"No, dummy. If you want to dance,
THIS is my front!"*



"Big deal! Next time you guys can be cowboys and I wanta be an Indian!"

SPOILS OF THE VICTOR

BY
GLYNN COMPTON HARPER

The sun had finally set and was hidden behind low hills in the west. The desert floor was growing dark. The metal of the overturned army truck and the sand under the soldier were still warm against the sunburned flesh of the soldier's naked back and legs, but the first breath of night chilled him in the dark shade of the truck and the young man shivered in spite of the warmth.

Gunther knew the valley well. He had read the history of wars men had fought there; desert tribes in prehistory, and after them the Egyptians, then the Moslems. Before this war, the last had been between the British and the dervish fanatics. During the long day, he had thought often of earlier men who had been defeated and faced death on this ancient battlefield.

What remained of Gunther's torn shirt lay nearby where he had tossed it after ripping it into strips for a tourniquet to stop Georg's bleeding. His hand cramped from holding the stick that kept the cloth wound tight on the boy's arm.

Dear Georg. Gunther remembered the sweetness of boy's kiss in the dark when they wandered away from the others; the scratch of boy-stubble on the young man's cheeks when Georg pressed his face between Gunther's thighs. Dear Georg...

Gunther stroked the boy's hair with his free hand. The boy was very still. He had not moved for a

Glynn Compton Harper is the author of Clap Your Hands, a novel of gay men in World War II, forth coming from Ashley Books this fall.

long time. Good, the boy is resting...

The corpse of another soldier lay beyond Gunther's reach, in deepening shadow beyond the ruined truck. The dead man wore long trousers. They would provide more warmth than Gunther's desert shorts. Gunther wondered if he could move Georg far enough to reach the dead man and take his clothes.

The young man leaned back against the warm metal undercarriage of the truck and shut his eyes. The odor of old grease and gasoline mingled with the smell of burning rubber and the stench left behind by explosives. Gunther stirred in the foulness of his clothing and smelled the sour odor of sweat and shit. He had lost control of his bowels earlier, when the shell hit the truck.

He dozed, but awoke with a jerk, thinking he heard voices. He listened, but at first heard only the wind. It had found a pocket in the metal frame of the truck and made a sound like a distant horn.

The sound of voices came again, distinctly now. One man shouted to another. Gunther heard a name, but the rest of the shout blew away and he heard only the distant horn of the

wind.

The voices came closer. Gunther heard the words clearly now and could understand them. Fear gripped his stomach like a steel fist and his heart began to pound. The men were speaking English—American English. The loudest voice, the one who was directing the other, spoke with the nasal pitch of the American South. Gunther had heard the accent in a film he had seen in Dresden, before American imports were banned.

The words were oddly familiar, like echoes from a dream.

"Stay back away from that goddamn truck, Payne. There may be a fucking kraut back there. The assholes leave snipers behind thick as maggots in shit."

Kraut? Gunther thought. He means me. Should I call out to them that I will surrender? God! I know so little of these people. Many are gangsters like in the films. They kill in cold blood.

He could taste fear like iron in his mouth. His face and ear, the whole side of his head, throbbed with pain from the wound. He felt a fly land in the dried blood on his neck. The insect began to crawl upward toward his ear.

"Payne!" the Southern voice shouted again, "Move down that away, but stay inside the markers. The bastards leave fucking mines when they run off."

Gunther's heart beat in a hard throb he could feel in his temples. He broke into a sweat and could scarcely breathe. He tried to think what to do. Should he shout to them? Perhaps he could play dead. Would they be convinced, or put a bullet in him anyway, in case he was faking?

"Get down, Payne. I'm gonna lob a grenade over there. Get your fucking head down!"

Gunther reacted instinctively.

"No! No, please!" the German shouted in English. He understood the man's English slang imperfectly, but was sure of the meaning. "Don't...lob the grenade. Please. I surrender to you."

"Damnit, get down, Payne," the Southern voice shouted.

For a long silent moment, Gunther heard nothing except his own rapid breathing and the pounding of his heart. Fear twisted in his gut and, as if in some insane struggle of its own, his body began a violent trembling—then inexplicably his dick began to swell until a full erection throbbed inside the leg of his shorts. He looked down at himself, not believing the strangeness of his body, and studied the shape of the pulsing cock, beating with the rhythm of his heart.

"Hey, you," the American voice shouted. "You kraut. You understand me? *Sprechen sie* English?"

"Yes. Yes sir, I speak English. Don't toss the grenade. I surrender."

"Fucking right you do. Come on out from back there with your hands up—up high. Understand?"

"Please, yes. I understand, but I cannot do as you say. I cannot come out."

"Do like I say, Kraut and no funny business. Come around the front end of the truck—slow, so I can see you got your hands up."

"Please. I cannot, sir."

"Why not?"

"I am a *Sanitaets*—a medic. I have a badly wounded man. I must hold the tourniquet or he will bleed to death."

"A medic?"

"Yes, sir. I have a badly wounded man."

"It's a trap, Sarge," another voice said. The man spoke from Gunther's left just out of sight around the end of the truck.

"You want me to put a grenade back there? The fucker's trying to trick us."

"Hold off, Payne."

Another long silence followed.

"You got any weapons?" the Southern voice shouted—the one the other called Sarge.

"There is a rifle," Gunther shouted, speaking as clearly as he could. He had not spoken English since he entered the army. He was unsure of the accents.

"Throw it out."

"Yes, please, sir. I will do as you say."

Gunther grasped Georg's rifle, balancing it with one hand just forward of the trigger guard. Taking a deep breath, he gathered his strength and heaved the weapon as hard as he could.

Pain slammed like a hammer in his head. Gunther closed his eyes and bit his lip to keep from crying out. Fresh blood oozed down his cheek.

The rifle hit the dirt butt-first and stood upright for a moment, then toppled and fell in the sand just beyond the front wheel of the vehicle.

Immediately a hand reached out, grabbed the rifle, and dragged it from sight.

Pain ate at Gunther's ear and cheek like a hungry animal. He closed his eyes tight to bear the hurt without crying, but he felt tears on his cheek anyway. The tears were warm and wet like the blood. With his free hand he found his erection and held it tight. The warm hardness comforted him.

"Get your hands up, son of a bitch!"

Gunther opened his eyes with a jerk and put his free hand into the air. He saw an American soldier standing over him, sighting down the barrel of a rifle he held leveled at Gunther's head. A bayonet was fixed at the end of the weapon.

"I can raise only the one, sir," he said.

The American kept the weapon pointed at him. The steel blade of the bayonet gleamed in the dim light. The man turned his head slightly and shouted.

"I got them covered, but they ain't going nowhere. This one fucker's been shot up. The others are dead as shit from the looks of them."

Georg dead? Gunther thought. No, George cannot be dead.

Gunther thought of the boy's kiss in the dark. The scratch of the stubble on his cheek when his lips took Gunther's cock. His mouth was warm and alive. *Georg cannot be dead*, he thought, but his hand loosened its grip on the tourniquet. Georg did not stir.

The other American came around the truck where Gunther could see him. He was a tall, wiry man. Hostility, distrust, and curiosity mingled in the expression on the man's hardened face. Gunther felt suddenly embarrassed, dirty and vulnerable. The hard dick throbbed against his leg.

The Americans were as filthy as German soldiers would have been after a day of fighting, but the Americans did not have the unhealthy pallor or the hungry look of German soldiers. The Americans' boots were new, with thick soles made of real leather.

Gunther looked at the boots and the well-fed faces and knew that Germany had lost the war in North Africa.

"Sarge, will you look at that? The fucker's got a hard-on. I can see it moving in his pants."

"I see it, Payne," the sergeant said.

Payne put the thick sole of his boot between Gunther's legs and pushed down hard on his dick. Pleasure flashed in Gunther's groin with an intensity that surprised him. The pleasure was strong and demanding like the pain that throbbed in the head wound, and strangely similar. He moaned with a sound that was unmistakable.

"Like that, do you, Kraut?" Payne asked.

"Please, sir. I do not understand—"

"The fuck you don't. What's got you so horny?"

The boot moved between the German's legs, pushing up the loose leg of the shorts. Gunther felt the rough scratch of the leather sole along the shaft of his dick. Again he moaned, betraying pleasure against his will.

Payne took his foot away, leaving the cock exposed and erect between Gunther's spread legs.

The man whistled in a soft escape of breath. "Will you look at the size of the sausage on that kraut, Sarge?"

Gunther saw a distant, wild expression come into Payne's eyes. The man lowered a hand to his crotch.

"Sarge?" the man said. His voice was husky and he cleared his throat.

"What is it, Payne?"

"Remember me telling you about that blond kid? The one in the state pen when I was locked up that time?"

"The one that got fucked in the ass?"

"Yeah. Did I ever tell you that I fucked him too one time?"

"No."

"Well, I did."

"Yeah?"

Gunther heard the huskiness now in the voice of the tall American sergeant. He had the same wild look in his eyes as Payne.

"It felt good, Sarge. Really good. Maybe as good as a pussy. Maybe better. Tighter."

"Yeah?"

Gunther now saw a bulge in the front of the sergeant's trousers. His own dick was still hard, exposed to the cool air of the evening. He reached between his legs and felt the burning shaft.

"He's jacking himself, Sarge."

"I see him."

"You ever seen a dick that big, Sarge?"

"No."

"Bet he's got a tight, sweet ass, Sarge."

The sergeant nodded. He looked into Gunther's eyes. He did not speak, but his face betrayed his thoughts.

Payne lowered his bayonet-tipped rifle toward Gunther. Stainless steel flashed. Slowly the man moved the sharp tip of the blade between the young man's legs. Gunther felt the prick of pain as the American pressed the tip of the weapon into the velvet sheath of foreskin covering his cockhead.

"Please, sir. Please don't hurt me," the German murmured. Breathing was hard. Speaking was almost impossible.

"Listen to the bastard beg, Sarge."

The other man nodded. He stared at Gunther's cock, then he looked again into Gunther's face. The American's eyes were dark and hard. He gazed at the young German without blinking.

"Let's get a look at the bastard's ass, Sarge."

"Go ahead," the sergeant said. His voice was a whisper.

Payne thrust the bayonet up inside the leg of Gunther's shorts. The cold steel slid along the man's leg, laying open a cut in his thigh. With a gasp, Gunther straightened his leg and lay back quickly, flat on his back, to keep the weapon from piercing his abdomen.

Payne slide the razor-sharp edge of the bayonet backwards, out of the trousers, slicing the shorts open from the waist downward. Gunther lay still, stretched hard on his back in the sand. Blood seeped into the thick blond hair of his inner thigh where the blade had grazed him when Payne cut the shorts. The wound stung, but he dared not move.

"Roll over."

It was the sergeant who spoke.

Gunther twisted his body in the sand and lay face down with his hands stretched over his head. *This man*, he thought. Yes, *this is the man*, but he did not know what the thought meant. His dick ached under his belly. He burned for something deep inside his bowels. His asshole throbbed in time with his cock.

A boot swept the cut shorts away from the young man's butt. The wind was cold on the sweat and shit-smeared down of his ass. The rough leather sole of the boot raked across the naked cheek.

"Pull them shorts down, kid," the sergeant said. His voice was low. The words were not angry. The man's voice had a quality that was frightening, but the fright was exciting, not something to dread as anger would have been.

Gunther tugged off what remained of the shorts and threw them aside. Quickly he lay back, stretched out face-down in the sand. His dick throbbed under him. Grit had worked its way under the foreskin and irritated the head. He pressed the hard-on into the desert floor. He felt a fresh flash of pleasure as his dick dug into the sand.

"Look, Sarge, he's humping the ground. He acts as hot as I

"Gripping, Brutal, Erotic!"

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feel. You think maybe he's a fag?"

Gunther felt the toe of a boot between his legs. The boot thrust upward hard and fast, hitting the root of his cock and striking with bruising force into the nuts.

"Spread them legs apart, Kraut," Payne said.

Gunther spread his legs as wide as he could. The cut in his thigh stung as it moved across the sand.

"Get up on your knees."

Gunther did as the man commanded. His cockroot ached from the blow from the boot. His balls hung between his legs, also hurting from the kick.

Something hard scratched the opening of his asshole. Gunther gasped, thinking at first that the man was cutting his ass with the bayonet, but he realized instead that he had felt the ragged edge of the man's boot again. Payne had dragged it hard over the tender pucker of his sphincter.

Again a moan escaped Gunther's lips, betraying pleasure. Pleasure persisted in spite of his terror. He could neither control nor understand it.

"Leave the kid alone," the sergeant said.

"I want to fuck him."

"No."

"Come on, Sarge. It won't hurt nothing. Fucking a boy feels good. Really it does. It's tight. Tigher than pussy. You can fuck him too, when I get through. You'll like it."

The man stuck a rough finger into Gunther's ass.

Gunther grunted, but did not draw away. He could not help himself, and pushed his asshole hard onto the finger. He wanted the intruder in his butt. He could not control the urge that had taken possession of his body. Deep in the unconscious mind, the captive soldier felt a primitive urging. He heard the cries of ancient warriors in the valley wind.

"Look at him, man," Payne said. "He's hot for it."

"No."

"Look, goddamnit. I want to fuck him. He wants it."

Gunther heard both the lust and the beginning of anger in Payne's voice.

Like a bitch dog, he knew both the males wanted him—and, like dogs possessed by madness when they smell a bitch in heat, Gunther knew the two would fight over his ass. He put his head down in the sand and waited, letting a nameless wanting take possession of him. He worked his asshole, pushing and flexing the sphincter without knowing why or how, only knowing that it gave him pleasure, knowing that soon one of the men would overcome the other and mount him to pound hard into the ache deep in his ass.

"Get away from him, Payne. I want him."

"Hell, sure. Sure, Sarge, we can both fuck him. Here, I'll just loosen him up for you first..."

Gunther heard a brass belt buckle being undone. He pushed out on his asshole and moaned again.

"Please, sir," Gunther whispered. "Please, Sergeant, sir."

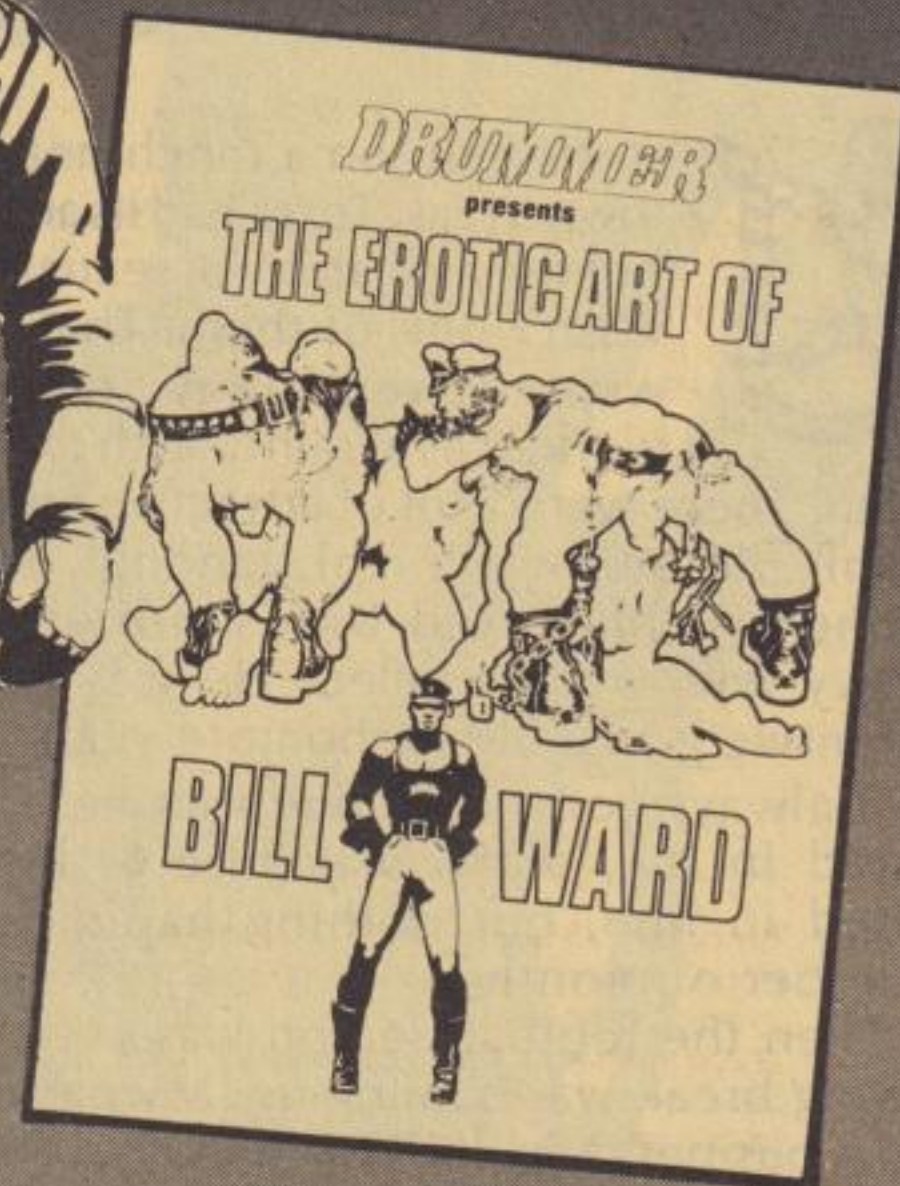
"What the fuck, Sarge—" Gunther could not see the man, but he heard in Payne's voice first doubt, then fear.

"Hey, Sarge, what you doing, man? It's just a fag kraut. Come on, all I want is—"

A rifle fired in the semi-darkness. Gunther saw the flash in the sand before his eyes and heard the sudden familiar crack. The sound echoed as it bounced from the hills in the west. He did not have time to think about what the sergeant had done, nor did he care. A hard thing, thick and hot, pushed inside his burning ass. In long, violent strokes, lighting flashed deep in his guts. His arms gave out and he fell heavily on his face into the sand, but he kept his butt up for the man to fuck him.

Ancient wars closed with a ceremonial ritual. The rite stemmed not from social custom or the reasoning mind, but from instinct buried deep in the unconscious. Its roots extend into prehistory. They penetrate to the animal origins of man; into the natural beast from which the race is sprung. The rite still surfaces in defeat and victory. It rises spontaneously, pushed up by animal nature. As natural as birth and death, as hunger and thirst, the loser offers his ass in submission to the victor. □

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LOPED AND BROKEN

by Beast



rowing up on a ranch near a small town in East Texas had its advantages, but the availability of sexual partners wasn't one of them. That changed when I went away to college. I worked as a trainer with the football team. There were a lot of attractive men on the team, but one was a real standout. Mike was blond and blue-eyed with sun-bronzed skin, heavy and well muscled. He was starting at offensive guard his sophomore year.

I always got the feeling that he was interested in me, and I was sure as hell interested in him, but nothing happened for a number of months.

Then the football season was over. Thanksgiving break was coming up. My parents went on a business trip, and I said that I would come home to tend the livestock while they were away. Mike was currently out of the good graces of his family, so I invited him to spend Thanksgiving break with me on the ranch.

Wednesday after classes we drove to the ranch. I made sure that Mike had a couple of beers on the way. When we got there it was almost dark. We fed the horses and made sure they had water. Then I led him back to the house and into the guest room. Then I started wrestling with Mike, the way any two jocks might indulge in horseplay.

Caught off balance, reaction time slowed by the beer, he fell back onto the bed. A year older, seven inches taller and sixty pounds heavier than me, he was planning to roll with my attack until I tired myself, and then end this quickly. He didn't know about the surprises I had hidden in that bed until I pulled out a rope, looped it around his wrist, and pulled the knot

tight.

The sudden appearance of the rope confused him, made him hesitate long enough that I got a more substantial restraint, a fleece-lined cuff, buckled onto the other wrist. I added another leather cuff to his tied wrist, so he wouldn't hurt himself pulling against the rope.

This turn of events surprised him, made him wonder what was going down long enough that he almost didn't struggle while I pulled off his boots and shackled his ankles.

There he was. I had overpowered this stud long enough to tie him down spread-eagled to the double bed in the guest room. He was barefoot, wearing old, tight blue jeans that looked like they were about to split and a white tee shirt that showed his broad chest. From the look on his face he was more confused than frightened.

I opened a drawer next to the bed, and took out a skinning knife.

Mike started yelling "What the fuck is going on?" No houses were near. No one could hear him yell.

If you've never used one, a skinning knife has a curved blade. The inner, concave side is razor sharp; the outer, convex side is guarded, dull, can't cut anything. By keeping the guard toward Mike's skin, I shredded his tee shirt without any danger of cutting him. After warning him to be still, I did the same with his blue jeans. I could have just ripped them off, but I wanted to see Mike's reaction to feeling the back of the cold blade against his skin, the smooth caress of cold steel.

By the time I put the knife down, Mike had assessed his situation. He recognized the wide, fleece-lined, leather cuffs for what they were:

STUD



converted horse hobbles. Because of the width of the cuff and the lining he could pull against them without hurting himself.

The cuffs were attached to chains that went out of sight underneath the bed. He knew that he didn't have a chance of breaking a hobble that had restrained a stallion from a mare in heat, but he must have thought he had a chance of pulling the chains loose. If they had been set in wood he might have, but the chains were welded to a steel frame. I had planned this long and carefully.

I looked him over. Anger had replaced confusion on his face. His struggles were making his musculature stand out. His cock was semi-erect.

"You bastard!" he growled. "When I get out of here..."

My belt popped across his washboard stomach. Like using a whip on a horse, I was trying to startle him, get his attention, not hurt or intimidate him.

That got his attention all right. He hadn't even seen me take my belt off. Now he was watching my every move.

"You'll do what I tell you to, stud. When I let you loose you'll be mine. When I let you loose, it will be because I don't need to tie you up anymore, 'cause I'll own you, body and soul." I went back to the drawer and got a few more items.

The hobbles holding Mike to the bed were worn from use,



Mike using a whip on a horse, I was trying to startle him, get his attention, not hurt or intimidate him.

still smelling of the horses they were made for. The next items were brand new, bought with Mike in mind. I walked over slowly, and fastened the wide leather dog collar around his massive neck. It almost didn't fit.

Mike had a large, muscular neck. He sat in front of me in one of my classes and for an hour every other day I had watched that neck, the close-cropped golden hair, the bronze skin, the corded muscles underneath, and I hadn't heard a damn word the teacher had said all semester.

Now his neck was pumped up from his struggles to get loose. The black leather collar, on its last notch, just barely reached around his neck without choking him. I put a small luggage lock through the tab in the buckle. Mike's cock was now fully erect, and he was beginning to sweat.

Next I put a stainless steel choke chain around his neck, fastening it with a clip. "You get out of line, hoss..." I whispered hoarsely, pulling gently on the choke chain to demonstrate. Mike didn't reply, except to glare at me.

I figured he was about ready. I took off my shirt and started licking his right nipple. What I was going to do was something I had never done before, which was to lick every square inch of skin I could reach. A warm tongue over steel-hard muscles began to take effect. Mike began to relax and enjoy it in spite of himself. Soon I sensed that he had been gentled enough, and I worked up to his face.

"Try to bite," I whispered, "and I'll beat the livin' fuck out of

you."

"Prick-lickin' fairy!" Mike snarled. He had started out yelling, and now was almost whispering.

I continued licking. Across his cheekbones, his forehead, his eyebrows. Finally I was licking his lips. We kissed. He responded almost with desperation, giving every bit as good as he got. After a while I moved on to his thighs.

"Cocksuckin' queer!"

"What does that make you, Mike? What do you call a man who gets tied up and worked over and serviced by a queer, and likes it?"

"Bastard!" He was still almost whispering.

He didn't make another sound until I started working on his balls. Then he started moaning. I spent extra time on his balls, enjoying the sensations I was causing him.

"Suck me!" he finally begged.

I gave his balls a few more licks. "Say, Mike, if I never touched a guy's cock, and just kept licking his balls, do you think I could make him come, or do you think he'd go crazy first?" I continued licking.

The next sound Mike made was somewhere between a moan and a scream.

I moved up to his hard throbbing cock, starting at the base of the shaft and licking upward. After gently, teasingly licking the entire length, I began sucking in earnest. Mike screamed like a panther as he shot his load.

As we both needed rest after that, I laid for a while with my head on Mike's shoulder. We talked as I gently caressed him. He agreed that it had been fun. He said he would like to do it again. Would I take those damn hobbles off now?

"Why? Neither one of us has to be anywhere until Monday."

Some acrobatics were involved in getting Mike turned over onto his stomach, without taking off too many restraints at once, but it wasn't as hard as I thought it would be—as I was expecting at least token resistance.

I could have taken him then—fucked his broad, well-muscled ass. From the tension I could feel in his muscles I think he expected me to, and God knows I wanted to fuck that stud! But I sensed that I was pushing Mike close to his limits. If I tried to take him any further that night I might have broken his spirit. I didn't want him completely submissive. I wanted him like a good horse, well trained, docile, responsive, yet spirited.

So I talked to him gently, almost hypnotically, as I rubbed him down. I put liniment on the muscles he had strained pulling against the restraints. I massaged his back where he had chronic pains. I rubbed down those strong shoulders and tense neck muscles.

His neck, close-cropped hair, bronze skin glistening with sweat. The smooth black leather collar, almost too small. The cold silvery glint of the choke chain. Living flesh, smooth leather, cold steel. All contrasting and complementing each other beautifully, almost poetically, and making me as horny as a three-balled tomcat.

Mike went to sleep, and I slept with him, still wearing my boots and jeans.

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear. I looked at my captive, still bound face-down, spread-eagle, and smiled as I anticipated the events of the day. I slapped him smartly on the right asscheek to wake him up.

"Come on, stud. Things to get done today and we're burnin' daylight."

He looked around and blinked, trying to sort out reality and dream.

Finding himself still in the restraints, still face down and spread-eagle, he seemed surprised that I hadn't violated him in his sleep. But while I was determined that I was going to fuck that muscular ass before the weekend was up, I was going to make that stud want it!

I checked him over carefully, making sure he hadn't hurt himself or been hurt by the restraints. His left shoulder was a little sore from straining against his bonds; other than that he was all right. I unbuckled the restraint on his right leg, and

began to fit him with the fetters I had made for him.

I started by taking a piece of canvas, doubling it, and sewing along the edge and one end. This gave me a long, narrow canvas bag. I put twenty pounds of birdshot in this and sewed up the other end. Then I put a heavy brass grommet in each end. The resulting hobble could be put around one of Mike's ankles, and fastened with a padlock through the grommets. Being canvas, he could cut out of them given an opportunity. I didn't intend to give him one.

I had made a pair of these. I also had a thirty-inch piece of chain to put between the padlocks. I could use these fetters with or without the chain. To start out, I would use the chain.

Before I put on the fetters I carefully padded Mike's ankles with elastic bandages and adhesive tape to protect his skin from the rough canvas.

"Alright Mike, these aren't padded like the ones you've been wearing. Pull against these that hard and you'll hurt yourself. Blisters, pressure sores, bruised tendons, maybe even ligament or bone damage. Don't pull against them."

I snapped the locks closed, and moved to his hands. I padded his wrist the same way I had his ankles, even though I didn't have anything near as elaborate. All I had for his wrist was a pair of standard handcuffs, which I put on with his hands in front of him.

"Alright stud, let's go."

I put a short lead on the choke collar and led Mike outside. I was still stripped to the waist. Mike had nothing on but his chains.

November mornings in Texas tend to have a chill to them. We were both shivering by the time we got to the barn. Shivering from a combination of cold and anticipation.

I opened the barn door, and told Mike to sit on a blanket that I had spread on a concrete slab. I really don't know what the original function of that slab was. It's been out in the barn as long as I can remember. But what made it ideal for the purpose I had in mind was that it had a large iron ring set into it. I took another padlock, and locked Mike's handcuffs to the iron ring.

Neither of us had eaten since lunch the day before. I went and got breakfast and took it out to the barn. I sat down on the slab, next to Mike. I put my left arm around his shoulders and picked up a piece of his breakfast steak and held it flat on my palm.

"Hungry? Go ahead and eat."

Slowly, gingerly, he lowered his head and took the meat. The rest of breakfast was finished in that manner, the big stud literally eating out of the palm of my hand, licking my palm. The sun came out, warming both of us. We didn't talk, but I could tell that Mike enjoyed eating out of my hand, being petted by me, the growing closeness between us.

After breakfast I unlocked Mike from the iron ring. I set him to work mucking out stalls, still wearing nothing but his chains, while I exercised the horses on the hot-walker.

The rest of the day was spent watching football games on television, Mike sitting on the floor, still in his chains, leaning against my leg and lapping beer out of my palm. Ya know, he never spilled a drop. Try it sometime if you think it's easy, but that stud never spilled a drop of beer.

During halftime of the Texas-Texas A&M game he was allowed to nuzzle my crotch through the blue jeans, feeling the outline of my cock and balls through the fabric with his face. After the game, without being asked, he started to unbutton my fly with his mouth. Without a word he took my cock between his warm, wet lips and began sucking like a newborn foal.

Touched by the gesture of submission, I shot quickly, more quickly than I wanted to, and watched that blond stud drink down my come like he was starving to death.

That night I put him back in the hobbles, rubbed him down, sucked him off, allowed him to suck me. We talked and cat-napped through the night.

The next morning I let Mike put on a shirt, a pair of blue jeans, and his boots. I cuffed his hands in front of him again, and put the fetters on his ankles without the connecting chain.

We went out to the barn and saddled up a pair of horses. I had packed a lunch and we were going on a picnic.

The day was bright and clear, warm for November. We rode for hours, enjoying the countryside, the horses, and each other's company.


At lunchtime we got to the campsite we had been searching for. It was a small wooded hollow near a stream. We unsaddled the horses and put the saddles over some fallen logs that had been left for that purpose. The horses were tethered where they could graze and get water.

I put one saddle blanket over a log and called Mike over. I uncuffed his hands long enough for him to take off his shirt. He was still wearing the black leather collar and choke chain around his neck.

I had him lie down across the log, and stretch his hands out in front of him. I took a piece of rawhide and tied his hands to a picket stake that had been driven into the ground. Then I pulled off his boots and blue jeans and used our ropes to tie his legs to a couple of small pine trees. I got some saddle soap out of my saddle bags, and started to grease up his muscular ass. Mike suddenly realized what was about to happen.

"No... don't, please!" he whimpered.

"I'm gonna do this, Mike. If you resist it's gonna hurt. If you relax I'll take it slow and gentle and it won't hurt you."



**I got some saddle soap
out of my saddle bags,
and started to grease up
his muscular ass.**

Still massaging his ass with one hand I reached under him with the other and started to rub his cock and balls. Slowly he relaxed, and I penetrated his virgin ass with one finger. His cock had gotten hard and I was stroking it gently. I lubricated his hole, and then stood up and stripped.

"Alright stud, this is where you lose your cherry."

Slowly, gently, I eased my cock into his tight, hot ass. When I had penetrated all the way I started to stroke his cock again.

"Doin' alright stud?"

Mike nodded.

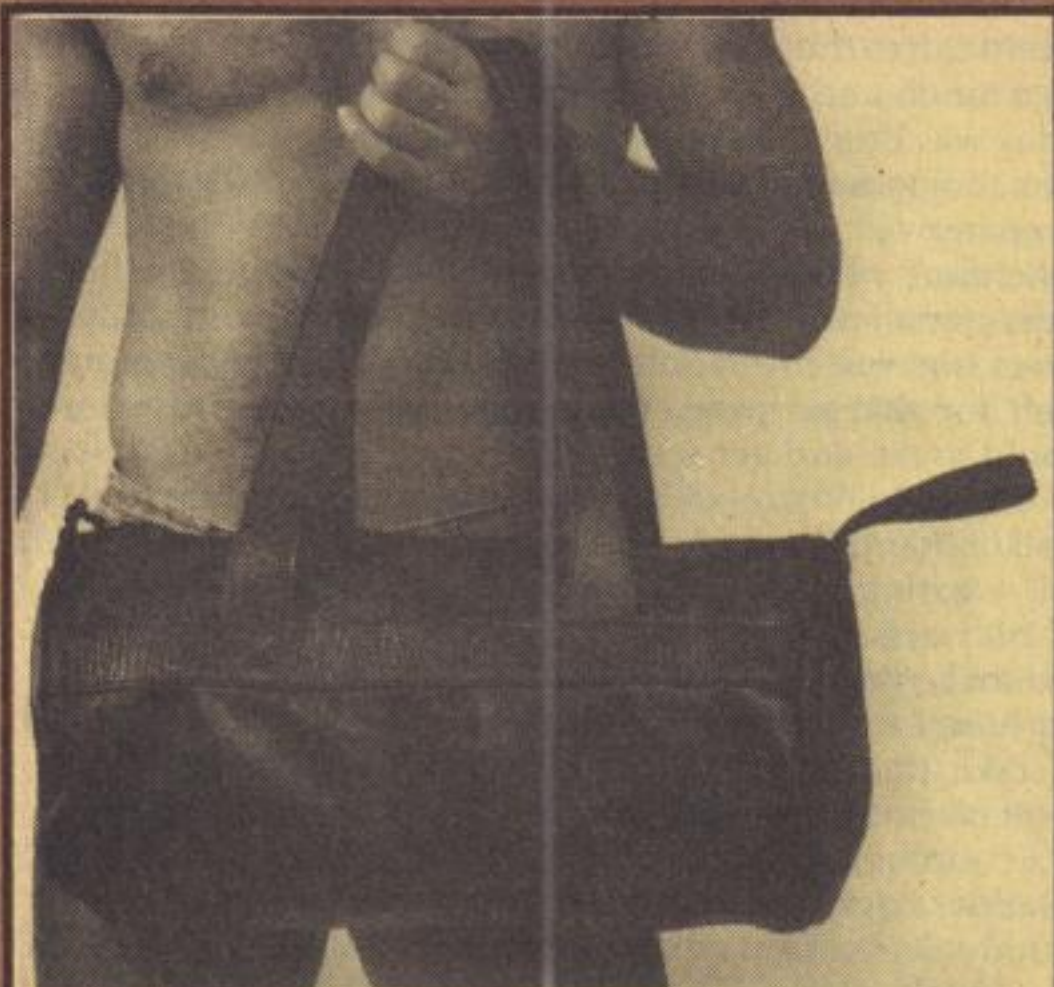
I started gently pumping, still stroking his cock. He relaxed further, then started moving with my rhythm. Soon, like any bronc being ridden for the first time, he started to buck.

He yelled wordlessly as he started to come. Powerful spasms from his orgasm reached his ass. I bit his left shoulder and heard a yell of conquest, then I realized it was my own. I reached orgasm just as Mike's spasms subsided. I shot my hot come into his throbbing ass.

As we lay there, both panting, both covered with sweat, he looked up at me and smiled.

The collar, handcuffs, and other bonds were no longer needed. I would keep them on until we started back to school, but I didn't need them. I owned Mike, the way I would a wild horse I had captured and broken to saddle. I had taken him, gentled him, trained him, and ridden him.

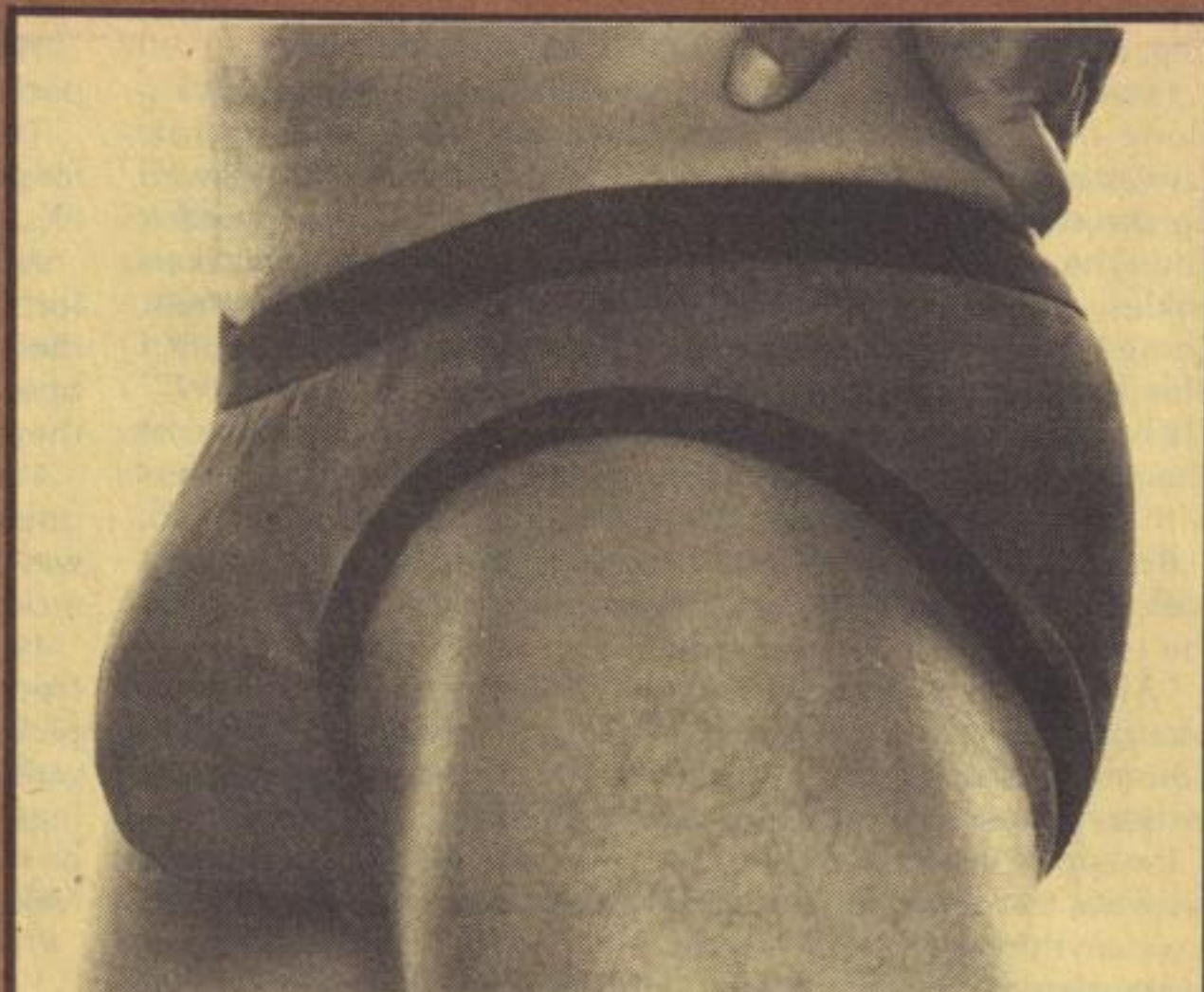
He was mine, and he liked it that way. □



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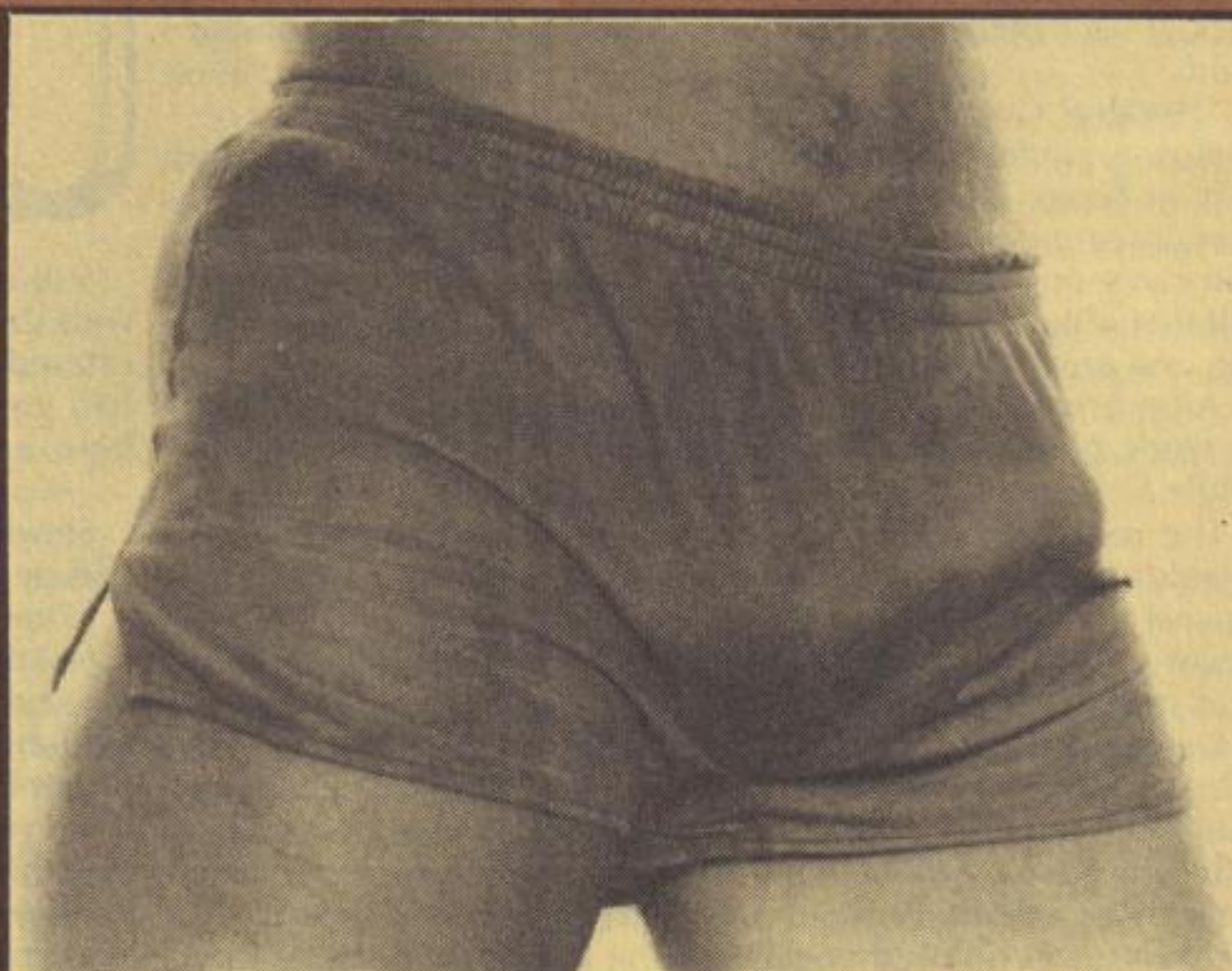
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36 DRUMMER

Red Raccoon

BY CARL ALESSI

"This is the new fish, Clark Jones. Put him in with Big Tony."

"Yes, sir, right away."

"All right, Jones, grab your stuff and follow me," muttered the guard as he noisily unlocked the huge, iron-barred door opening into Cell Block 11.

A "fish," that was what he had heard them call him; as Clark Jones followed the guard down the cell block corridor, he suddenly realized just how appropriate that phrase was. He suddenly felt as if murky, tropical waters were closing in silently over his head. As if in a dream, dark, blurred shapes swirled all around him. His legs had gone all numb and weak, and it took every bit of his willpower just to keep them moving.

The air in the crowded corridor reeked with the harsh odor of institutional disinfectant, stale body sweat, tobacco smoke. Inmates were shouting at each other to make themselves heard over the constant slamming of heavy iron doors. A dozen cheap, portable radios were blasting away at once. Disjointed jazz sounds, the strangled banshee wail of urban blues, the sex hungry moans and throbbing pulse of rock 'n roll, the heavy jungle rhythms of the Latino big beat all swirled and mixed together into a huge, numbing, relentlessly throbbing wall of noise.

Tight, dark clusters of hulking, over-muscled figures stood ominously everywhere, all up and down the hallway. Carefully, the guard navigated his way through the ranks of unsmiling inmates. Everywhere Clark Jones happened to look, he saw sweaty, hard masculine faces staring back at him. Every con on the row wanted to check out the new fish, wanted to see if he was fair game, if he could be had.

As Clark hurried past them, many of the cons tried to get his attention.

"Hey, butter buns, I've got a whole jar of vaseline in my cell! How 'bout it?"

"They call me Long John. Come over to mah place tonight, you find out why!"

Other inmates yelled out through the rusty bars of their cells, their voices harsh and bitter with frustration.

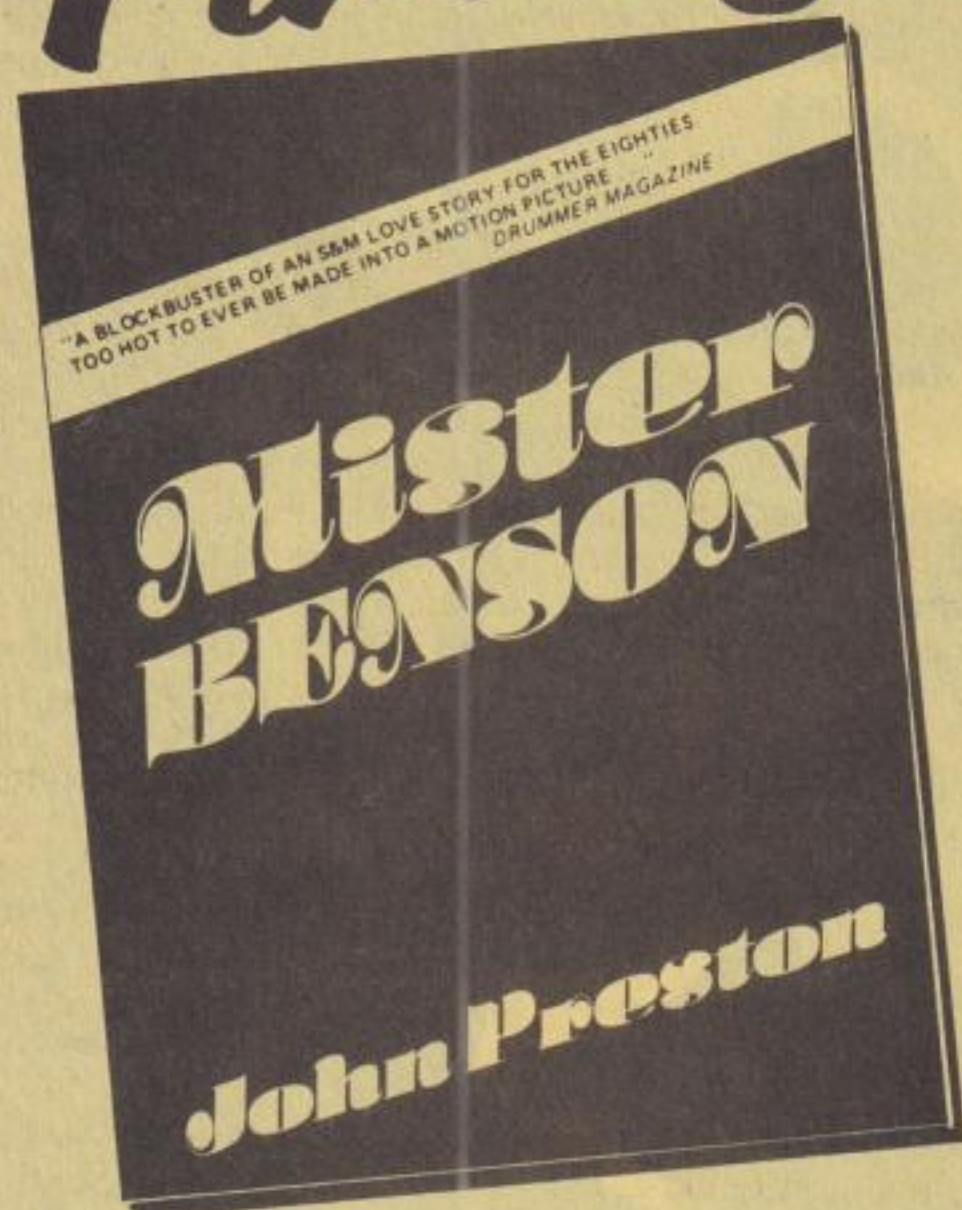
"Hey, white boy, you like it in the throat or up the chute?"

"You one fine lookin' bitch, queenie! You ask that bull in blue there with you to put you in with me. I be a good daddy to you!"

Suddenly the guard stopped in front of an open cell.

"You bunk in here, Jones. Get in there and fix your damn bed up! Chow is at five thirty sharp. Any questions?"

Finally



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The guard's eyes had the empty, bloodshot look of someone who spent all night in front of a television set.

"Uh...no."

"All right then, get busy on that bunk."

There were two bunks inside. The con lying on one of them, staring up at the cracks in the ceiling, had the body of a professional wrestler, a body just like those big, beefy slobs who always have to play the "villain" every Saturday night in the ring, the social menaces who look like they might really turn murderous in a back alley punch-out someday. The battered features of Big Tony's face and the vaguely Mongolian cast to his eyes would have delighted any wrestling impresario.

The thick, black hair curling over Tony's wrinkled forehead was already starting to thin out, and his jawline just seemed to melt down into the flabby rolls of his jowls. But there was no mistaking the awesome power stored up in that huge barrel of a chest. One glance at Big Tony's massive shoulders and arms was usually enough to convince even the toughest con to keep a respectful tongue in his head around the big man.

"I guess this is my bunk," Clark said nervously.

"You're a real genius, kid."

As Clark struggled to get his sheets tucked in, military style, Big Tony laid back on his bunk and gave the fish the once-over. The kid was pussy all the way, he thought to himself. With that fragile, small-boned physique, there wasn't any doubt about it. From the looks of the kid's slim white hands, he had never had a fight or done any real man's work in his life.

Just when Clark had finished making up his bunk, he heard someone laughing mockingly behind him. He turned around and saw two black cons standing in the doorway. They both had big, shit-ass grins spread across their faces, and they both had their hair frizzed up into wild, bushy afros.

"Hmmm, just lookin' at those cute li'l cakes there makes me wanna pack some shit right here 'n now."

"Yeah, brother, I know what you mean. I love that young white meat, and this here is about the whitest meat I've seen yet."

"Hey, queenie, how's 'bout you comin' down ta our place and gobbling down some fine black goobers?"

Suddenly, Big Tony began chuckling to himself in a low, almost maniacal way. Still laughing softly to himself under his breath, the big con hoisted his massive bulk up out of his bunk and then slowly walked over to the doorway.

"How would you like my shank rammed up that black ass of yours?" Big Tony snarled at the taller of the two intruders. Tony lifted up the front of his baggy shirt so that the two blacks could see the handle of the knife sticking up under his belt.

The black's eyes glazed over with fear.

"Hey, man, we don't want no trouble from you," he explained nervously, the shit-ass grin quickly disappearing from his face.

"No, that's the truth, man," the other intruder joined in, "we were just throwin' some jive at the new fish here."

"Well, from now, on keep yer damn jive to yourself! Leave my punk alone! Now get yer black asses out of here."

"After chow, Big Tony disappeared, and Clark didn't see him until a few minutes before lights out. When the other man silently started to undress, Clark tried to keep his gaze focused elsewhere, but he just couldn't seem to keep from surreptitiously staring over at Big Tony. From collarbone down to his crotch, the big man's chest was completely covered with a pelt of thick, curly black dago hair. His nipples were big and thick, surrounded by very large round areolas, dark brown rings of color flecked here and there with little white bumps.

Clark felt a strange, disturbing electric shudder shoot up his spine when Big Tony slipped down his jockey shorts. The big con had a classic dago cock—thick, uncut, light tan in color. When Tony moved around, his fleshy tube swung heavy and loose between his thick hairy thighs. Clark stood there mesmerized by the way the fat knob was so clearly outlined under the foreskin.

And then... Tony turned around, and it was as if a skyrocket

had suddenly, unexpectedly exploded before Clark's eyes, filling the tiny cell with its blinding light. Someone, obviously a master of the art, had covered the entire length of Tony's massive back with the tattoo of an enormous, blood red dragon. Eyes bulging out ferociously, huge jaws open and bristling with fangs, the crouching reptile, just like the big con himself, faced the world ready to attack at the slightest provocation.

Tony turned around again and caught Clark staring.

"Hey, you! What are ya lookin' at?"

"Uh...uh, nothing."

"Say, kid, ya never did thank me for savin' yer sweet ass from those mau mau."

"Oh, yeah, I meant to," Clark mumbled quietly, apologetically. "Thanks an awful lot."

"Yeah, well...that ain't exactly the kind of thanks I had in mind. How 'bout sucking on this for awhile, hmm?"

The big con stepped closer and began rubbing his dick. His eyes had narrowed into intimidating slits.

Outside in the corridor, somewhere off in the shadows, Clark was sure he could hear someone whispering his name and laughing.

"No, no...you, you got me all wrong," Clark stuttered, his voice laced with fear. "I don't do things like that. I've never done anything like that!"

Suddenly, Tony reached out with one of his big paws and slapped Clark hard across the side of his face.

"Don't try to bullshit me, queenie! You're a cum guzzler if I ever seen one. Now wise up! Everything in here has a price. If you want yer daddy to keep on protectin' that sweet ass of yours, then ya have ta pay fer it!"

Clark backed away from the big con, desperately trying to escape the awful piercing gaze of those slitted dago eyes. He frantically glanced around the tiny, dimly lit cell and suddenly saw his reflection in a small, cracked mirror hanging crookedly on one wall. The smooth, pale skin of his cheek was turning an angry bright red from where the big dago had slapped it. Clark felt tickling little rivulets of sweat beginning to run down the back of his neck. Wasn't someone going to help him? Didn't anyone care, anyone?

"Please don't hurt me...please."

"Shut up, bitch!"

The big Italian grabbed hold of Clark's trembling, narrow shoulders and started to push down. The grey walls of the tiny cell seemed to be pulsing and moving in front of Clark's eyes. His cheek was burning from the hornet's sting of Tony's slap.

Then, all at once, somewhere inside Clark's tormented brain, something clicked off, and Clark just stopped struggling and let himself be forced down to his knees.

Dreamy, disjointed jazz sounds floated in through the cell bars. Big Tony stared down at the kid, his bloated face impassive, calm. His cock began to stiffen. He was ready for servicing.

The hard concrete floor felt cold under Clark's knees. Could this really be happening? He had often imagined to himself what it must feel like to take someone's manhood in your mouth, to savor the feel, the physical solidity of a fleshy tube. But not like this...he had never imagined it like this. The sharp stinging in Clark's cheek had by now subsided into a dull throbbing. But the sweat was still running down his neck, and now he was starting to feel sick to his stomach.

"Go on, suck it! Suck it, queenie!"

Shivering in the chill night air, Clark leaned forward and slowly, awkwardly, hesitantly encircled his lips around the bulging purple knob.

"Go on, dammit, use yer tongue on it!" Big Tony grunted as he savagely dug his fingers into the unresisting flesh of Clark's shoulders. "You know what a man likes."

As the big Italian slid the thickness of his shaft in deeper, Clark began to move his head awkwardly from side to side. His will to resist completely gone, desperate now to satisfy his tormentor, he obediently slid his mouth slowly up and down on the swollen shaft. Tony grunted again like a pig, and decided to let the kid do all the work. The faster Clark's lips slid over the dago's cock, the louder the big man grunted.

Then, suddenly, Tony's legs began to tremble violently.

"Unh...unh...here it comes, ya bitch! Now swallow it! Hear me? Swallow it, queenie!"

The big con's fingers dug so deeply into Clark's trembling shoulders that tears ran down his cheeks. Tony rammed it in as deep as it would go, and then, with his big, hairy nuts mashed up against the kid's chin, he blasted his thick load into the kid's mouth in one long, explosive spasm.

The next night, with his victim groaning and squirming helplessly under him, Bit Tony busted the kid's anal cherry. The night after that, as Clark was blowing him, the big con pissed down his throat. By the end of that first week, the whole cell block knew that Big Tony had "turned the kid out."

Several weeks later, it was Big Tony's turn to get a surprise. The big man was in the mood for some brown-eye action, and Clark, on cue, had just dropped his trousers to his ankles.

"Well, I'll be screwed," mumbled Big Tony as he stared in disbelief at the kid's goose-pimpled bare ass. There, right on the left cheek, was a miniature version of the huge, awesome dragon that spread itself so malevolently across Tony's hairy back. The kid's dragon seemed a harmless pygmy in comparison to Tony's great beast, but there could be no doubt about it. It definitely was a copy of Tony's dragon.

"I'll be screwed," Tony grunted again to himself as he thoughtfully rubbed the spit coated palm of his hand over the tip of his cock.

He never did find out which inmate artist had put on the tattoo, but he knew for sure how the kid had "paid" for the service... □



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BRIEFS

BY T.R. STEPHENS



A WALK IN THE PARK

The trail was splotted with the sunlight that filtered down through high-arched leaves ablaze with autumn's paint. Their fallen comrades rustled underfoot. Alone he walked, hunting and haunted. He followed the trail around a bend and there the other stood, hunted and haunting.

He stopped and stared. The other returned his stare in kind. One nodded, the other posed. One posed, the other nodded. They closed in. Closer. A touch. And another. Two shirts fell upon the fallen leaves. He touched the other's chest. The other caressed his swollen nipples. Closer. Mouths opened and devoured one another. Tongues explored deep, dark recesses. Quietly, a moan. Louder, a groan.

40 DRUMMER

Apart. They stared. They posed. They shed their clothes. Closer. Anxious cocks arched upward and touched. They throbbed. Apart. They posed. They preened. They stroked. They sought advantage and gained none. They smiled. Closer. Closer.

Body to body, they sank to the forest floor. Grinding, touching hands explored. One turned. Cock slipped into mouth. Mouth slipped over cock. Hips thrust. Mouths sucked. Swollen nuts contracted. Heads bobbed on aching flesh. Cocks were numbed by hungry mouths. One panted. The other sighed. One twitched. The other thrashed. Together, they erupted. Ravenous throats pleaded for more. One turned and

mouths locked. Semen swept from one to the other and back again. Some swallowed. Some swapped. Some swapped. Some swallowed. Some escaped in rivulets past straining lips over flushed cheeks. Slick and sour—sticky and sweet.

A paradox. A pair of paradox. Apart. Dressed. They touched. They kissed—passion-spent—a kiss of brotherhood. One turned. The other walked away. Never looking. Never meeting. Never again. Just once.

HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

The park smells of garbage, of decay, and of night. A lonely hunter steps from shadows into the pool of light cast by a streetlamp, acknowledging my existence. I stop and stare, acknowledging his. He leads and I follow. He steps beneath a footbridge and disappears in darkness. I step beneath the footbridge and into his embrace.

Our mouths lock and tongues entwine. He smells of cheap cologne and even cheaper beer. From nearby come the sounds of other secret hunters—smacking sounds, moans and groans, and furtive whispers. He breaks our kiss. I hear him fumbling for something and the too sweet odor of poppers wafts past my nostrils.

I feel a tug at my belt and nervously open my pants. I hear a zipper, then a snap. Rough hands grope at my hard, aching dick. My hands grope at his. I kneel in a pool of yesterday's rain and take his dick into my mouth. He smells faintly of piss and of someone else's cheap cologne. I'm hungry and I suck his dick as though it'll be my last. It won't.

He pulls my hair. He's getting close. I fondle his swollen nuts. He grunts and empties his come into my mouth. I swallow and coax his dick for still another drop, and another. He pulls it out and turns around, presenting yet another prize. His asshole smells of shit and stale come but I lap at it in hunger and desperation. I stand and plunge my engorged dick into his saliva-slickened hole. Frantically, I slam into him again and again. I grunt and release my come deep within him. I pull out but he remains bent in awkward acquiescence. I kneel and suck my own come from his battered hole.

He touches me. I touch him. We pull up our pants and separately continue the hunt.

HUNGER

I sit here on the edge of my bed, waiting. Absently, I squeeze my dick. It lies aching beneath the thin cotton of my shorts. He stands hidden behind the slightly ajar bathroom door. I can hear his piss streaming forcefully into the toilet bowl.

What did he say his name was? Oh, yes, he didn't. Well, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters. Nothing—except for his dick. It's pissing now—limp and pissing. Not for long. I hear the toilet flush and the door opens. He stands there with his thick, limp dick hanging out of his fly. Not bad. No class but not bad. Better than I expected. He walks over. It hangs there, waiting—willing and waiting. I lift a hand, cupping and squeezing his low-hanging nuts.

He peels off his pants and steps away, leaving them in a pile. His dick responds to my hand on his nuts and arches up. A single tear oozes from its tiny eye and drools suspended from his puckered foreskin. I catch it on my tongue and follow it to its origin. I peel back his loose foreskin and lick the spongy, swollen head. He tastes of piss and smells of sex. I take him deeper. His dickhead nudges my throat. My tongue slithers over his thick, bulging veins. He grabs the back of my head and lunges into my throat.

My nose is buried in his pubic hair again and again as he frantically fucks my mouth. I become his tool, his receptacle, just waiting for him to finish, to slake my hunger and quench my thirst.

He pulls away. His hand goes to his dick, furiously pumping. He groans and grinds and I wait—just wait. He cries out and his hot cream spatters my face. He lunges forward and shoves his hot dick into my waiting mouth, “allowing” me to savor the bitter taste of his last few precious drops.

He turns away. His big dick is shrinking. He dresses silently and leaves without a backward glance.

I glance down at my sticky come-soaked shorts. I creamed in my shorts the moment his come hit my face. I rise and go to the bathroom. He didn't raise the seat and it's spotted with his piss. No class but not bad. I look into the mirror. Opaque drops of come hang on my face like puss. I reach one with my tongue. Others I guide to my mouth with my finger. I look at the toilet seat. I kneel and lick away his stray droplets of piss. No class—but not bad.

RENDEZVOUS

Midnight. Streetlight. The beautiful, black leather stranger leans against it like some macabre parody of a streetwalker. You step from darkness into the eerie pool of light. He flips his cigarette butt at your feet. He shuffles his black leather boots and stands to his full black leather height. You watch in disbelief as he ceremoniously unzips his black leather fly and hauls out his long, thick, vein-corded dick, a black leather thong lashed about its base.

Incredulously, you ask: “Here?”

Emphatically, he answers: “Here!”

He strokes his dick, peeling the foreskin from its swollen, purple head. It's dangerous. You're scared. But you're hungry, incredibly hungry. A glistening pearl of fluid oozes from his dick and hangs suspended in the night air. You kneel and lick the drop away. You take the spongy head into the wet warmth of your mouth. Black leather gloves painfully pull your hair and he lunges into your throat. You gag and try desperately to breathe as he viciously fucks your mouth.

A few seconds or an hour passes before he stiffens and grunts, flooding your mouth with his bittersweet semen. He steps back. A black leather right hook splits your lip and you sprawl to the concrete, blinded by pain. Through tear-filled eyes, you see the black leather stranger looming above you shaking his half-limp dick in his hand. A few drops, then a steady torrent of hot yellow piss streams from his dick, splashing your face. He shakes out the last few drops and packs his dick into his black leather fly. A black leather boot smashes painfully into your ribs and he turns and walks away.

You lie alone in a puddle of piss in a pool of light, whimpering.

HOT

Brakes scream and the van skids to a halt. The passenger door swings open. The young, shirtless hitchhiker climbs in and the van roars off.

“Christ, you're hot. Looking for some action?” asks the driver.

“You bet. Know where I can find some?” asks the hitchhiker.

The van swerves periously through the noontime traffic and screeches into a driveway, coming to a halt at the deserted end of a parking lot.

“Climb in back,” the driver orders, urgency in his voice.

In the back of the van, clothes are wildly tossed aside. The driver grasps both their stiff, raging dicks in one large hand. They kiss like animals, trying to devour one another. They crawl together in juxtaposition and bury their faces in opposing asses, lapping hungrily at puckered holes. Moaning and gasping, they twitch about. They rise to their knees, one behind the other. The driver aims and slams his dick deep into the saliva-oiled ass. The hitchhiker muffles his cry. Moaning and sweating, they hump like crazed broncos. The driver rams home again and again. He reaches around the boy and grabs his dick, stroking it feverishly. His nuts slap noisily against the hitchhiker's thighs. The hitchhiker cries out as jets of his come ooze between the driver's fingers and spatter the floor of the van. The driver licks the bittersweet cream from his fingers, stiffens and grunts, and floods the boy's quivering ass with his own hot come.

Three blocks away, the hitchhiker gives the driver's crotch a parting pat, climbs from the van, and sticks out his thumb to await the next hot ride. □

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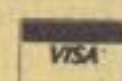
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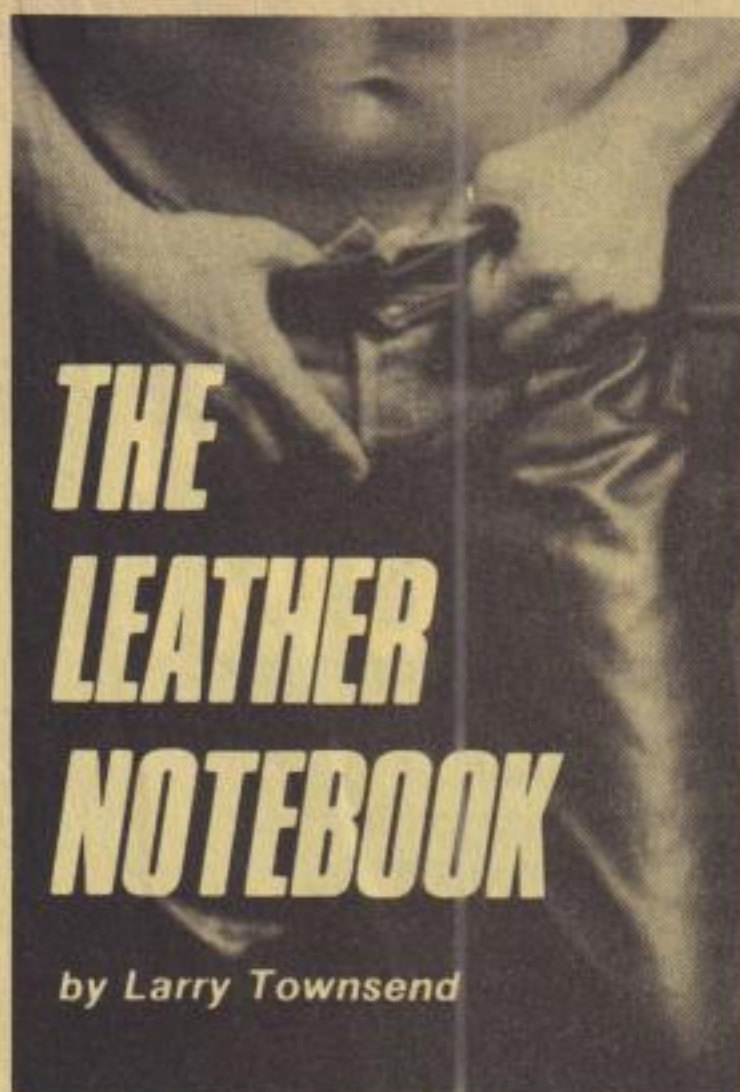
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Dear Larry,

I have been reading your writings on SM since the advent of the original *Leatherman's Handbook*, back in the early '70s. As my own experience has grown, I have come to agree with you on most points, disagree on a few, but I find one area where you never quite say what I keep waiting to hear. This has to do with religion. I think you put down religion in a sometimes non-constructive way. If it were not for the built-in guilt feelings engendered by religion I wonder if there would be as many men seeking to be disciplined or have their endurance and fidelity tested. Without men in these states of mind, I wonder if there would be enough bottoms to go around.

Paul, Southern California

Dear Paul,

Just as I try not to put anyone down for his particular sexual interests, I am also a bit wary of delving into one's religious beliefs. I have to agree with you as to the high incidence of guilt feelings engendered by religious dogma, but I feel that these are more the product of organized religion—and most specifically the self-annointed leaders of various religious sects. It is the pressure exerted by these groups that forces society in general to accept the standards of behavior that create guilt feelings in the guy who is unable to abide by them. When all is said and done, your true religion is not the ritualized formulae espoused by the priest/minister/rabbi/ayatollah of "your" church. It is the belief that you hold within your own mind. Even if you never express this openly, the difference may well be the basis for your feelings of guilt. So, do we thank the fundamentalists for giving us all those hot little bottoms? I suppose we should, much as we can thank Anita Bryant for bringing our community together a few years ago.

Dear Larry,

I'm into cock torture with matches and cigarettes, and I read someplace that there are groups of men who are into branding. Can you give me an idea where to contact them? Also, are there any pictures of branding being done, or of matches and cigarettes being used in sex play? I'm a white male, age 36, into shaving and all types of cock torture. Final questions: Can testicles be pierced, and if so, what are the long range effects of it?

B.H., New Jersey

Dear B.H.,

You pose several questions; let me try to answer them in order. Cock torture with matches and cigarettes is not the best SM technique, because repeated use can cause such extensive damage. I'm sure there are guys who are into it, however, since it is difficult to name an activity that isn't being done by somebody, someplace. As to an organized group, I don't know of one that is specifically orientated toward branding. Rather, you will find guys in most of the larger SM clubs who are interested or experienced to one degree or another in the subject. (I did a little piece on branding in my last column.) As to testicle piercing, I can tell you that it is done. *Dungeonmaster* has an article on it several issues back. The guys who were involved in this particular sequence seemed to suffer no long-term ill effects, and the piercing was done with fairly elaborate antiseptic precautions. Just how much damage you are going to do by excessive repetitions is hard to say; in fact it is difficult to define the term "excessive." The guys who are doing it say it's harmless. My medical adviser threw his hands in the air, and said, "What are these nuts going to get into next?" I'm not sure if his pun was intentional, and I was afraid to ask.

Dear Larry,

Hello Brother! Sitting here at Folsom State Prison, thinking about all the hot times at the Brig and Hot House. This Downed Brother needs some advice. I need to know if *Drummer* will print an ad from a convict. Since I am in the closet, I don't receive *Drummer* (unfortunately). Thank you for your time. Ride free and play hard!

A Downed Brother

Dear Downed,

There isn't any problem in running an ad in *Drummer*. In fact, we used to have a column devoted to prison problems and communication, discontinued due to the departure of the guy who wrote it. Of course, if you do place an ad, be honest about who and where you are; and I don't know how deeply you may be able to remain in the closet, once the answers start to come in.

Dear Larry,

I live in a small "bible belt" town, where everyone knows everybody else's business. My problem is that I have anal warts—six of them, as best I can count (those little white nubs, just on the inner edge of the mucous membrane.) I know they aren't going to kill me, but I want to get rid of them. What I want to know is, are they strictly something you get from anal sex, or could they have come from some other source? If our local sawbones sees them, is he going to know how I got them?

Please, No Name or Location

Dear No Name,

I can't think of any way you might have gotten them other than by sexual contact, although your doctor may. In any event, even if it means a trip to a larger city, you should get them removed as soon as possible. If you don't, they are likely to increase in number, and eventually require more than a quick session in the doctor's office. You could also infect someone else. Warts are not highly contagious, but they are contagious. They're also a pain in the ass!

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.)

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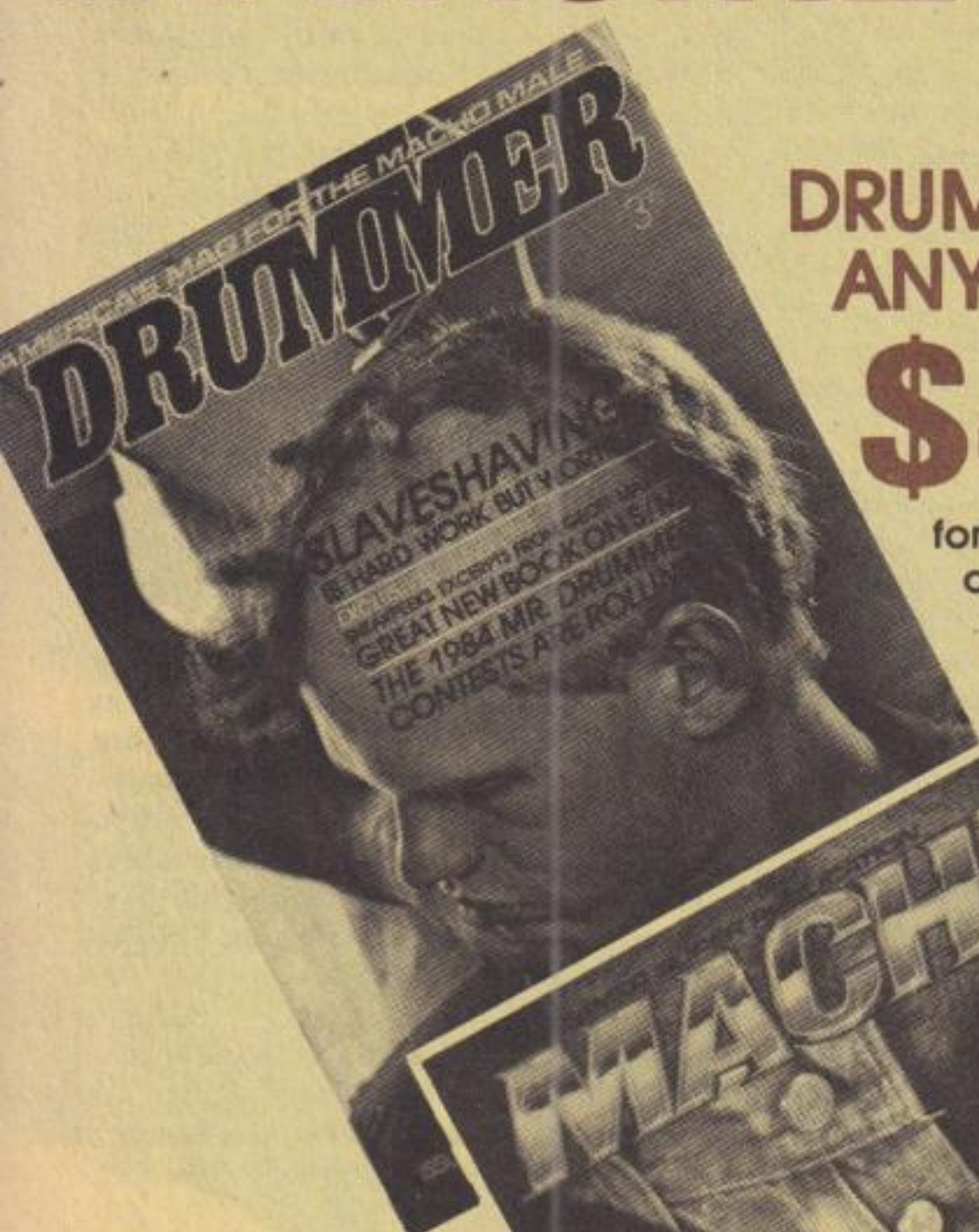
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SOCIAL NOTES

NIGHT OF TRIUMPH!



It was a night without blemish. There were several changes from last year. For one thing, it was held on a Saturday instead of a Friday, the day before the biggest Gay Parade in history. The party crowd was even bigger this year, the men were the hunkiest on record, and not a prima donna in the group. The slaves did their best to please and serve. The fantasies were to die for. Ten Mr. Drummers and one invitational contestant battled it out for the really big one in leatherdom, MR. DRUMMER '84. The Trocadero Transfer was packed to capacity as more and more leathersmen kept coming in through the long night. Gold record recording artist Mario Simon premiered his original "Drummer Men" and the crowd went wild. Then the audience voted (there were no judges this year) only after all the contestants had been seen and heard from completely. The verdict was in and the new Mr. Drummer '84 rode off on his customized Yamaha Turbo 650 into the dawn. As finally did everyone else.

Pictured above, Mr. Pacific Northwest Drummer rides atop his magnificent feathered steed (and lover) as he triumphantly completes his fantasy.

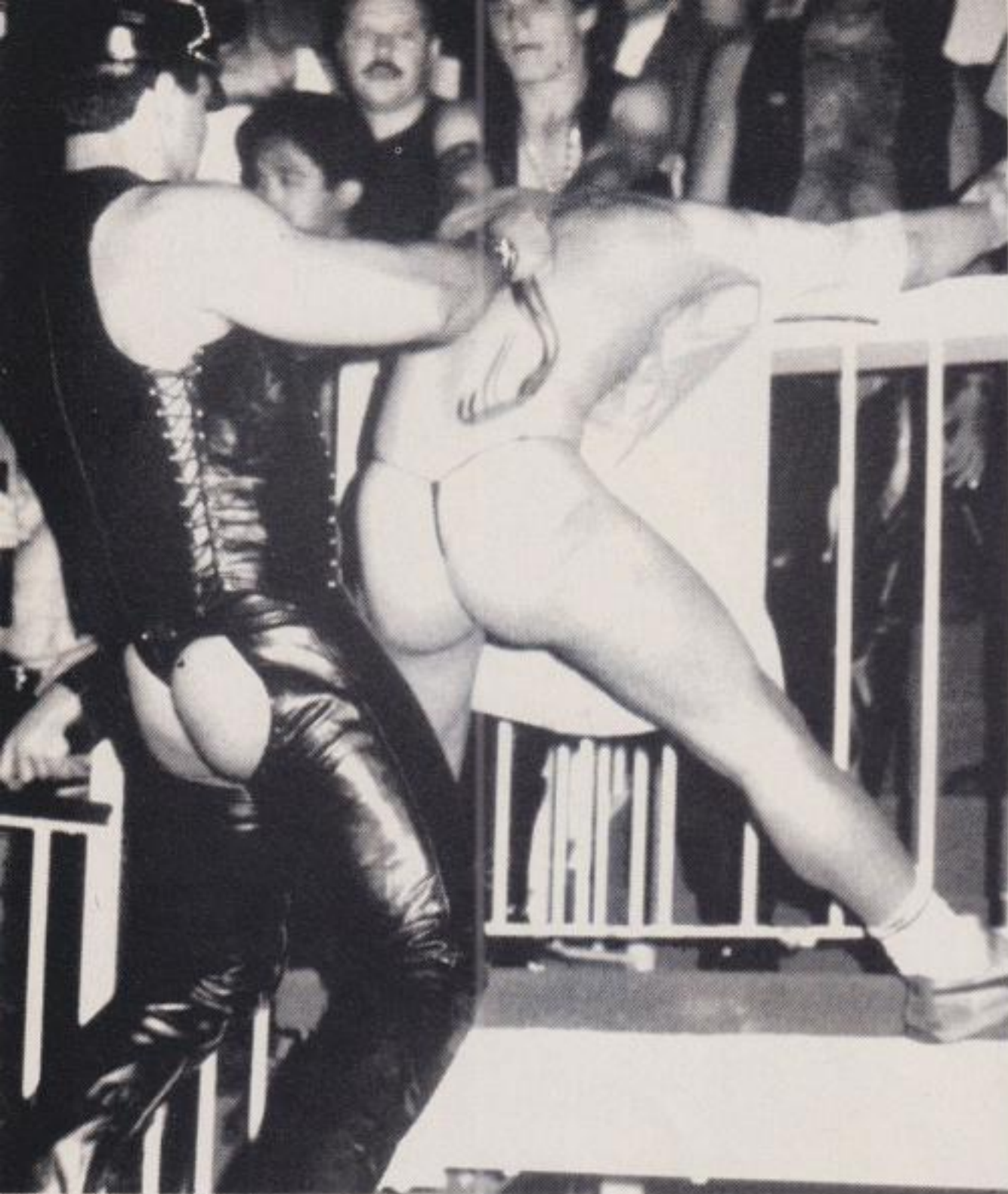


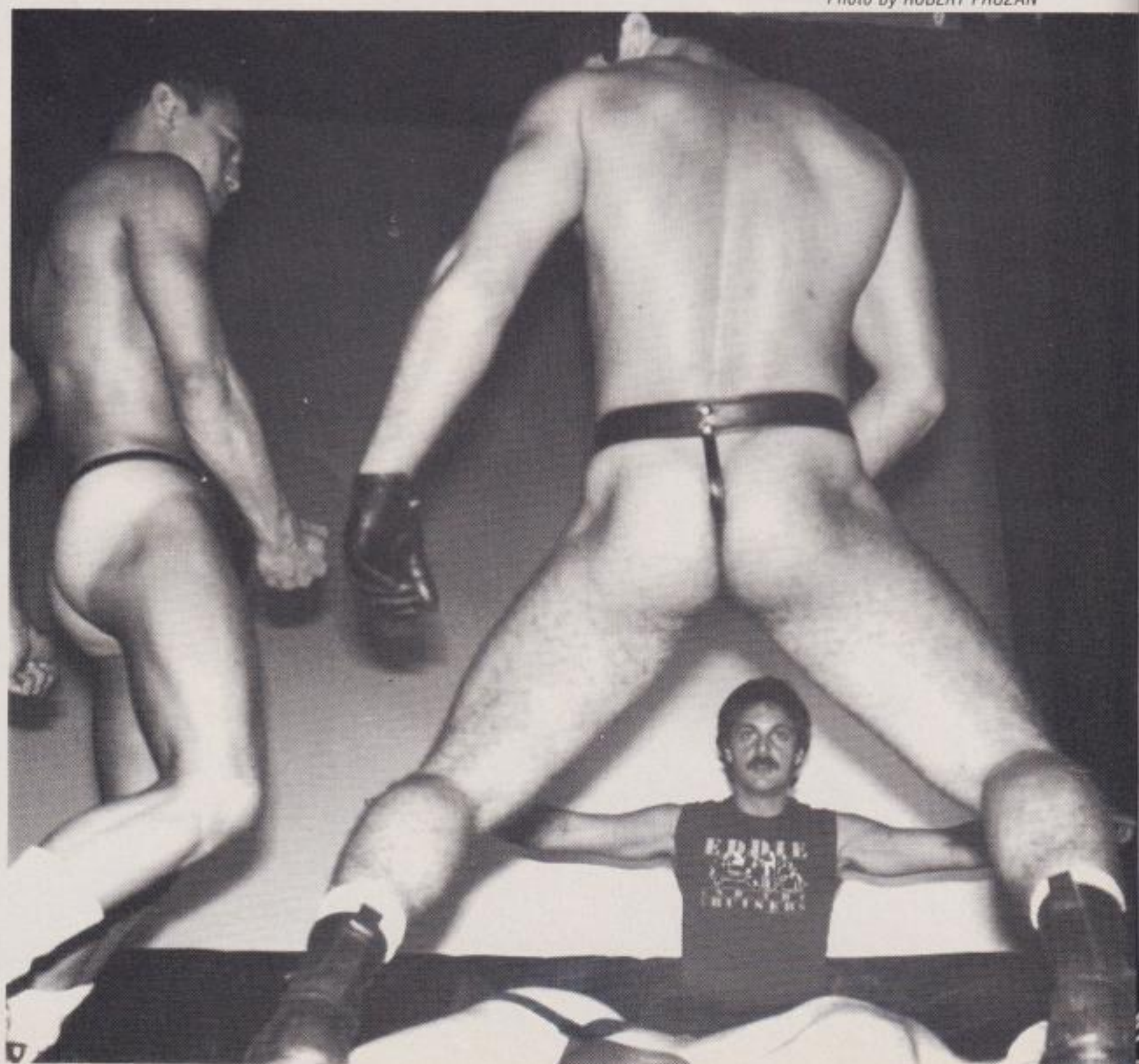
Photo by ROSE DE CASTRO



Photo by ROBERT PRUZAN

Each of the fantasies seemed more outrageous than the last. One that particularly stood out was Mr. Midwestern Drummer (Chicago), who remembered being whipped in public as a teenager. When the original guilty party was unable to show up to allow him to even the score all these years later, our man's fantasy was fulfilled anyway by pulling a willing spectator from the balcony and, after forcibly ripping off his unsuspecting pants, giving him some really good ones. Half the audience would have traded places with the delighted victim in a minute.

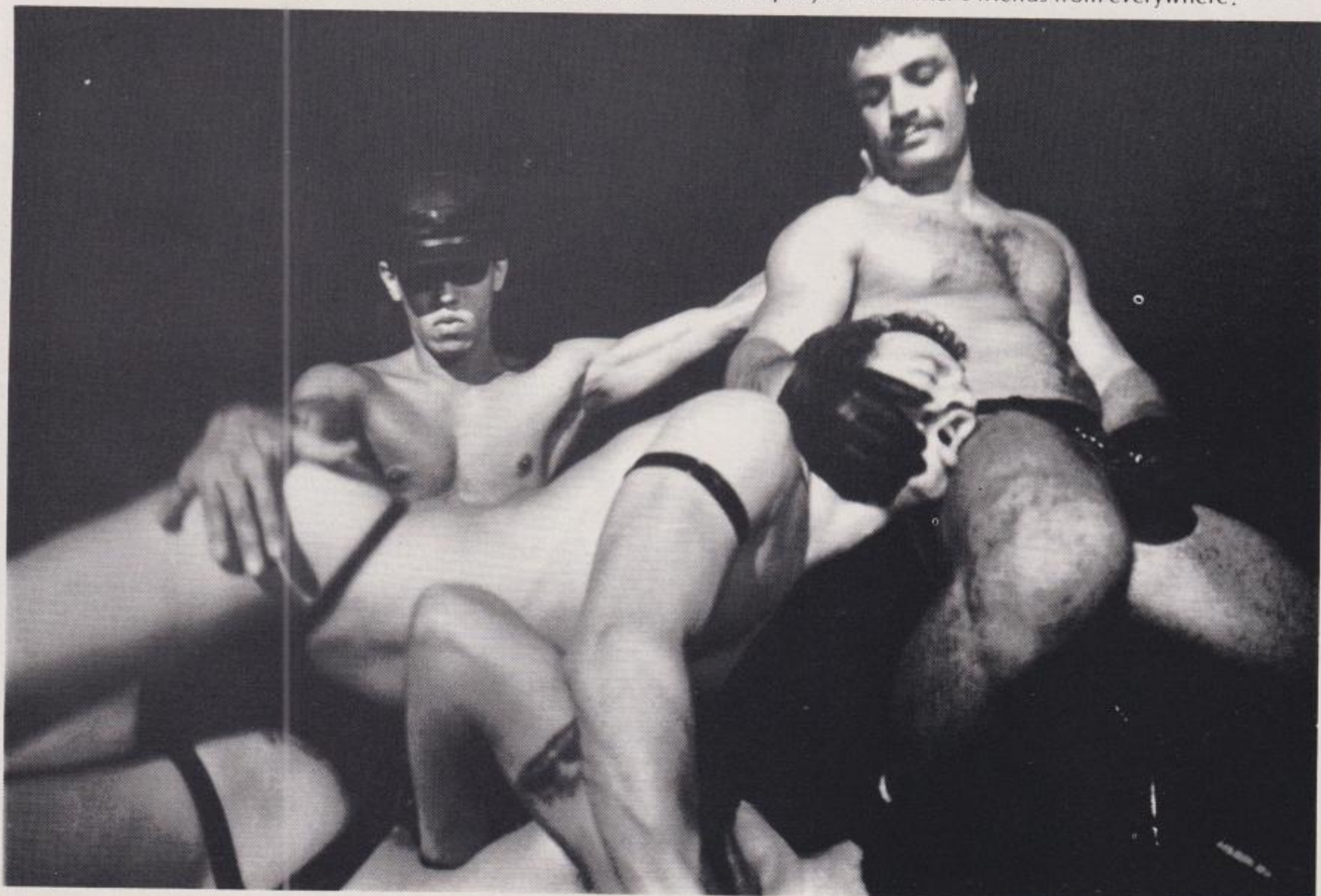
Anthony Bruno directs the rehearsal for Leather's night of nights. Anthony also directed the Southern California Mr. Drummer contest earlier. A no-nonsense taskmaster, he literally worked the men's asses. The show went without a hitch except for a few awful moments when the spotlights couldn't find Mr. International Leather, who graciously showed for an appearance. They found him and the crowd showed its approval.





Mario Simon performed his soon-to-be-released "Drummer Men" as the eleven Mr. Drummers marched single-file through the dry-ice fog to await their presentations. Presenters were Mr. Drummer '83 and publisher John Embry who told the

crowd that *his* fantasy had just been fulfilled by "Celebrating the ninth birthday of my favorite magazine as I play host to these Drummermen in everybody's favorite city, together in the company of Drummer's friends from everywhere."



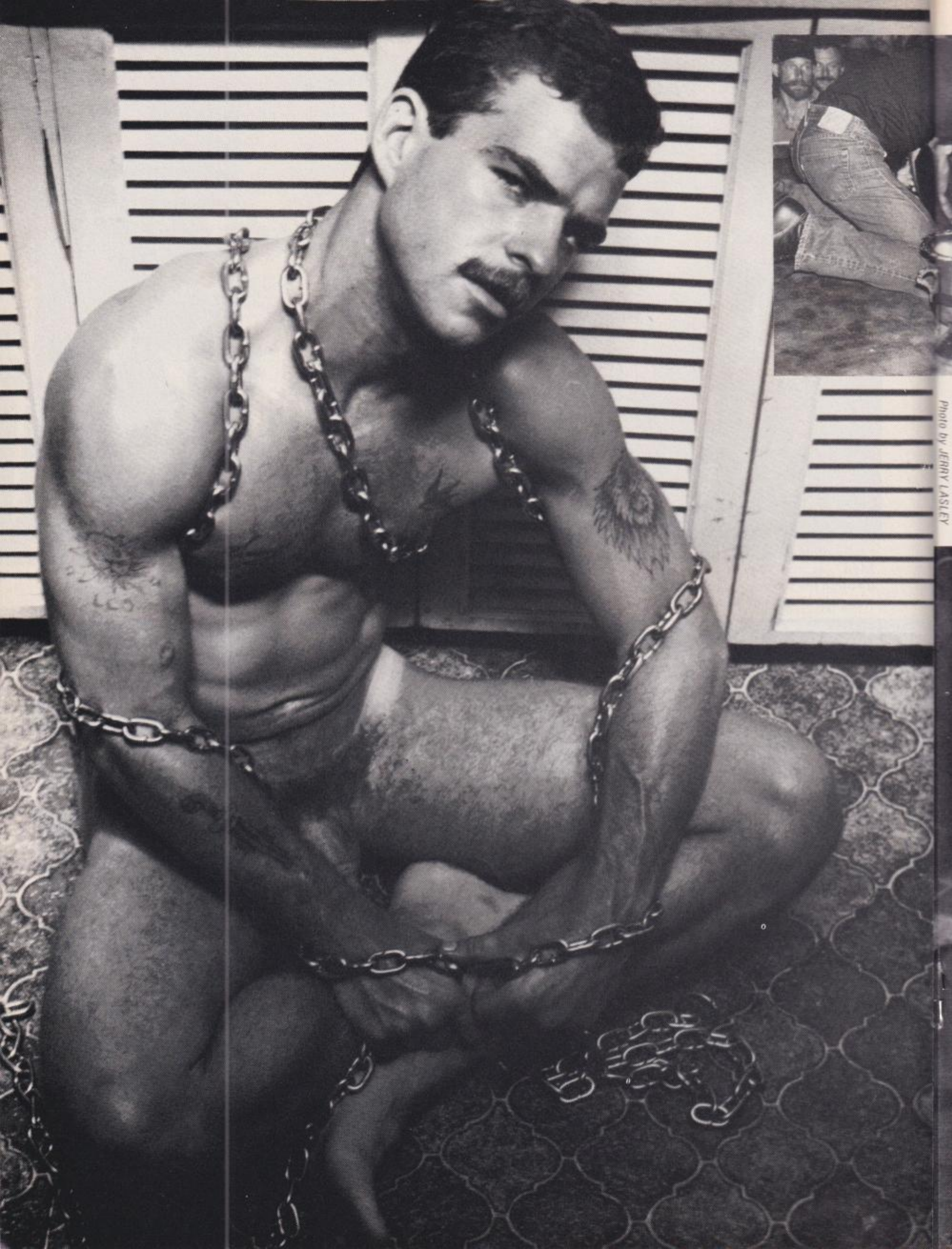


Photo by JERRY LASLEY

Photo by ROBERT PRUZAN



Photo by JERRY LASELY

SONNY CLINE, MR. DRUMMER 84 is Mr. Drummer Northern California. He presented himself foursquare and honestly as a bottom and the crowd loved him for it. He is a mechanic, is appearing in Wings' new video "For Sale," is marrying Mr. Southeast Drummer in September and is looking for a new apartment, planning on being tied up indefinitely.



Photo by ROSE DE CASTRO

Photo by JIM MOSS





Photo by ROBERT PRUZAN

Leather's big three: Ken Bergquist (left), First Runner-up; Sonny Cline (center) Mr. Drummer '84; and John Rush (right) Second Runner-up. Below: the ten hottest leathermen of the

year take a 'grope break' during the exhausting rehearsals for the big night.



Photo by ROBERT PRUZAN



All the slaves were hot, horny and accommodating. All the contestants were careful not to use anybody else's property

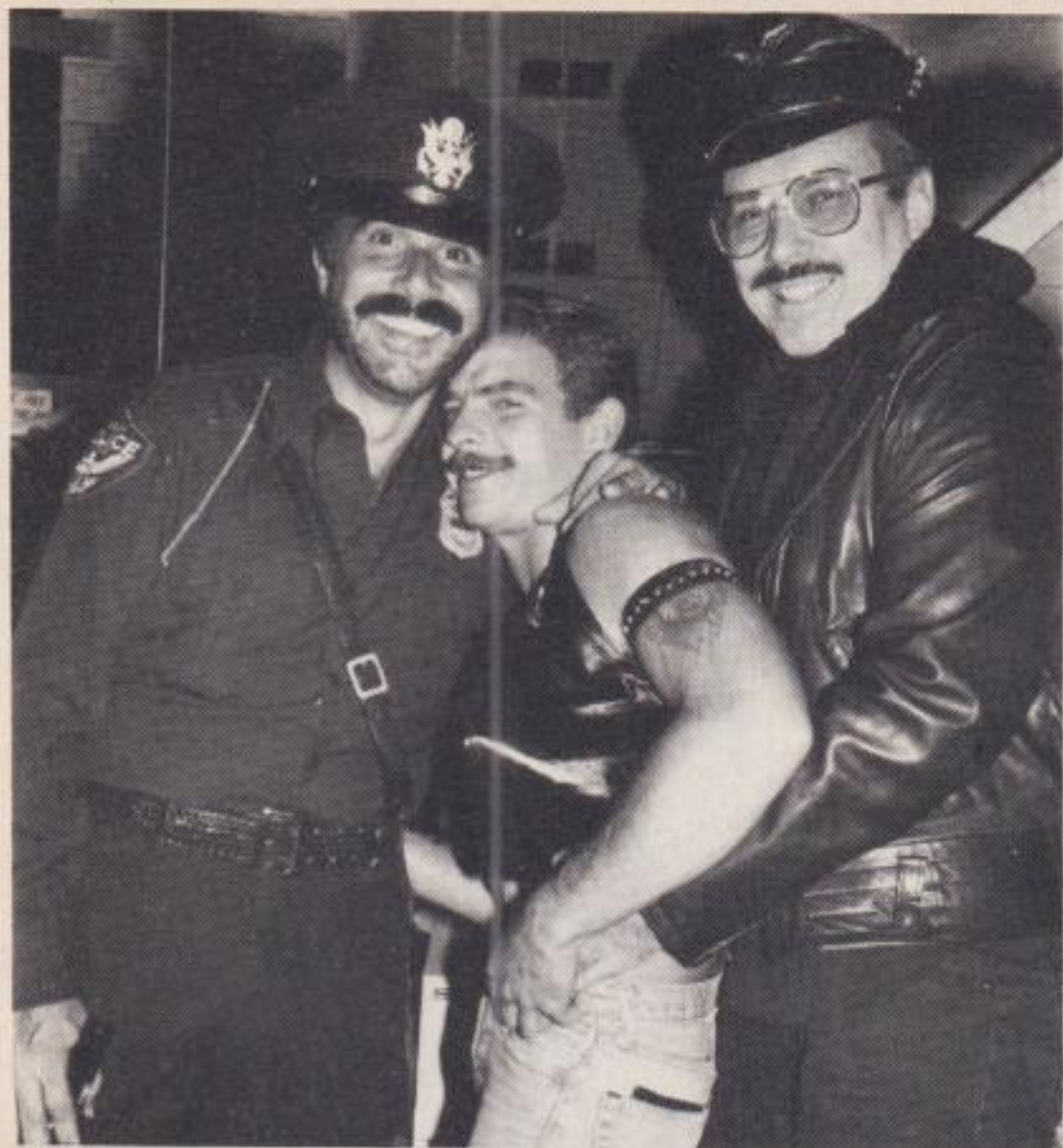
(jockstraps, okay; slaves, no). The valiant volunteers were used and abused, bared and bested and had the time of their lives.

by ROBERT PRUZAN

Photo by RINK

Photo by RINK





A jubilant Sonny Cline rides atop the Arena's flower bedecked float beside David Earl Lee, Mr. Drummer '83, down Market Street. Whether it was the flowers or the stars, the float won first prize. While the audience of over 200,000 was considerably underplayed by S.F.'s mainstream newspapers, the parade is the largest happening of the year in The City. Gay Pride Week probably brought more tourists to S.F. than the Democratic Convention. But who's counting?

Winner Sonny Cline is congratulated (and molested) by singer Mario Simon and The Publisher at a cocktail reception held earlier for the contestants and their sponsors. No one had won as yet, so the two molested everyone equally.

HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 50¢ PER WORD!

DRUMBEATS



NATIONWIDE

MODELS

Drummer is looking for leather/uniform men willing to model. (415) 864-3456.

STILL UNCUT?

Holding out for the right scene? Tell the Sarge all about it. Send description, photo (not necessary) and circumcision fantasy. All get replies; the chosen get clipped. Box 3433.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and **MANIFEST** will now accept *verified* telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

Wants to share bikes, boots, leathers & heavy bondage (possibly long-term) w/aggressive guy; send photo; Box 33 Riner, VA 24149.

WANTED-YOUNG MEN TO 35

For live in work at motel. Job involves light maintenance & learning desk duties. Must like dogs & know how to or be willing to learn how to give good massage (to owners only). Reply with photo & address & phone # if possible to Gary Seitz—3945 W. Houser, Eloy, AZ 85231.

SLAVE WANTED

Two professional, caring, dominate GWM's mid 30's have position for obedient full-time slave. Application w/photo gets reply; MSTRS P.O.B. 50286 WASH. D.C. 20004.

PROSPECTIVE SLAVE

This 35'5"11" slim hairy slave into SM & BD & TT wants to give almost virgin ass into FF—Seek daddy leathermaster in 30's up with hairy chest hung/please Sir teach me total mental body control in degradation humiliation. I need to serve, respect, obey & worship a master. Awaiting your command Sir. Can travel USA. P.O. Box, 20648, Atlanta, GA 30320.

BIG, HEAVY, HAIRY, TOPMAN NEEDED

Thirsty GWM, 30, 6', 230 lbs. wants large, hairy topman to service while you fatten this pig up. Box 3883.

ARE YOU READY

To live the piquant reality of hard driving, relentless servitude under two strong, horny, intense, Stable, handsome, topmen? We've been together and into leather for years and know how to train and direct any slave, who is ready, to the total surrender of body and mind. You should apply only if you are serious and imaginative. No lazies, ego heads or coldfeet. We expect you to be ready and willing; we will make you able. Slave's ass must be prepared for intelligent, heavy S/M, boot shine, white glove perfection, long term, no bullshit, relationship. We're both experienced topmen into bondage, beating, verbal abuse, enforced humiliation, and giving orders. It is now time for us to train and develop a slave for our care and pleasure. We're 6'2" 175 lbs. blue/blonde uncut with good body. And

Interchain member # 879 5'6" 145 blue/L. brown, with 9 1/2 log. Both 39 and in good shape. Your looks and body are unimportant. We will change them to fit our needs. Any race or age O.K. You must be masculine and healthy enough to be trained. If you are not ready for complete servitude don't waste our time. Address your humble resume with photo to MASTERS LARRY & MIKE PO. Box 1104, Sandy, Utah 84091. LF4088.

SLAVE WANTED

By versatile Master for permanent relationship. Must be submissive, obedient and willing to relocate. We're hung, trim, cut, 25-37, G/W/M into sane S&M, CBTT, bondage, leather, etc. JDB, Box 20835, Reno, Nevada 89515. LF4015.

LEATHERMASTER/COACH

Wanted by 34 yr. w/m 6' 195 lbs. muscular, handsome, masculine. Into leather, uniforms, boots, military training, wrestling, boxing, weight training and belonging to a hunky muscular 40+ w/m for a life of total commitment, service and obedience. S/M B/D W/S Tits your way. Serious only. Photo please. Box 4060.

PROMISCUOUS?

Healthy? Group! Looking for masculine multiple outlets & sensuality? Need makes of all interests to take part in Private Group. Must be clean & healthy & be able to locate in Houston—so self & equipment are readily accessible. Have facilities available if you desire and are accepted. If your discreet, responsible and have some interest send confidential letter as to your preferences—active, passive, versatile, training needs and experiences, for additional details. Only mature (over 30) any race, but no drugs or drunks.

Learn, experience and expand together. Beginners welcomed. Versatile W/M—5-11—180#. Box LF3329.

HOT HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile (Top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, w/s, rimming, S&M, more. Am 29, 160 lb, 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair/eyes, bearded. Bridwell, Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686.

GOOD HEAD

60 y/o; 6'2"; 190; blue eyes; white hair, reddish complexion; Handsome & excellent definition had Lg. nipples; talented hole; expert mouth. Desires Master who commands sexual servitude & S/M. Bald cigar smokers a + (not required.) SM groups OK. Can travel. P.O. Box 90110 West Station Nashville, TN 37209 (LF3986).

FORESKIN STRETCHING

Am I the only one? I have 3 inches of the stuff. Seek other uncut into it. GWM 38, 5'7", 135. Photo of skin gets mine. 444 Hudson, Suite 133, NYC, NY 10014.

QUEBEC CITY, CANADA

WM, 34, 5'8" 170 lbs wants to make friends in Central—U.S.A. and on the West Coast where I'll bike in '84. Interested in SM, CBT, TT, boots, BD, assplay. Mainly M looking for top friend. Also interested in contacts with same from N.E.—U.S.A. and Canada. Box 3984.

VIDEOPORNFREAK

With tastes that run from the bizarre to the downright disgusting wants to correspond and possibly swap with other videopornfreaks, either format, with similar, or more extreme tastes. Interested in amateur as well as under-the-counter material. Write first. Box 3963.

PHONE SEX

The men who use our service get con-

DRUMMER

964 Folsom Street/San Francisco/CA/94107

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state and federal laws. California law requires that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. This address must be included at the end of all classified ads in parentheses. No advertisements accepted from persons under age 21. Alternate Publishing will not knowingly accept fraudulent, obscene, offensive or questionable advertising.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____

STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

SIGNATURE: _____

I am over 21 years of age

HOW TO REPLY TO A DRUMBEATS BOX NUMBER

Answering a DRUMBEATS box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back flap of the envelope. 2) Put your return address on the envelope should you wish the letter returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3) Put proper postage on the envelope—Domestic postage is 20¢ per ounce and Foreign overseas postage is 40¢ per one-half ounce. Include 25¢ forwarding fee in cash. 4) Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DRUMMER. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

☐ I am using a telephone number in my ad. I understand that this number *must* be verified by DRUMMER. I have added \$1.00 to ad price for phone verification.

☐ I want to use a DRUMMER box number in my ad and have you forward all my mail. I have added \$1.00 to ad price.

**CALCULATE
THE COST
OF YOUR
AD HERE**

A. Total number of words in ad: _____
(Multiply by 50¢ per word) x _____ 50

B. Cost of single insertion: _____
(Enter number of times ad is to run & multiply by figure above) x _____

C. Ad cost times insertions: _____

D. Phone verification (add \$1) _____

E. DRUMMER box number (add \$1) _____

TOTAL COST OF YOUR AD: _____

AD CATEGORY SECTION HEADING

BOLD HEADLINE (26 LETTERS & SPACES MAXIMUM)

AD COPY (PLEASE PRINT)

nected together for a hot, erotic experience with other **HOT GUYS** 24 hrs. a day. Do it now for **LESS THAN \$3.00 per hour.** (415)EGO-TRIP (346-8747) The Connector.

WANT A BOOTED, LEATHERED BIKER VISITOR THIS SEPTEMBER? Want to ride along, cross-country? Free by day (wind against leather), secure by night (roped, chained, gagged). Box 33, Riner VA 24149 (Photo please). Have leathers, will travel.

ARE YOU MY MASTER, MY LOVER AND MY SLAVE? Creative, intelligent, booted hotman 35, 6'1", 175, mustache, need the right guy to share his life and leather with. I offer my mind and body totally to the man who can dedicate his to me in return. If you require and can give discipline, service, obedience, training, respect, worship and submission, then write me real fast, fucker. I will make a present of my nutsack to my ballkeeper, demanding his ass as the other half of the contract. The accent is on mutually supportive deep masculine love and loyalty, with the knowledge that this will be strengthened and enforced with punishment, whipping and pain when necessary. Are you man enough for a longterm heavy-duty commitment, is your head beyond roleplaying (though able to be a real top and bottom); are you ready for true responsibility of owning my body and soul and the humility required to become my property, to do with as I see fit? If you know how to wear boots and need rough malesex for your body and heavy involvement for your mind, then jump to it, man. Box LF3755.

GERMAN LEATHERBOY NEEDS FIST Blond/Boyish, 31, 9 1/2" Cock-uncut tight ass, slim body, needs fists by real Macho-Muscular-Types. (no S&M/no pain/no dirty). Travel USA/Sept. 84—visitors in my SLING also welcome. Foto must—get mine. P.O. Box 15 709, NL—1001 NE Amsterdam Netherlands.

WANTED—SON—YOUNG TO 30 Youthful, smooth chest, obedience, submissive, medium to small build, slim, trim son wanted by a hairy 40 year old, uncut Daddy/ Write Jay. P.O. Box 121, Moulton, AL. 35650-0121.

HAZING, INITIATION Games for young guys directed by responsible pledgemaster. Can travel. Apply with photo/phone to The Marshal, Box 57, Daytonview, Dayton, OH 45406.

BRUT FIGHTS—BB vs. BB Handsome arrogant BB, 30's 5'8", 155 lbs. itching to fight/ wrestle other proud BB near my age and size. REAL fighters only! You travel. Send photo and describe scene. P.O. Box 64890, Dallas, TX., 75206.

READY WHEN YOU ARE 21+ for expanding desires fantasies for LL BD SM FF CBTT VA WS JO Spurs Chaps Shaveing Piercing cocks dildoes grease parawax jocks All Answered Buddy or Relationship possible. Mielhvin Box 697 Howey FL 32737-0697.

BODYBUILDER SON WANTED By muscular dad to train with and learn discipline. Thigh/Pecs a plus. Write Box 4104.

RUBBERS AND JOCKSTRAPS Hunky young Stud wants to receive and/or exchange used rubbers and ripe jockstraps. Hot photos and letters a plus. All Answered. —discretion assured! Drummer Box 4098.

GERMAN SLAVE Looking for American masters during visit to the States or meeting before in Germany. Master should be between 30- 60 years. Slave is 35 years, into

leather-boots-Levi's, shaving, W/S, spanking, feet, dirty jocks. Letters to: Heinz Wolffmann, Neuriederstrasse 6, 8000 Munchen 712, Postlagernd, W-Germany.

ALABAMA

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY In Mobile, AL. We want to show you some Southern Hospitality that General Grant never saw. Two Real Men. Both 36; one blonde/ blue, beard and a hefty 8" uncut solid log sticking out from his 6'2" frame; The other 6'1" 170 LB fur ball with brown/ brown, equipped with a loaded uncut cock. We are looking for Southern Men and visitors to the south who are into being men and playing hard. We've had enough of the southern belles at the local bars. If you're fat or fem or don't qualify as a real man, don't waste our time. If you think you're man enough for our brand of hospitality, get your shit together and write us a letter with a hot photo (returnable) of yourself. Box 3754.

BOTTOM SEEKS TOPMAN (Daddy) 21-45 To take charge of the situation verbally and physically. Me: Prof., Blk, 40, 5'11", 148 lbs, masculine; discretion expected and received, P.O. Box 1772, Montgomery, AL 36104.

MUSCULAR YOUNG GUY Wants to meet older guy who needs a guy for hard labor stripped to the waist. Daily bare back floggings with cat, whips. Farm experience. Mark, P.O. Box 322, Meridianville, AL 35759.

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking. Would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs, 42, br/ br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to: P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611, or call (907)283-4879.

ARIZONA

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (19-35) Dude for 3-way action. Top or bottom. We have private black room. Boxholder, Box 9484, Phoenix, AZ 85068.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept *verified* telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

TALL MELLOW TOP Wants an easy going, independant Buddy with a healthy hairless body and a hot fuckable ass. Photo, letter, and phone to Box 3767.

BLOND COCKSUCKER Bodybuilder has spit and suction for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Box 1536.

SAFE SEX No fluid exchange sought by w/m 5'11", 150, blue/brn, blonde moustache, "cute", personable. Mutual masturba-

tion, vanilla sex &/or c&b work, bondage and wrestling. Looking for boyfriends—not one-nighters. Ron, P.O. Box 14413, S.F., CA 94114 LF4045.

SOUTH BAY AREA

White male, 27, 6', 165 needs fantasies turned into realities. I need a leather bondage Master who will take control and guide me through moderate to heavy B/D, V/A, boots, gloves, police uniforms, hoods, and light to moderate S/M. Serious training needed. If possible, send photo. Box LF3711.

I'M LOOKING

For a long term relationship with a macho muscular slave into oil—sweat—kink—chains. 5'9", 175, 45. Phone (415)944-9984.

VERSATILE WRITER

Into SM and you name it, seeks man under 45 with good body. No JO phone-calls. 861-3183.

PHONE J/O

6', 165 lbs. W/M needs verbal abuse and hot J/O phone calls between 11 P.M.—6 A.M. only. Dick, (415)626-1385.

WM, 45, 6', 275 LBS., 7 1/2", UNCUT Genuine, very exp. masochist seeks genuine exp. sadist for mutual satisfaction. Your power, domination and pleasure are my pain, humiliation and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp. in heavy bondage and whipping. Piercing, CBT, TT, watersports, body worship, total service and want to continually expand my experiences. What this body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what it can give in true sado-masochistic pleasure. Poss. perm. relationship. Box 3875.

HOT LONELY BOTTOM

W/M late 40 seeks gentel hot topman with hot rod. In only Alh. Area. Box 3857.

W/MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS Age 35-50, wanted by W/Masculine Bottom, 34, 6'1", 195, into T/T, CBT, W/S+. Photo & phone gets immediate phone response. All letters answered. No fems. Box 3874.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for men who are dedicated to a lifestyle that only leathermen experience and appreciate. Age, locale, nationality, top, bottom, versatile not important—dedication to the special sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a leather lifestyle are. Benefits include Drummer Subscription, free classified ads, discounts on purchases and more! Send SASE for a confidential application The Leather Fraternity 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107.

STOCKY, HAIRY MAN WANTED: By 25, 6', blond/blue, swimmer's build, nymphomaniac. Just can't get enough of that hot stuff! I'll swallow it whole right down to your balls any way you like it. (Chew, lick, gag, choke) for the men who really dig getting their cocks sucked dry. Photo & Phone to Box 3804.

RECENTLY DIVORCED

Seeking buddies (1 or more) for mutual enjoyment in expanding my experience in fucking, light S&M, B&D, WS, toys, dildoes, polaroids, playrooms, & fantasy scenes. Not into scat, heavy pain. Reply with photo to Box 3797.

VERBAL ABUSE

28 y.o. w/m 5'10" 155 lbs, wants tra-nees for t/t, cbt and most important verbal abuse. You must crave someone to tell you exactly what to do, and then be able to do it exactly as told. Must be excellent cocksucker and G/P, as my 8 1/2" hot tool needs special attention. Box 3917.

W/M, 37, 6', SLENDER

Good looking, bottom, seeks heavily

muscled daddy 25-45. Into It. TT/, B/D, W/S. Let me worship your sweaty muscles. Use your muscles on me. Outdoor scenes? Ric, 1632 J, #3, Eureka, CA 95501.

TWO LOOKING FOR TWO SF BAY AREA

Or four... #1 S, 40, 130, 5'4". #2 MS, 30, 180, 6'1". Both w, hot w/o attitude and like rough sex & old standards. No hang-ups about sex except fear of AIDS. We want to form a 4 or 6 way closed sex partnership with 1 or 2 stable couples. You should be: GWM under 50, in good shape, healthy, not looking for a lover. Into hot sex and able to keep closed partnership commitment. If interested lets meet & look one another over. Write Box 3937.

W/M, 34, NOVICE

Seeks bearded Master into patient, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one niters. Prefer hirsute, baldish, anally oriented, 38-55. Seek man whose life reflects and merits self respect and who gets off on sharing self. 863-9756.

31, White Male, 160

Looking for correspondence and/or contact with men willing to expand my experience with C/B TT WS FF. Picture appreciated. 584 Castro #279 SF 94114.

ME—NATURALLY MASCULINE MAN

32, 6', 215, serious weightlifter, handsome. YOU—Naturally masculine attractive man with a good heart. No sissys, phoneys, free loaders. Photo, phone. Box 3886.

W/M SON SEEKS W/M DAD

Son is 28, 153 lbs, 5'11". DAD is someone who knows how to take care of us both. Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary, over the knee, etc. I will obey your parental guidance. Send your guidance to: David, Box 18891, San Jose, CA 95158.

FAIRFIELD/CONCORD

Masc hairy B.B. 29 yrs. old looking for same. Into dirt bikes, back packing and snow skin & B.B. Also like bondage, C.B.T. and out door scenes. Write to D.G.B. 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40, Concord, CA 94520. No fem, fats or fakes. Photo if possible.

DADDY'S BOY

W/M 22, 5'9" #130, Brn/Grn Looking for big beer belly Daddys 35+ w/beards into cigars, leather, bondage, boots, uniforms, etc. Barry, P.O. Box 4244, S.F., CA 94101.

PLEASE DADDY!

Whack my boy-butt! Paddle my athletic-ass! Apply Your Daddy-Dick to my whore-hole! Plow into me with Your Hard-Hands and Active-Arms. I want to take all this—and more! I need to take all this—and more! I'm 25, 5'5", 135 lbs., brn/grn, athletic-muscular build. Looking for a Daddy or a big brother who is 30-40, bigger than me, muscular (football players a plus) who are horny, raunchy and SLEAZY! Your photo and letter get ME! Box LF5000.

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

W/M, 5'10", 180, 40ish, enjoys mutual uninhibited pleasures. Top & Bottom. Have some experience, but want & need more. Lets develop out S&M, etc. together or show me yours in a friendly meting. Manly meeting of our bodies & minds. Northern California area with photo & phone answered regardless of area. Visit & possible relocation consider. Gary Richards, P.O. Box 2011, Petaluma, CA 94953. LF4002.

S/M PHONE SEX (415)346-8747

VERSATILE

Top or Bottom "DAD" looking for

Jewelry for exotic piercings



ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE \$3.00



8720 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90069
Phone (213) 657-6677



D.L.P. NEWSLETTER \$3.00

BROCHURE: send \$1: free w. purchase

video tape specials

TAPE G: "BOYS WILL BE BOYS"

Hot sex between three men, one hour. The tape begins with the three men discussing sex and their love for it, then they do it. Sale price \$44.

TAPE C: "DANNY DELONG SUCKS HIMSELF"

One hour. Danny says: "Nobody does it like me!" Promotional tape: \$39.

GET BOTH TAPES FOR \$79 - \$2 post. handling
Add \$3 postage and handling for a single tape order.
CA residents add 6% sales tax. State age.

DAVID LUST PHOTOGRAPHY

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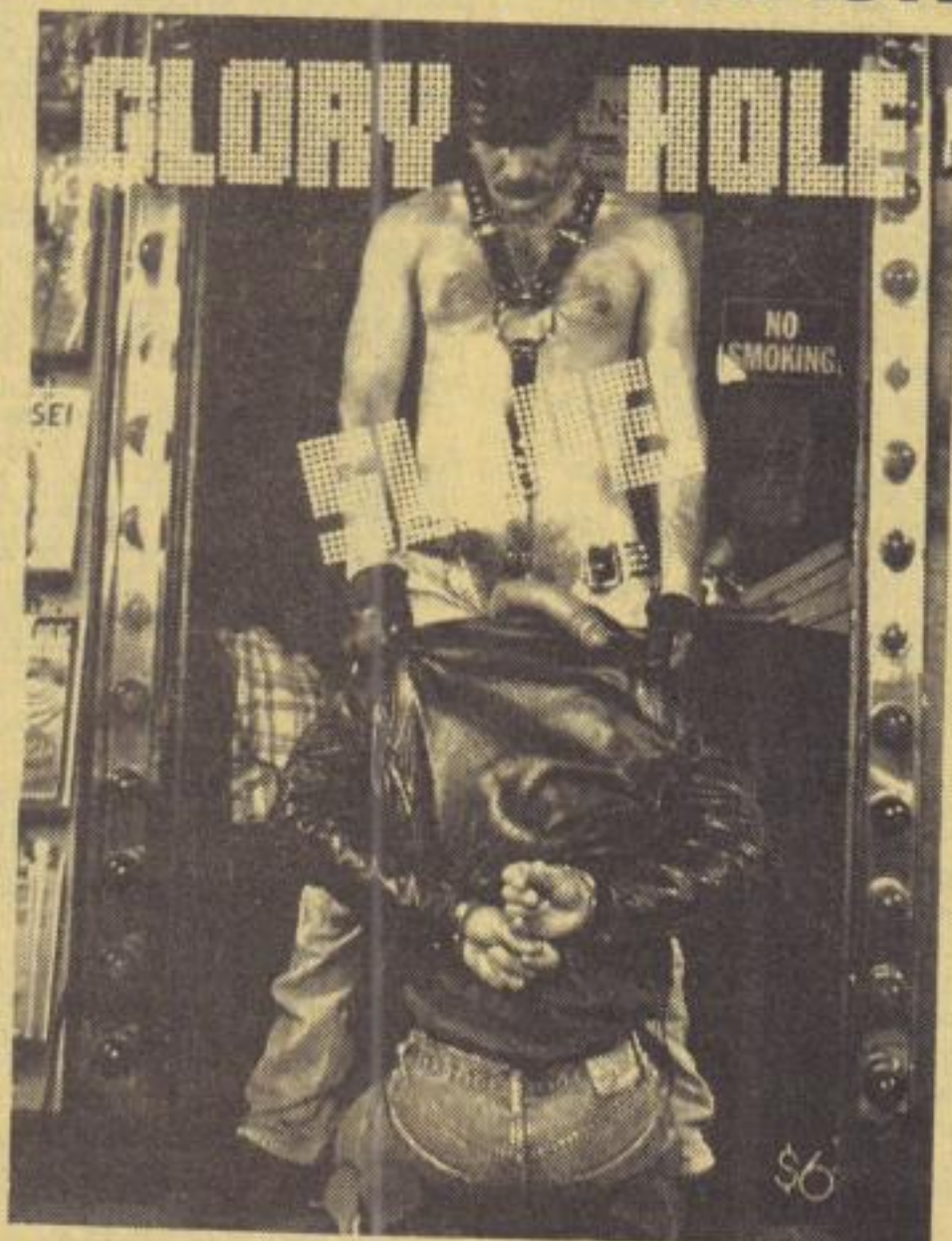
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THROBBING ACTION AS A SLAVE MEETS HIS MASTER



GLORY HOLE SLAVE

A slow day at the bookstore turns into an afternoon of slavery and submission when Scott ("The Biggest Dick in San Francisco") more than meets his match in super-hung super-dominant Ed Wiley! The blistering text by Robert Payne matches the explicit action, photographed on location at the notorious Folsom Gulch. Get on your knees and order it today!

STUDSTORE

960 FOLSOM STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94107

Send me _____ copies of GLORY HOLE SLAVE! (\$6 per copy)
Add 50¢ postage/handling per copy. California residents
add 6½% sales tax.

I'm enclosing \$ _____ or charge my ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

Card No. _____ Expires _____

Name _____

Address _____

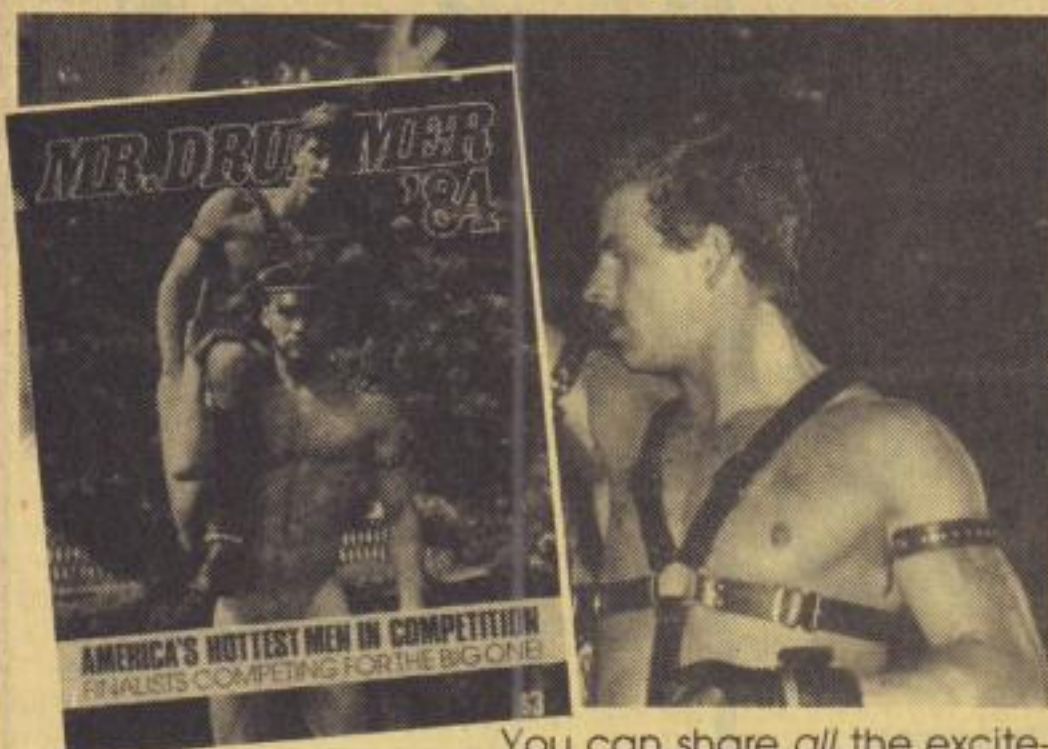
City _____

State/Zip _____

Signature _____

I am 21 or older.

Leather's Big Night!



You can share all the excitement, captured in the official MR. DRUMMER '84 CONTEST PROGRAM! This is the official program handed out at Leather's Big Night, plus 16 pages of never-before-seen photos from the contest itself!

Salute to John Garger, Mr. Drummer '83 □ The Road to Mr. Drummer '84 □ Portfolio of all the Finalists □ Leather's Big Night □ Sonny Cline, Mr. Drummer '84!

To get your copy of the 42-page official MR. DRUMMER '84 CONTEST PROGRAM send \$3 per copy (plus 50¢ postage/handling; California residents add 6½% sales tax) to:

Alternate Publishing/964 Folsom Street/San Francisco, CA 94107

VISA and Mastercard orders include card number and expiration date.



partners into fucking, fisting, sucking, dildoes and other toys for exotic experience. Mutual pleasure is ultimate goal. No fats, fems or blacks. Your picture gets mine. Box 4084.

HOT PIG FIST HOLE

Seeks log heavy mutual FF with fun drugs. I'm hunky hairy 37'5"10" 150 with double-wide deep hole. Come on buddy let's feed our big sloppy butts and punch each others lights out! Hot letter & photo to Box 4068.

DOG TRAINING

On/off leash. Spec. in prob. correct by hot trainer. No inhibited animals. Long raunchy sessions. Get it? Box 4081.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Captures hot dudes in bondage. Money or trade. 468-6567 Chris evenings.

RANCH HAND WANTED

Hot, well-off, handsome man looking for a younger, muscular, interesting and aware man for ranch work. Room, board, salary and travel included. Picture and phone A MUST! Box 4089.

DRK HAIRD, MOUST TOP

Hunky, 180#, 6', seeks blue collar, non-prof contacts. Into CB/T, leather, ass & ball whipping, long slow sessions, based on male pleasure. Give and take. Mike, 584 Castro, No. 231, SF 94114.

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

Willing to train the right 21-35 husky, amenable man for complete service. All board, room, spending money taken care of. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline training. No phone-ies, no bullshit. (415)282-9603 eves. Call me Sir.

2 HOT LEATHERMEN

We're 2 young guys (25,30) into hot action with other guys into leather S/M, B/D scene. Hot tops, or men who want to serve one man while being served by another, write with photo & phone. PO Box 99688, SF CA 94109.

HEAVY DUTY

Construction worker type wanted for hard physical labor. Tough attitude and muscular build a must. You will be sensuously whipped, pumped, oiled, chained, and worked up till you freak. I'm into bikes, S/M, BB, CB/TT, and have brown hair/eyes 5'11" 170 lbs 45 good bod, healthy, moustache. Send photo & letter with phone to Box LF5001.

CIGAR SMOKER? LEATHERMASTER

29, handsome, hairy, stash, 5'8", 155. Into S/M, B/D, J/O, safe sex, raunch, fantasies. Will train novice. Respond with photo, P.O. Box 15068, suite 365, S.F., CA. 94115.

TOTAL RUBBER SLAVE

Needs rubber master to keep me in rubber at all times, put obscene tattoos on my muscle body, pierce my skin and remove all my hair permanently. I am 27 6'1 180 lbs and able to move to your dungeon now. Send your demands to BP Box 63 Mercer Island WASH 98040. All will be answered.

QUIET, PASSIVE W/M

24, 5'5" 125 lb, brown hair, green eyes, clean-shaven, seeks long-term loving relationship with same. NO S/M, kinks, drugs, smoking, drinking. Enjoys good food/music. Letter and photo, please. Box 4094.

NORTHERN PENINSULA AREA

Tattoos, leather, levis, & uniforms—47 years old seeks "MEN" 35 to 58 for sex & companionship—No Drugs, Gene, Drawer G, Menlo Park, California 94026.

SLAVE DOG

Attractive, athletic, clean cut, blond, blue, 20's, 6'1", 170. Germanic boy-next-

door, outwardly shy, inwardly sleazy, with big cock...Seeks hot, capable Aryan trainer to exploit my slave dog ambitions. S.F./S.D. resident. Jon—4419 52 St. G San Diego, 92115.

HANDSOME, OBEDIENT

Black slave 26, 5'9" seeks tall master/father. Must be strong and dominate for me to serve and obey. Box 4093.

SACRAMENTO LEATHER

Looking for long-term, live-in gay relationship. With person interested and live leather and kink. Will settle for just meeting. I am 32, 150 lbs., 5'9", Asian. No femm no heavy Drugs. Photo gets mine.—Mike Box 4105.

TATOOED SPANKER

W/M, 48, good body, tattoos likes to spank men—any age. Don 552-0744.

TESTICLE SLAPPING

55 yr. old beauty, grey hair, great body, 5'9", 150 lbs. wants lover who digs the tapping of sacs, ass paddling. Affectionate, aware, higher consciousness. Lightly punching balls, strap butts. Psychic. Meditate. (415) 863-0342.

WANTED

Hot and Horn Latin men to sit on my face and service their cocks. Hot Blonde-Blue eye W/M 5'10" 150 lbs. Call 6-12 PM 415(931-2161).

FOR HUNG MEN OVER 30

Hairsute buns at your service! I'm 29, WM, 5'11", brown eyes/hair, 170 lbs., semi-bald, hairy+. Photo and letter to: DJ, Suite 586, 55 Sutter, S.F. CA 94104. Possible 1 to 1. Explorable bottom.

WRESTLERS

Goodlooking w/m into wrestl. I am 35, 5'10", 155 lbs, look. for a guy to take me on. Must be under 35. John P.O. Box 3545, Modesto, Calif. 95350.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for men who are dedicated to a lifestyle that only leathermen experience and appreciate. Age, locale, nationality, top, bottom, versatile not important—dedication to the special sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a leather lifestyle are. Benefits include Drummer Subscription, free classified ads, discounts on purchases and more! Send SASE for a confidential application The Leather Fraternity 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107.

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY

Masculine, white man, 45, 5'9", 155#, seeks same to 45 as FF Bottom. Must have good head and body. Reply with photo and phone to Box 3869. Skiers welcome!

WANT LEATHER BUDDY

For good healthy sex. W/M-48-5'10" 160. Br/gr/moustache. Good body—likes TT, B/D, C.B.T. YOU: B/B, good chest, pecs, tits a must. Letter w/picture gets results, tell me what you need. If your interested in sincere buddy, friendship/relationship, with gd/looking top/bottom. Go for it! Don't be afraid. Answer this ad. No fats, fems, FF, or dopers. Box 3852.

THERE ARE NO LEATHER BARS IN MISSION VIEJO

Slave/prisoner looking for Master(s-)/guard(s) Me: WM-34-6'-170-Lite brd, Tan, FA, GP, B&D, verbal abuse, ball & tit, tort., W.S., travel LA-SD You: +6', white, dominate, under 45, healthy, good shape. Photo & phone to: Box 2142, Mission Viejo, CA 92690-0142.

LOOKING FOR EXPERIENCED TOP MAN

Must have nice body, not hairy, no beard. Prefer no moustache should be into all clean scenes, maybe with well equipped playroom. I am 42, 6'3", 180 with piercings and many tattoos. Expe-

rienced in some scenes, novice in others. Some limits. Disease conscious. Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight. Ask for Ron, and be discreet. Leave number and time to call if not home (213)254-3038.

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM

G/W/M, 23, 5'10", 150 lbs, short brown hair, moustache. Seeks hot, domnate, X-hung, hairy, Leather/Cowboy-Masters/Daddies, who need service and cuddling. I am G-P, FAC (Deep Throat) will try most scenes, Clean Healthy! (619)231-4496.

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (818)846-9486.

WANTED:

Healthy male slave, any race, 21-35, must be willingly disposed to total service, in any and all means, without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully subservient existence, dedicated to its Master and His life style. Send appropriate application humbly to: Master Conrad, P.O. Box #938, 29 Palms, Calif. 92277, include a complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable.

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot, hndsm w/m 40 6'1" 190# Sadistic, Experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum buy satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA., 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm).

PIERCED, TATTOOED LA TOP

Bearded, 6', 155#, w/m, mid-40's, looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/ oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos, C/B/T/T, W/S, shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks, ok. Photo/ phone replies answered first. Box 3741.

BODYBUILDER HUNK

Into Bondage, Sweat, Shaves, Leather, CBT, Hot Ass Toys, Enemas w/Game-room. Cooking for hot creative TOP-MAN who can get into heavy serious sessions. Relt. Poss. #245 8306 Wilshire Blvd. Beverly Hills Ca. 90211.

WANTED L.A.

Two uncut, hairy, Daddies w/donkey dicks and low-hangers to force-feed 27-year-old stud. Need VA, WS, juicy bull meat, sweaty balls. Call anytime: 213/656-9813.

BIG FAT PIG

Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog—30, 6'4", 300+ lbs.—seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Write Box 3179.

LOW BLOWS OK

Goodlooking tall tough young proud fuck gets off on hard contact. Gives/takes no mercy workouts w/fists, knees. Streetfight, interrogation. Two on one ok. Fantasy J/O ok. Send physical description or pic, and phone. Describe scene. Box 3904.

BABY B/B

Fledgling bodybuilder clean-cut needs

help with bulking up, weight gain and lifting routines. Goodlooking w/m 26, 5'9", 160# determined to grow up big and strong. Will pay, trade or? For assistance. Box 4076.

HEY BOY!

Want a Daddy? I mean a real Daddy! A Daddy with lots of love in his heart and a big bulge in his crotch, and all just for you! A Daddy who won't abuse you, but still a Daddy who'll show you the ropes and then use them on you as he makes you his slave/boy and takes you as his son. DADDY: W/M, young-looking 45, 145 lbs, 5'8", moustache, all his hair, dominant, and butt-fucking topman. BOY: Quiet, trim, young, smooth-faced, boyish, totally-obedient, thoroughly-submissive, affectionate, loving, and completely bottom. Any nationality of boy and beginner OK. Short, slim, small boy welcome. So is tall and skinny or wellbuilt. Size not important, but Boy's desire to really be Daddy's Boy is. Boy's photo get Daddy's photo and Daddy's phone number. Box 3862.

EXPERIENCED KENNEL MASTER

Seeks raw human animal for training. Object: obedience loyalty development. Will consider all breeds from street mutt to pedigreed hunk. Must have strong healthy constitution, spirit and basic intelligence. Not for fantasy seekers or hopeless wrecks. If you are a man who realizes that his greatest worth is as an animal who must have firm direction tempered with warmth understanding and necessary discipline; then this could be your chance to finally realize your full potential. Your responsibilities will be few; chiefly, house security and companionship. Your opportunities limited only by your will. The San Diego area will be home. Keep in mind that the best animals have good intuition; so follow your instincts. Submit photo address and phone. Box 3581.

HUNG UNCUT DOG

6', 180, strong-legged specimen, handsome and eager, offers mouth, ass, C&B for punishment and mutual pleasure. Dog's mouth/ass eager cunt/urinal. Seeks cock-centered, natural dominant, preferably shorter white, latin, black. Polaroids, groups, dog-food ok. Animals possible. G.M. P.O. Box 26081, L.A., CA 90026. Swap pix.

LEAN, INTEL., HOT

W/M, prof, 39, seeks same for intense lusty leather adventure with honesty, sensitivity, and humor. Box 87104, San Diego 92138.

BOTTOM CRAVES PAIN

Real pain giver needed. White Male wants C&BT, FF, Scat, Hot wax, whipping, etc. From White/Black. Photo/phone number desired. All answered. Fee returned. Box 4099.

CIGAR/PIPE SMOKERS

Cigar/Pipe smoking W/M, very good-looking, 37, 150 lbs. Seeks same. Other turn ons, cigar/cigarette holders, smoking a cigar in a pipe. Box 4096.

LOVERS—37 & 34

Interested in corresponding/meeting with other animal lovers. We have 17 between us & no hang ups. Photos exchanged. We are serious—you be too! Van & Jim 5595 E. 7th St. Suite 346, Long Beach, CA 90803.

LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

Professional GWM lovers have position for permanent slave under 28. Serious experienced only. For interview call (619) 234-9374 between 8-10 pm.

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MASTER WANTS SLAVE BOY
W/M Daddy/Master 41, 5'8", 185 stocky build, moustache, salt & pepper, balding, seeks hot young boy/slave 18-29 for fun and games, S&M, B&D, TT, C&BT, Training & Service. P.O. Box 702, Ventura, Calif. 93002.

WRESTLER/BODY BUILDER
5'9", 165# wants to meet same into serious wrestling, body punching, ball work, tits. Pete 3678 Roseview Ave., Los Angeles, CA. 90065.

TEDDYBEAR BIKER WANTED
By W/M, 34, 5'6", 145, Bk/br, goatee. Sincere replies to Rick. Box 269, 13624 Sherman Wy, Van Nuys, CA 91405.

GREEDY L.A. ASSHOLE
Needs serious action with other hot versatile men who can work this insatiable hungry mans big shaved hole. Fisting, huge dildoes, 2 hand punching, heavy stuffing with this handsome w/m 30 year old moustached man. Photo/phone. Box 4076.

38, W/M MASC. SEEKS
Mature, assertive men for good, hot sex. Call til. 3 AM (202)547-9273.

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Top-6-3-195-42-complete game room-tubs, chains, rim chairs, stocks, sling, ropes, clamps, collars,

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LOVE/PAIN MASTER WANTED
It's a Thin Line Between Love & Pain If you're a really good looking, trim, healthy master whose tough but sane and who'd like to have a nice lkg, hairy chested, 35 year old, bright guy to train and then look no further then between these thin lines. If you enjoy verbal, giving spankings, tying up your lover, & other acts of the sublime. If you've always sought an out of the ordinary relationship but couldn't find a like mind for a lifetime and the right body to climb on top of... then hopefully this is and you are all of the above. Send photo and letter to Box 4111.

NEW ZEALAND BOTTOM
WM, 36, 5'9", 150 lbs, average looks/build, moustached L/L into T/T, W/S, F/F, oil/sweat, nitrites, piercing. Arrives LA 12 August vacationing. Needs bed/sling first 3 nights and hire master/buddy for crash course in LA leather, scene intro, and advice purchasing kit. No hangups re age, race, looks—ask only that you combine attitude with sense of fun. Reply Box 10-113, Wellington, New Zealand.

YES SIR!
Discreet, affectionate, educated bottom, 23, 5'10", 150 lbs. Short br. hair, moustache; seeks dominant, X-hung, hairy men (law enforcement officers) for deep throat Service and tight ass pleasure. B/D, T.T., SM, Clean and healthy. (619) 231-4496. No JO calls.

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Which is also tattooed—so is ass. Fisting, W.S., raunch; Two studs 40's—Ron; Jim; 5801 Rexroth, Bakersfield, CA

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WANTED TOP
For bondage and water sports sessions. W/M, 48, 6'-0" 220. Into SM, FF, shaving, Ball and Tit play, etc. Have playroom and toys. Tel. (213) 223-9348.

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DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept *verified* telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

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LEATHER BIKE DOMINANT MASTER
Experienced S/M biker digs slaves-/bottoms for S/M spectrum fulfill our need for leather sex and all it encounters. Discipline, limits respected. Must be ready to perform on demand uniform and cowboy men who have their act together can join in the scenes. Send application and photo. Looking for men who know what leather means. Box 3957.

DELAWARE
WESLEY-SUE
Demanding 48, 5'11", 145 G W Virgo Male seeks obedient thin bottoms (16-

32) at my cc location. Reply w/photo & resume to: WHB P.O. Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19899.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
HANDBALL DEVOTEE
170 lbs solid muscle, 5'10", 38, dark, bearded. InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity, and self-acceptance. Am my own man and not captive of any role. Years of residence in Berlin, Paris and Stockholm have given me European flexibility. Besides FF, am into all sides of Fr, Gr, titwork and like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Sound interesting? Balls in your court. Write P.O. Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651.

WELL BUILT
Unruly military type W/M, 6 ft., 37, 180 lbs. 8" cut responds only to very experienced handling. Chained by the balls, worked by the strap and prod until you get what you want, service from a highly intelligent animal. No Filth, F.F., or hard drugs. Box 3868.

BODYBUILDER
DC area. WM 39, 5'11", 175, 45c 31w. Masculine, together, lean/muscular. Seek same. Whatever your pleasure. JW Box 55029, Ft. Wash, MD 20744.

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FT. LAUDERDALE
Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training" in heavy bondage and light s + m, limits respected. OTHER MACHO TOPS CONTACT ME FOR 3-WAY. applicant will include photo and phone in application letter (PREFER cassette). jake

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Seeks SADIST for ritual. Can travel. Box 3867.

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Wanted by W/M 33, 5'8", firm body, mustache, loner. Resume w/photo. Box 4118, Key West, Fla. 33041.

FLORIDA

Orlando houseboy—slave applications accepted from slaves 21-30 with right attitude will be trained by 33Y, 5'8" bearded master. Serious only. Send resume & photo. Box 4055.

INTELLIGENT, AMBITIOUS

Non-smoking, versatile young man with swimmers/smooth body sought by attractive and successful young professional. For friendship and possible monogamous relationship. Box 4102.

WANTED—BIG BLACK BUCKS

South Florida slave wants big rugged well hung hot sweaty masculine black man to write for S/M, W/S, B /D hot funky, rough action. Box 4120.

HUNG VERSATILE WANTS

Big well-built men to service. Box 4092.

BALL TORTUREING SLAVE

6'9" 230 lbs G/W/M 24 looking for Master into ball's. I where between 8" 9" inch ballstretchers with up to 110 lb of weight for a hour of two to help loosen them up for a good night of fun and games of to show of with 30 ring's on Box 4086.

DICK CHOWING

WM 6'1" 200 7/8 cut heavy, football body wear leather. Looking for someone into dick chowing. All night long. More than one OK. I'm hot—long lasting into more. Photo, resume, serious only. All anger Dave PO Box 322 Miami FL 33147.

ATH. BB—STONG PROUD MASC

But you desire domination by smaller, trim, athletic man—punishment, humiliation, paddling. You know what you want, need, deserve it. P.O. Box 7136, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338.

LIVE RENT FREE IN FLORIDA

I am tall masculine and submissive fate 30s loves wearing rubber and lingerie w/s, g/s, B&D. You must be aggressive and wear rubber or leather any age. Sweaty uncut hairy men preferred. Call Gail, 1-904-496-2070.

GEORGIA

ATLANTA SLAVE

29, needs limits expanded by demanding master or group. Very versatile. Write Bobby. All answered. Box 4080.

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Seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality. Your photo gets mine. Box 4078.

ATLANTA

S/M age 30 seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality. Your photo gets mine. Box 4078.

EXTRA HUNG BROOKS BROS. TYPE

Change quick to very demanding ball & nipple torture. Top freak. I am 32 170 lbs. 10" cock cut & hairy. Am interested only in men like WS/FF/piercing and total shaving of crotches. Interested in men with Silicon dicks. Photo gets mine. Box 4074.

HOT TOP

25 y/o 6', 155 lbs., 8" br/bl, lean, hard & defined; looking for bottoms into spanking, dildoes, B/D, JO, light S&M, etc. Send letter with photo to: D. John-

son, 975 W. Peachtree St. N.E. #9A, Atlanta, Georgia 30309.

DIAPER LOVER

26 yrs. married. Seeking another baby 18-30. Diapers, plastic pants, wetting. Bedwetters welcome. Photo. Box 6624, Marietta, GA 30065.

HANDSOME, WM, 6'1", 180 lbs, smooth, youthful 28, good build needs to be dominated by discreet, masculine, stocky BB for hot J/O. I'm GR/P, FR/A. I'll worship your muscles. Martin P.O. Box 51, Conley, GA 30027.

ILLINOIS

GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED

Chicago Master: 42 6'3" 190# with well equipped dungeon/playroom wants submissive slaves or bottoms for: Obedience training, bondage, humiliation, discipline, paddling, C&B work, S&M etc. All limits respected. Novices accepted, race no problem, will be Drummer Dad to deserving studs. All replies answered. Send photo if possible. Box 2630 Chicago, IL 60690.

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G/W/M—35, to correspond with other exhibitionists. To exchange fotos & experience of public hot action & nudity, esp. at Mardi Gras & rock concerts. Write Messina, Box 10499 Chicago, IL 60610-0499.

GWM 40

Wants brown and yellow bottom—red hanky bottom—Send info & photo Jay P.O. Box 8032, Chicago, IL 60614.

YOUNG STUD WANTED

GWM 5'11", 165, brown hair, mustache seeks stud who enjoys having cock, balls, ass, and boots licked. Send photo, phone. I will grovel. Box 4073.

CHICAGO AREA DADDY

W/M, 40 plus, 6', 170, gdlkg., wants to tie, gag, suck & fuck cute, slim, W/M, 21-40. Send phone number, photo. Box 4075.

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

23 year old novice, moving to Chicago in June, and is just breaking into leather scene, seeks contact with Chicago leathermen (28-32) for an introduction into the lifestyle. Show me how you became leathermen. Box 4064.

FARM SLAVE WANTED

Small Southern Illinois farm. Must be good worker, have some carpentry skills, be able to take orders, relocate immediately. Only stable, honest person wants rural lifestyle will be considered. Box 217, 606 W. Barry, Chicago 60657.

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Share the smell and feeling of leather, jocks and cycles. Can also be submissive involving discipline, humiliation, W/S, rimming, bootlicking, hoods and chains with master over 40. GWM 46 5'8" 148 lbs. Write to Box 86, 924 West Belmont, Chicago 60657.

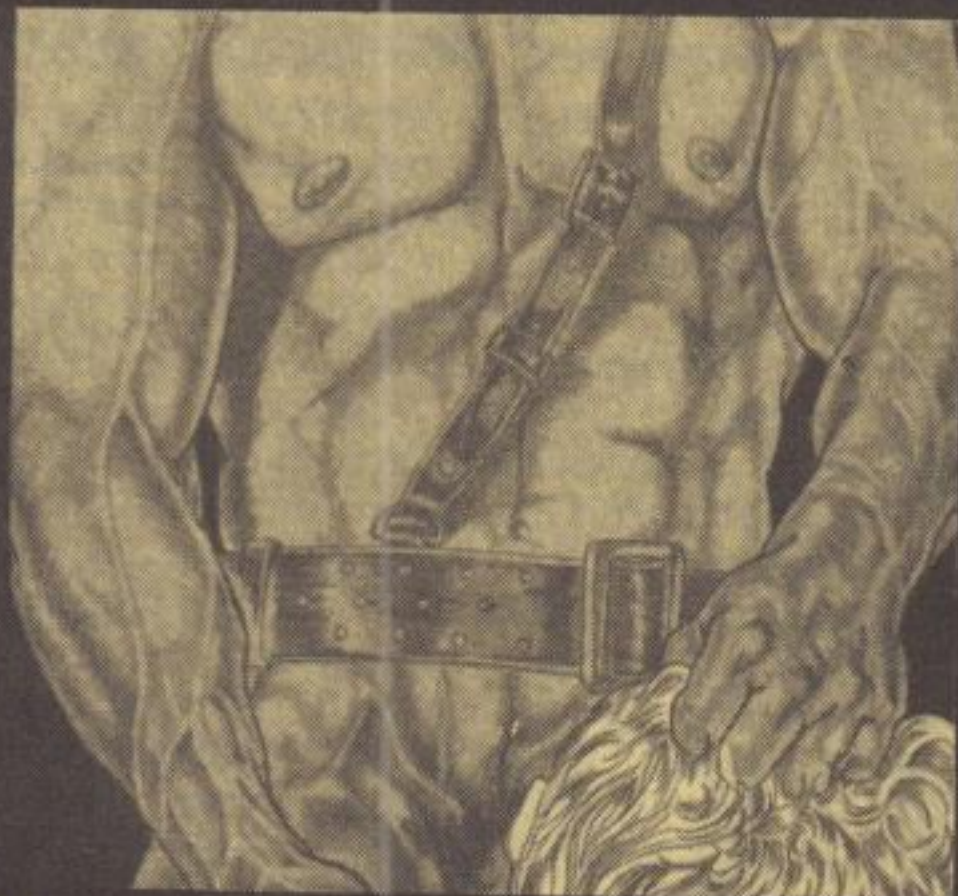
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BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

Submissive W/M, 36, 5'8", 135 lbs., brn./blu., mustache, 6 1/2" cut, with hungry mouth and ass, seeks older Top/Master to serve and service. Photo/phone appreciated. Bottom, lives in S.W. Indiana. Box 4065.

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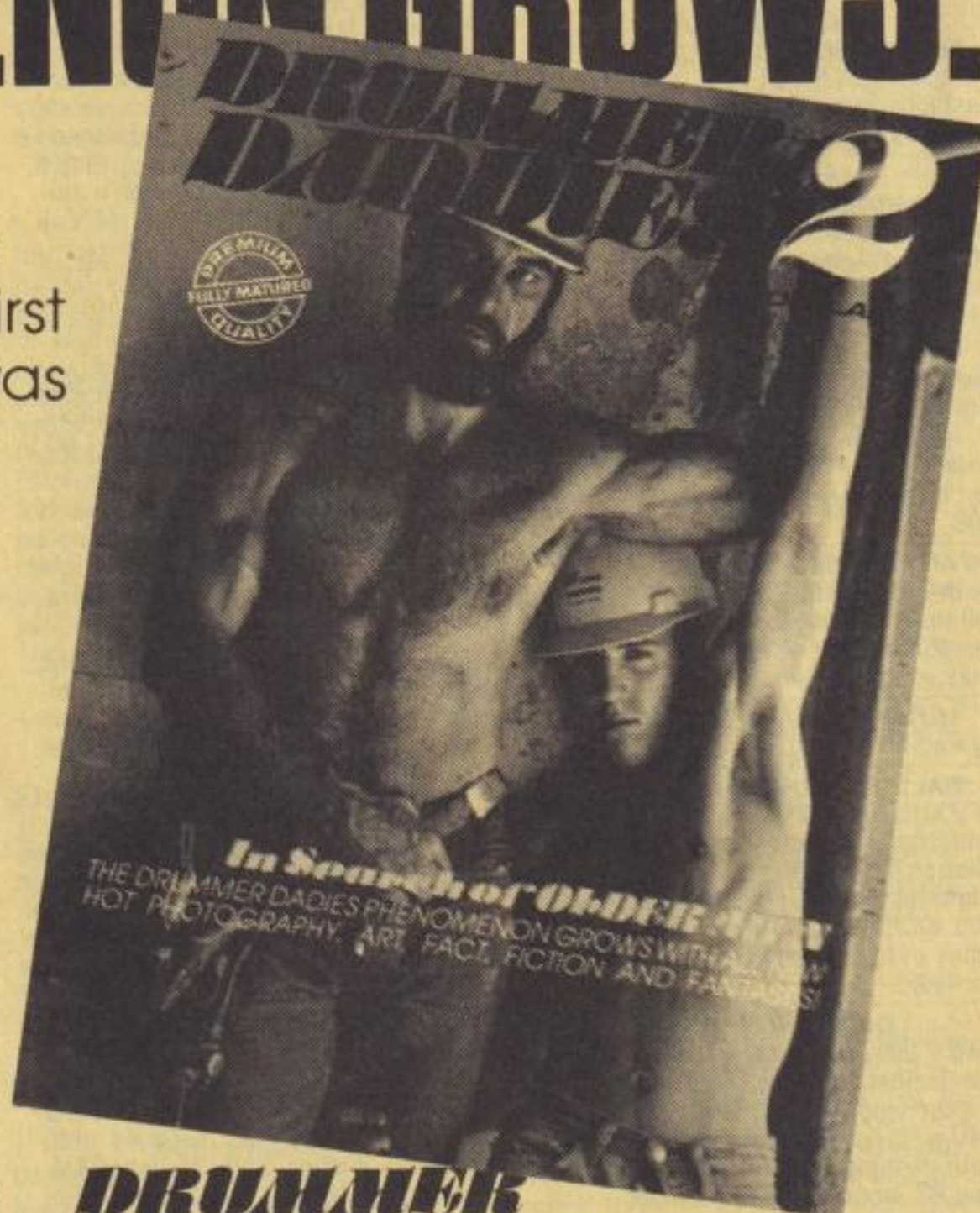
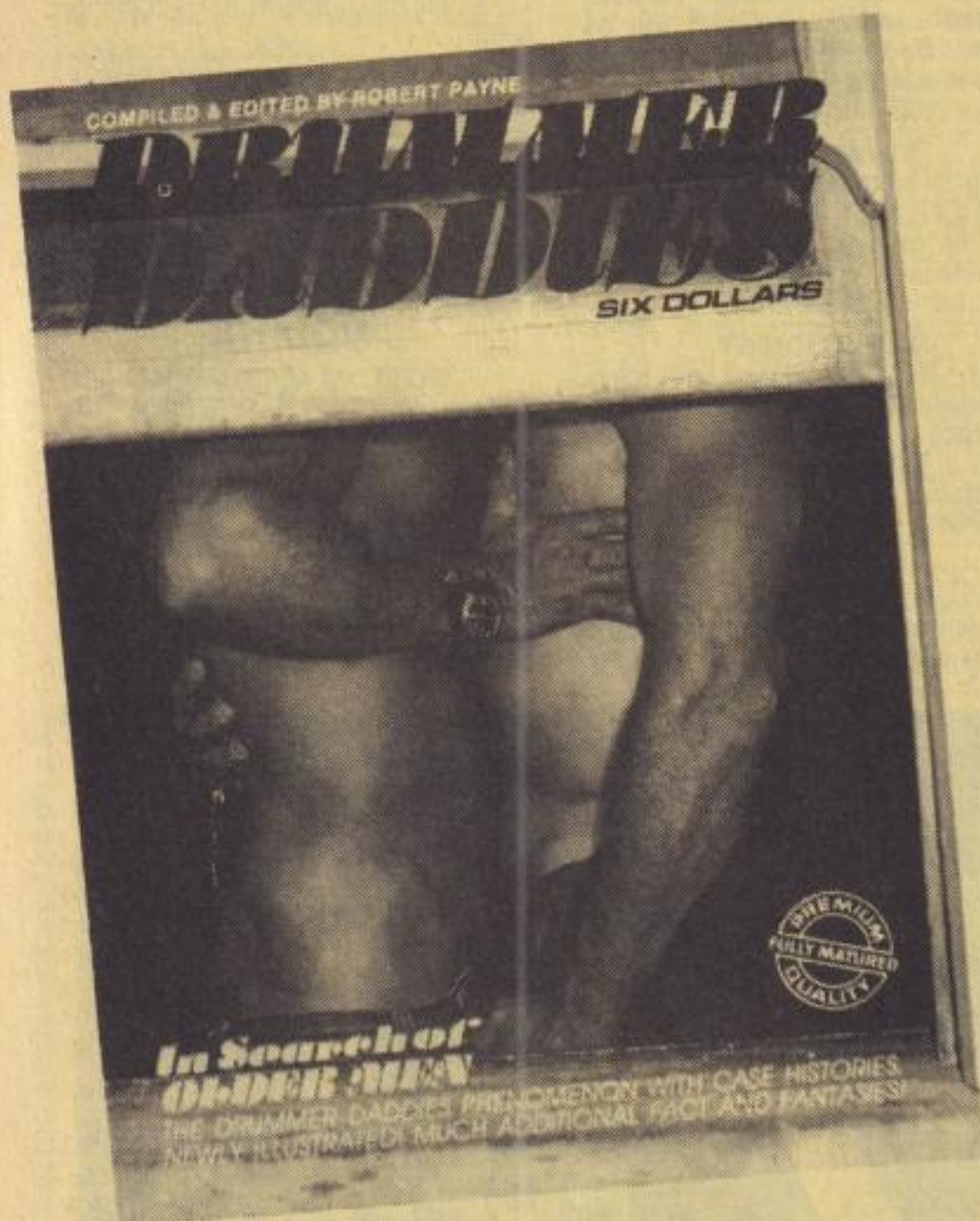
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The Search for Older Men begins! It started in *Drummer*, when we put out a call for Daddies and their sons to share their personal case histories—and did they ever! Pretty soon it was clear that we'd discovered a genuine sensation, and the phenomenon grew too big for even *DRUMMER* to contain it—and *DRUMMER DADDIES* was born!

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W/S bondage, enemas, rubber Toys
barn, inside or out. P.O. Box 3272 Mar-
ion Indiana 46953.

IOWA

HOT/HORNY

Bearded W/M, 35, 145#, 5'7": Ready for
SM leathersex, with safe & sane FF
action. We can't afford to wait any
longer... Forward photo, specs., & # to
Box 3996.

NEED TO BE DIAPERED?

28 year-old married Dad wanting to
form lasting relationship with a baby,
18-25, small to medium build. Love to
wear diapers, plastic pants, cuddling,
masturbation? I am looking for you.
Write to: Paul, P.O. Box 184, Ottumwa,
IA 52501.

NEW TOP IN DES MOINES

Hot athletic 5'11" 165# 37 top wants
slim bottom 20-40 for BD, C/B/T/T.
Married? Lover? Professional? Never
answered an ad? Answer this one.
Absolute discretion. Limits respected.
Send photo, application with favorite
fantasy to Max, Box 8103, Des Moines,
IA 50301.

KANSAS

W/M, 29, NOVICE SLAVE

Seeks master to explore and expand
my limits. Need hot top into B/D, CB/T,
shaving, piercing, Topeka, Lawrence,
Kansas City. Sir, I'm waiting. Box 4852,
Topeka, KS 66604.

LOUISIANA

NOVICE SLAVE

WM, 28, BI/BI, goodlooking, needs
training by sane demanding daddy/m-
aster. Eager to be used to please right
man. P.O. Box 71313 N.O., Louisiana
70172.

SLAVE WANTED,

short, small-cocked. By mature loving
Master. Permanent. Box 70726, N.O., LA
70172.

MARYLAND

BEARDED MASTER

40, 5' 10" 165 lbs., hung thick, expe-
rienced, understanding. Seeks clean,
healthy slaves for long sexual sessions
in my fully-equipped Den. Any age, any
scene-but scat. Novice slaves get TLC. I
am in the Annapolis-Baltimore area.
Other Masters welcome to share
slaves. Letters with photos get an-
swered fast! Box 3893.

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

GWM slave, 30, seeks hot master to
service. Love boots, bondage, disci-
pline, water sports. Box 4095.

MASSACHUSETTS

ARROGANT WRITER

Strictly top 33 w bald moustache ff w
tt right bottom man. Box 3799.

W.M. 44, FORMER MARINE

Doing research on male sexuality
expressed in spit shined shoes/boots.
Write: Ivan Howe, Box 191, Milton Vil-

HUNG HOT STUD WANTED!!

Hot, hunky, hairy stud, 39, seeks Mas-
ter for B/D, light S/M, endless fucking
& ass-play, TT, & humiliation. (207) 965-
8143 or write P.O. Box 389, Essex Sta-
tion, Boston, MA 02112.

TIGHT LEVIS/BLACK LEATHER

W 5'10" 28 tight body, good looks. Into
leather, snug levis, hefty boots. Seek
wild, rugged, young dudes and leather-
jacketed punks to horse-around, party.
Hey studs, let's roll around, bulging
crotches, tight black leather pants-
/faded levis, cycle jackets, gauntlet
gloves. Let's cruise late at night on our
motorcycles. Sane, straight acting, dis-
creet, masculine guy. Photo decked out
in leather gets mine. Will correspond.
DIRK, Suite 346, 2 Vernon Street, Far-
mingham, MA. 01701 (LF3994).

SADISTIC MAN SOUGHT

Looking for intelligent, macho truly
sadistic man, who truly enjoys and is
master of the art of applied pain. Sta-
tistics are second to knowledge in the
true art of SM. Your sadistic knowledge
and my need to learn will insure a mu-
tually satisfying evening. Box 4110.

AGGRESSIVE WRESTLER

Musc. weightlifter W/M 5'7" 155 lbs. 43
chest 30's. Looking for sane same.
Take charge and expand my limits in
ropes, racks & bondage. For C/B/T, T/T
& Pain. No fats, F.F. scat, shaving, pho-
to's or perm. marks. Call (617) 267-
1171.

HOT LEATHER MASTER

Lick my boots and if you're good
enough I'll string you up and show you
what a worthless slave you are. Box
4115.

EDUCATED DADDY WANTS TOTAL SON SLAVE

Phone 1-(413) 267-5278. WM early 60's
sexually 40's wants w/slave age 26+
for live in. Daddy interest, love, bon-
dage, heavy rubber, leather. No drugs,
F.F., scat, fats, fems. No facial hair. To
relocate immediately to Mass. Own
ranch house w/toy room. Drivers
License required. Many advantages for
right guy. State age, height, weight,
photo if possible. I am sincere. Are
you?

MICHIGAN

PONTIAC AREA BOTTOM

Muscular, WM, 5'10", 165, 33, moust-
ache, beard. Hot ass wants to be bound
and fucked, fisted. Also into B/D, W.S.,
shaving, enemas, polaroids, toys. Uni-
form a great plus. State troopers and
police—I'll worship your boots and
submit to your every need. Box 3864.

SPANKING

WM, 37, moustache, masculine, cock-
sucker, seeks wholesome spanking
with hand, belt or whip by strong B/B.
Write letter with photo. Phone. Uni-
forms a plus. Box 4121.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN

Will serve in either role in wilderness
northern Michigan bondage and disci-
pline sessions with strapping and cock
and ball torture. Box 4132.

MINNESOTA

SLIM MALE WOULD

Like to meet bearded bears for hot sex.
Is there any hairy bears in the twin
cities who can handle this arrogant son
of bitch? Please write and let's get down
to fucking. Serious sex only. Force me
to service you. Box 3861.

SLIM BOTTOM MAN

35, has tight ass that's in need of fuck-
ing. Would like to meet muscular Dad-
dy's who would like to be sexually
serviced on a regular basis. Box 3859.

BLAST THOSE ABS!

Straight male, 30's, short, seeks M/F to
give and/or take rigorous abdominal
workouts. Must be willing and tough
enough to work your and/or my abs til
they scream for mercy—and then work
them some more. Possible ass pad-
dling, stomach punching, and hitting in
the balls to toughen up. Abs will get so
sore at first, taking a shit will be a
major undertaking. If you can get it out,
and want to build a super set of abs on
yourself and/or me, show me you
mean business by getting down right
now and punishing your gut with 300
sit-ups. Then write me, explaining how
you'll punish your own abs or how
you'll make me punish mine. Have you
got what it takes? Box 1093, Minneapo-
lis, MN 55440.

MISSISSIPPI

LEATHER SENSUALIST

Jockstrapper, novice bottom seeks

experienced help in ball training-pit
exploring. 5'8", 143#, 41 yo, 8 1/2". Please,
Sir, convert my leather fantasies into
sweaty reality. Box 3855.

MISSOURI

2 EXTRA WELL HUNG TOPS

Seek young butch bottom for hot
bondage—S/M sessions. Any scene.
Have equipped playroom. Descrip-
tion—experience—photo. Weekend
sessions good. Live-in apps consi-
dered. P.O. Box 3931, Springfield, MO
65808.

ST. LOUIS AREA

Older guy, "dad" type experienced
youth leader, interested in young, mas-
culine, trim "son" trainee to 30. You can
expect affection, encouragement and
discipline in bondage. Your letter with
picture gets mine. Box 3872.

FF TRAINER WANTED

WM, 35, 5'10", 170# seeks steady
trainer to expand horizons. Love being
a bottom but I'm tired of one night
stands. Can entertain P.O. Box 507,
Florissant, MO 63033.

HAIRY, HOT OUTDOORSMAN

Looking for an opportunity to get
together with other men who mutually
are willing to explore the limits of their
sexuality. Cum with me. Box 4114.

MONTANA

LEAN, WELL DEFINED SLAVE

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy
S&M, bondage, armpits, tits, cock &
ball torture, shaving, photography.
Your trip, your way. Am 28, 5'9", 135#,
w 8". Send photo, phone, letter to P.O.
Box 786, Conrad, MT 59425.

NEW JERSEY

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

A number of slaves have written but no
slave has been chosen yet, so now is
the time to submit yourself, your body
and your application to this Master.
Master is W/M, 45, 190#, 6'2", hairy,
straight acting and appearing. No non-
sense type, but understanding of a
slaves needs. You are W/M, 25-40,
know how to behave, want to serve a
Master on a permanent one to one
basis, have a good body that enjoys a
work-up and want to live in the Mas-
ter's house in the country. No drugs,
fats or fems. This is the time for me and
if it is for you then get off your ass, get
on your knees and do something about
it, write. Box 291.

TALL, MATURE MASTER

Accepting applications from slave
sons who are anxious to serve and
obey. Hot mouth and a good build a
must. Clean shaven, Ivy types pre-
ferred. Generous Daddy will reward
with affection when earned. Spank-
ings, titwork, kink, VA. No fats, fems,
hard drugs. Possible live in. All areas
welcome. The Master is 6'2", 185 lbs,
W/M and hot. Box 3856.

TOP WANTED

White Male Bot 38 secure non-smoker
good condition. Needs top for sus-
tained relationship. VA, CP, Humil, and
sex. No heavy SM or Drugs. Box 4116.

SLAVE WANTED FOR NY/NJ AREA

To serve two masters in early 30's You
will serve masters needs and home Wil-
ling to train Rewards/Salary with ser-
vice. Call 201 241 0655.

TORTURE CAPTIVES WANTED

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30)
captives to chain up and torture. Limits
respected but expanded. Man enough?
Call (201) 874-6725 after 8:00 p.m. EDT.

NEW YORK

GWM, 27, BLOND/BOYISH

6'4"—big cock/deep ass serves as
sexslave for anything-clean/dirty for
W-master in boots/leather with full

bladder/dirty ass giving pain/plea-
sure. I adore rubber/leather-licking
dirty boots (your shit?) to a shine.
TT/SM/B&D/FF/toys. Box 3870.

FIT TO BE TIED

Rugged muscular hung but submissive
biker, 36, needs expert level-headed
Top (white, cut only) for heavy bon-
dage workouts. Strip, immobilize &
manhandle this 5'7" 155# brown-haired
BB; whip my round white butt till it
glows & fuck it; dominate this hot Bot-
tom with ropes, rack, paddle, wax,
C&B/T. You or friends can realize any
fantasy of sexual abuse on your cap-
tive's helpless bod. Macho well-built
leathermen only, prefer 32-45. No WS,
scat, FF, shaving, drugs, damage
please. New to area; your own work-
room & camera are pluses. Photo-
/phone get mine. Brad, P.O. Box 78,
NYC 10113.

MADE IN JAPAN

High quality Japanese 27, 5'6" 135 lbs
uncut 7" with clean, smooth muscles
wants 20-35 masculine guys. Look for
fun loving considerate friends who
care about their bodys and want to look
good without drugs and smoking.
Reply with photo. Box 3863.

UP-STATE BONDAGE MASTER

Seeks white, hairy subjects 30-45 for
sessions in Dungeon. No F.F., scat,
drugs or overweights. Photo
appreciated-All answered. Box 3882.

COMPOSER/AUTHOR

40, very quiet loner, seeks non-
materialistic, truthful, helpful, mildly
muscular 90% male NYC cop or the like
for noble, clean, non-viscous, modest
sexual relationship. Should like to
cook. May eventually re-locate in rural
California. Like motorcycles, small
farming, animals, quiet talks, spiritual
energy, bodybuilding, natural foods
(often in the Chinese style), balanced,
sane living and Haydn String Quartets.
No drugs, alcohol or single's scene,
please. Do not wish to be involved in
the gay scene at all. Box 3881.

TICKLING TORTURE

Simple, safe—but unbearably agoniz-
ing. Watch as my young, beautifully
muscle body strains against your
tight bonds—twisting, struggling as
your cruel fingers mercilessly stroke
my ticklish feet and pits; ignoring my
screams and pleas for mercy. Write for
hot action. Box 3880.

COP SCENE/NYC AREA

M/W 29 180 Bodybuilder cop looking
for uniformed cop into any cop fantasy.
Tattoos, leather police jacket MC cops
turn on expect same. No scat FF.
Blacks will arrest cock suckers or take
on booted cops reply with phone. Must
have interest in scene. Uniform pre-
ferred. Box 3879.

MASCULINE MALE CUNT

Wanted by athletic blond 40-year-old
Master. You: short, 18-40, tiny cock.
Goal: huge nipples and pussy, possible
marriage. No drunks, drugs, fats. Phot-
o/phone. BW, Box 149, NY, NY 10012.

ASS SLAVE WANTED

W/M hairy Master 38, 5'7", 150, will
own, train & punish the right dog-ass
slave. Apply with rear photo, phone &
needs. Box 3889.

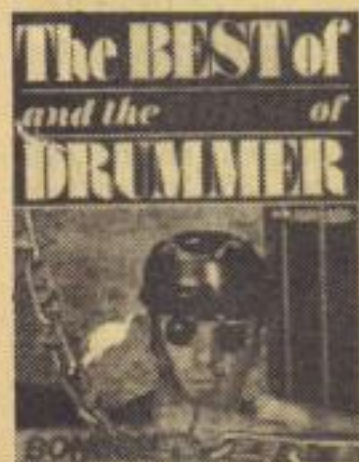
DRUMMER DADDY/TOP

(Interchain 518) Seeks obedient son-
/bottom for training and discipline.
Must be masculine and serious. Letter-
/photo Box 3876.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for men who are dedicated to
a lifestyle that only leathermen expe-
rience and appreciate. Age, locale,
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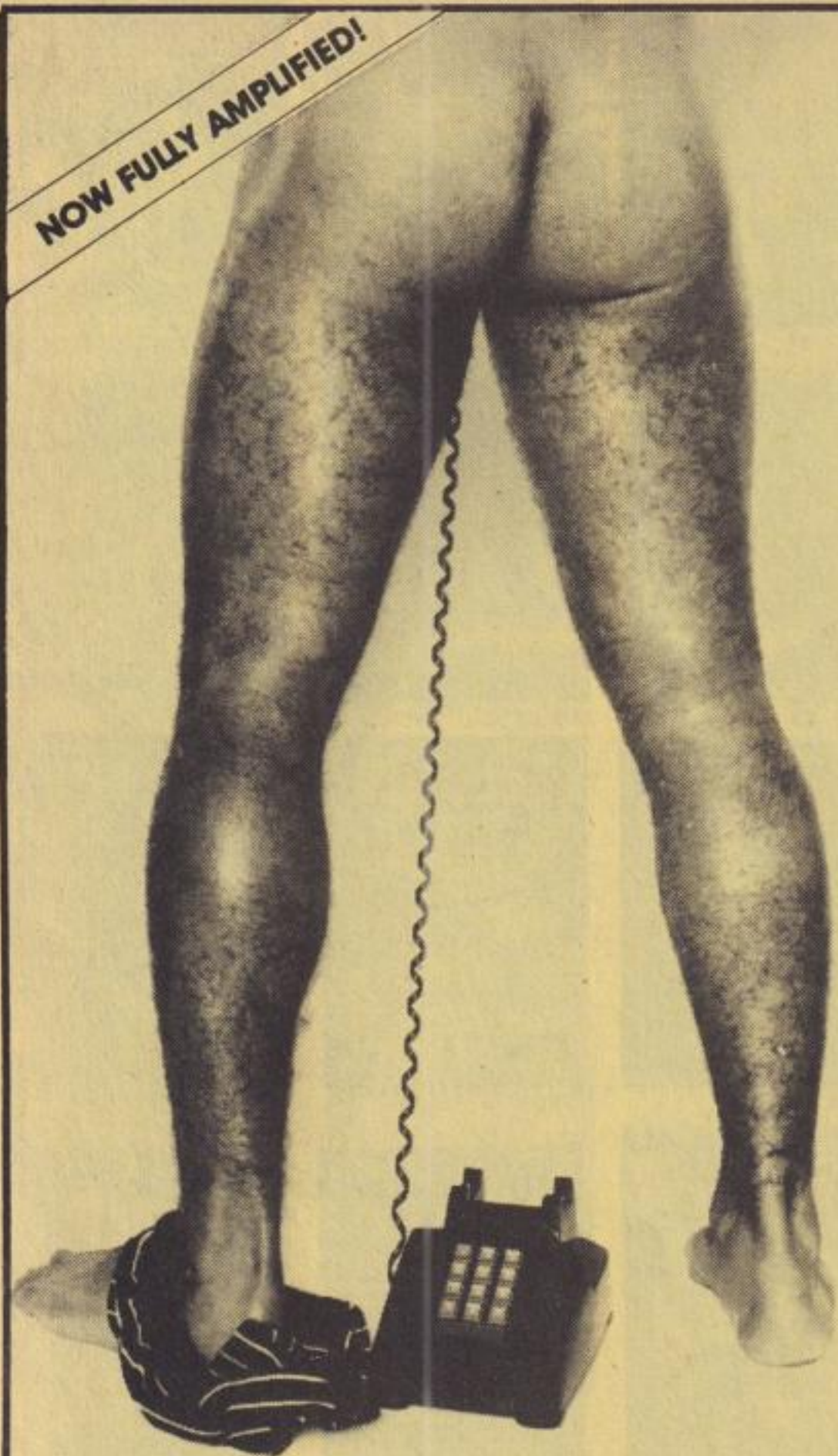
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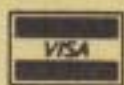


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MUSCULAR SLAVE

Masculine submissive bodybuilder 32 yrs, 175 lbs, 5'10", 45 chest, 32 waist, hard muscled arms and pecs, erect nipples, hung, round hard butt, strong legs, dark hair, moustache, healthy, straight appearing seeks dominant take charge man into SM, obedience training, bondage, humiliation, verbal trips, man to man action. Hot manly attitude more important than looks. Slave travels often. Detailed ltr/pic to Box 890, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

N.Y.C. OR L.I.

GWM-35-5'7" 200 Beard, slave. Sir: I'm looking for—satanic leather master into slave can server & worships. You SIR: into B&D WS bodyshaving FF and kinds of anal entry, enemas and other sport, seek white master with beard. Age 25 to 40—How is look for slave totally submissive, I am able to endure in moderate to heavy pain & ball torture, tits work, body piercing, whipping, prolonged immobilization, Sir: I am serious slave, who—graver, punishment, abuse. Humiliation & expects nothing but pain, torment and discomfort from serious master. How can balancing pleasure with pain. Send photo and orders J.H. P.O. 536 Long Beach NY, NY 11561.

EROTIC HANDS WANTED

To train my novice ass and make it a big hole. Seek a trim experienced FF Top. Am NYC WM, 30's, 5'7", 140, slim, sensual and affectionate. Send phone, letter. Box LF4046.

COP SCENE

Uniformed cop into any cop fantasy. M/W 45, 160, looking for same. Also collect cop uniforms. R.A. Post Office Box 689, Brooklyn, New York 11202.

MALE CENTURION ANY AGE/RACE

Wanted by W/M 42 to be your whipping boy/slave. Into S/M B/D W/S heavy V/A, body shaving, your whims. Me/hwy ptl types welcome to have leathers licked & receive total body service /on/ or buddies' discreet. Better if you have place. Call 516-285-5181 M/F 10p.m./6a.m., 24 hrs. weekends. J/O calls welcome. Write Box 3092, GC Sta., NY, NY 10017.

CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN

(Zeus publ. bondage—coercion scenes) Seek athletic/ masc./ musc. B.B.'s into elaborate verbal, rough, man-to-man B&D, leading to your cock/ balls/ tits / ass being chained, whipped, clamped, stretched, oiled, waxed, used any way your master/ captor sees fit, forcing you to admit what you really are/ want/ beg for. Mirrors, rack, filthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as Hercules/ Tarzan by strong, demanding, imaginative gladiator/ sex master. Photo, phone, address, detailed description of what you're man enough for required. Apply now for night of your life. No hustlers/ fakes/ fems. Box 3566.

OUTDOOR ORGIES

Cedar Knoll, RD 2 Box 414, Rhinebeck, N.Y. 12572.

HORNY ITALIAN RAUNCHBAG

And hung like a horse into unconventional scenes with creative bodybuilders, black dwarfs, deaf-mutes and animals. Write disgusting letter with photo to occupant #8, 218 E. 11 St., NY, NY 10003.

WANTED

Dominant New Wave punk (21-25) to fuck with my head. (212)WUX-4707

G/W/M, 42, 5'8", 147#

Requires strong persuasion to be removed from comfortable environment and trained to be the slave he was born to be. Could you please help me, Sir? Box 3891.

DOMINATING DAD

Enjoys wrestling with his well built boy, either in fun or to punish him for disobedience. Slapping, tits, feet, humiliation all part of it. Hot if son occasionally beats the big man. Let's hear from you boy! P.O. Box 655, NYC, NY 10163.

GASMASKED LEATHER GUY

Looking for same. Fetish for boots, rubber, gags. Some bondage. Aromas. Will experiment. Looks, age not important. Motorcycle a plus. (212)657-4195. Box 4085.

MID-HUDSON VALLEY

Masculine, bearded master 33, 6', 160 lbs, with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot, trim and under 35. Reply with photo and phone #. J. Miller POB 3086, Kingston, NY 12401. (LF4092).

TOTAL LEATHER BONDAGE

W/M 40 5'10 1/2" 168 Looking for Master who is into prolonged bondage with masks, hoods, strait-jackets, total leather encasement etc. Into long scenes or permanent bondage lifestyle Box 4118.

HOT MUSCULAR BOTTOM

Butch little guy, 135#, blonde, with hot nipples, hungry hole, tight body, needs hot sex with groups, medical experimenters, hot men who know what they like. Send photo and scene. Box 4100.

NYC COCKSUCKER

WM, 28, 6', 175 loves sucking hard tits, fat pricks, big balls. Wants hot topmen to plug my mouth and ass with big stud dicks. Box 4112.

MOUNTED COP

45 160 Mounted Policeman looking for same for uniformed horseplay. Age: over 30, race: no problem. Photo and phone to Rolf Post Office Box 689 Brooklyn, New York 11202.

MASCULINE GOODLOOKING

Italian 5'9 155, 28 hairy athletic body, looking to meet beefy guy with some blue collar in him, who's rough around the edges and is and always has been a top. Dan P.O. 336, Woodbury, N.Y. 11797.

HOT, YOUNG, GOOD-BODY

Dude wanted for wide variety Top/Bottom, mutually turned-on rough/gentle scenes. Send photo; Age: P.O. Box 3906; N.Y.C. 10163.

SLAVERY YOUR THING?

Serious slaves-temporary/permanent/occasional/as your need permits-wanted by experienced and talented leather master with a great deal to offer. Open to variety of fantasy, but humiliation and use of restraint must be part of your own interests. Box 268/Yonkers, NY 10705.

COMPLETE PHYSICAL

With thorough rectal exam leading to repeated enemas. Much equipment prefer Puerto Ricans, Italians, Jews. You: Young, clean, handsome, built. Reply with detailed description of fantasy, photo (face), phone number. Me: 33, 5'10", 160 lbs. Box 4097.

TRY SAFE SEX

WM 48, 6', 175 brown/blue 8" wants hairy guy with big cock & good body to play with. Try me—lets fool around together. Box 4107.

UNIFORM LEATHERMASTER

Tall, trim, 48, requires officer's batman/slave who needs discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, bend back, bare ass in my service.

apart from rabble in unruly world. Box 4108.

ANYBODY LIKE TO PLANT

His big manass onto my asseating face? Like heating up this daddy's (56, 6', 190#-resembles Lloyd Bridges) Cocksucking mouth with your beer-piss, before he sucks you off? A removable denture assures a velvet B.J. I'm hot for nippleplay; will pig out on your pits, crotch, balls, feet; service you, you and your buddy(s) without reciprocation. Turnons: muscles, tattoos, skinheads, big pecs, thighs & asses, facial and body hair and especially beerguts. But no really horny stud refused. Will travel. (212)684-3582.

SWEATY HORNY JOCKS

Do you fantasize your big, sweaty feet (size 11+), serviced by a hot W/m, 29, 6'1", 185, who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call (212)675-7352 between 8-11 PM for heavy locker room action.

NORTH CAROLINA

GOOD HOT SEX

Salisbury, N.C., 36, 5'8", built well, hairy, uncut man. Seeks 25 to 55 masculine, well built, not fat well hung men. That get into a hot ass & throat. Toys, dildoes, assplay, most scenes except heavy pain & FF. Answer all, photo and phone answered first. Come visit Piedmont, N.C. You won't forget it! Will travel. Box 3860.

ROUGH LEATHER DUDE

Into bondage, c/b, tit work, & electrical torture, good mean ass time. Fuck room. Heavy leather & abuse. Most always top, but will satisfy any truly together top man. P.O. Box 2912, Asheville, NC 28802.

OHIO

MASTER WANTED

Good looking guy, 22, 6'2", 180, seeks similar master. Humiliation, verbal abuse, etc. P.O. Box #236, Galloway, OH 43119.

GWM, AGE 37 TIRED OF BARS

And ususal nellie queens. Looking for a real man who is honest, trustworthy and sincere. Willing to serve right man. Am Greek Passive and French A/P. and love to receive recycled beer. Travel to NY and Chicago often. Hair & tattoo a plus. No fems please. Box 3873.

STRICT DADDY NEEDED

Need stern Daddy for correction of bad habits and obedience training. Son is 5'6", 125 lbs, mid-30's, smooth chest. Daddy should be W/M under 50 with firm hand, wide leather strap, and hot nipples for son to worship. Reply Drummer Box No. 3884.

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA

51 yr old 160# 6'1". Looking for "Boy" who is hvy into Boot and Leather subservience. No hevy pain, scat, torture. Ph. eves until 11 P.M. 513-423-5159.

LET'S PLAY

Cleeland masochist looking for local men for an occasional evening of heavy duty fun and games. Box 4101.

FIND HIM IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!

OKLAHOMA

WANTED SLAVE

Tulsa Leathermaster wants slim slave for hot action. Limits expanded or respected. Phone Rod at (918) 665-1885 or reply with photo to P.O. Box 54760, Tulsa, OK 74155. No phone jackoff.

LEATHER COP AND COWBOY

Wants to stick his tight black leather gloves down your throat while you lick the spit from his big fat cigar and earn his police leather, tall motorcycle boots and 357 mag. Truckers, cowboys, and

leathermen welcome. Attitude towards leather and cigars more important than looks. Box 4103.

OREGON

SLAVE

Seeks dominant leather Master. Into raunch, humiliation and willing to try most scenes. Letter & photo gets mine. P.O. Box 19759, Portland 97219. Sir! I'm hot.

UNCUT BOTTOM

32, 140 lbs., bearded, W/S, submission, boots, leather, scat. Box 3871.

AM LOOKING

For uniforms to buy, mail order or otherwise. Please send info. Also looking for hot men into uniforms, B/D. Rick 2226 NE 13th Portland, OR 97212. 503-284-7817.

NEED TRAINING AND CONTROL?

Salem W/M, 6', 180# seeks young male to explore bondage, ass spanking, discipline, shaving, self-stimulation, chastity devices. Experience not important. Include photo. Describe interests fully. Box 4109.

PENNSYLVANIA

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX

I'm 30, 6', 170#, br. hair, gr. eyes, swimmer's build, straight appear. gdlkg., 8 1/2" cut, dig real men, S&M, CBT, poppers J/O GR—FR a/p—rough wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply. J.C., P.O. Box 1454, Uniontown, Pa. 15401.

YOUNG STUD WANTED

Who's—into leather-B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am W-6-175# All man. Have leather fuckroom with racks-sling & toys—Can't handle it don't answer. Just fuck off. Box 3887.

YOUNG STUD WANTED PITTSBURGH AREA

Who's into leather B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am W 6' 175# All man. Have leather fuck room with racks, sling, & toys. Can't handle it, don't answer, just fuck off. Box 3887.

HOT TOUGH YOUNG M

6'2", 170 lbs. 27 yrs. 8 1/2", very athletic needs to be trained by demanding hard master into domination, endless fucking, ass play-toys. B&D, light S&M, huge cocks-very deep throat. Expand my limits as you see fit—Sir, J.B. 100 Denniston St. Apt. #12 Pittsburgh, PA 15206.

WEIGHT LIFTER

Philadelphia, M/S, Cancer, 46, 6'2", 210 lbs white, 7" cock, masculine weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist, leather/levi motorcyclist. Bondage and other good times with masculine partners desired. Box 023.

SMALLTOWN CARING DADDY

No nonsense, intelligent, inventive, horny, 5'10", 38, hairy. Seeks younger fit fulltime masculine son. Goal: your physical-personal growth for my pleasure through firm discipline. No drugs. Photo answered first. Box 4058.

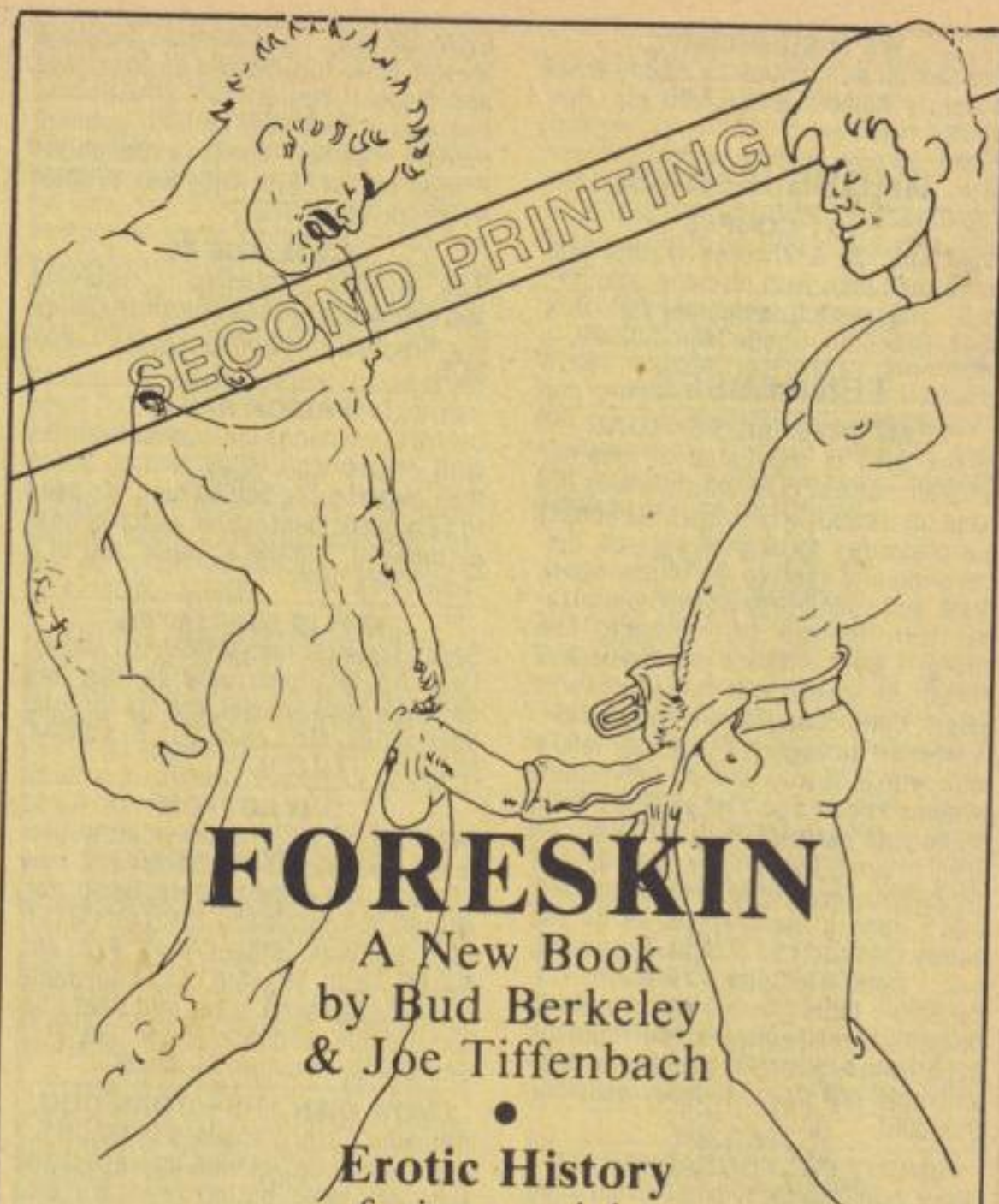
HOT DADDY SOUGHT

By level-headed Philadelphia man, 26, 5'10", 160, hot. Into leather, policemen, boots, cigars, W/S, VA, light S&M, and plenty of Daddy attitude. Make my ass yours, Sir. Box 4125.

WEIGHT LIFTER

Philadelphia, M/S, Cancer, 46, 6'2", 210 lbs. white, 7" cock, masculine weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist, leather/levi motorcyclist. Bondage and other good times with masculine partners desired. Box 023.

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For sexual humiliation by daddy write properly humble letter with pic. Box 4117.

RHODE ISLAND

HOT COUPLE

Well built, 30 & 27 seek leather and uniformed men with no hang ups. F.F. W.S. and raunch welcome. P.O. Box 8641, Cranston, Rhode Island 02920.

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL

Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6ft., 150 lbs., 43 yrs., greying black hair, beard, and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7 inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, lo-swingin' balls, and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no bull-shit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 0061.

UNCUT PHOTOGRAPHER, 37

Hairy, honest, wants to hear from other uncut guys anywhere. Photo sets available. Travel possible. Photo appreciated Box 4124.

TEXAS

BONDAGE IN ROPES, STEEL, CAGES OR INCARCERATION

GWM, 32, 5'8", 147 lbs seeks bondage Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience and respect. You are tall, athletic and aggressive. I am slim, smooth, defined. Fidelity desired; limits expandable. Photos please, Sir. RHS; Box 270069; Houston, Texas 77277.

GWM, AGE 45

New to S&M. Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expanding my limits. Houston TX area. Box 3878.

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish"! Box 3853.

W/M 29 5'10" 140 lbs

Seeks slave for long term B/D, Leather, Levi. No fats-fems only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Mr. Lenze, P.O. Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234.

S/M BOTTOM

Hot W/M, 37, 6'1", 185 lbs, healthy, professional, masculine. Somewhat new to scene, but eager to learn. Seeks hot, dominant Top/Master for B/D, CBT/T, W/S, hot wax, dildoes/toys, V/A, etc. No FF, scat, shaving. Tx, Louisiana, NYC. Please send letter and photo Sir for prompt response! Suite 169, P.O. Box 66973, Houston, Tx 77006.

I NOW OWN THE HUMAN DOG,

Kai, who's story appears in MACH 6. I am seeking contact with interested and knowledgeable parties who are also involved or would like to be involved in transforming and training a human male to become a dog. Would like contact from gay professionals of all levels. (Veterinarians, Lawyers, doctors, kennel operators or suppliers) who are into S/M. Objective goal—to found

training center/kennel facility. Potential dogs, masters with human dogs or any serious party are welcome to inquire/share information. Write to W.B. at P.O. Box 570791, Houston, Texas 77257-0791.

DADDY/MASTER

25-40 wanted, 26, 5'10" 155#. BD, WS, CBT, TT. Expand limits. No scat, FF. Photo please, Sir. Dallas area. Box 4053.

BRUTALITY/PAIN

Serious young slave seeks demanding merciless master for long term relationship, Ext. hvys/m, B&D, CBT, shaving, w/s, electrotorture, etc. Absolutely no limits. Slave 18, 5'7" 160 lbs. brn/brn tan & attractive. Prefer Austin area. Respond with requirements, photo. Box 4063.

YOU'LL KNOW THE MEANING

Of dominance when you submit to this macho, cigar smoking Houston leatherman. Bearded, hairy, 27, 6', 180, looking for masculine bottoms into sucking, rimming, fucking, W/S, B/D, TT, C&BT. If you worship cocks, cigars and leather, submit letter and upper half (at least) nude photo for consideration. Absolutely no fems, drugs. Box 4066.

GWM 21

Into Butch Daddys, 5'8 140 have not done much but willing to learn. Please send picture. Box 4087.

TWO HOT MEN SEEK ACTION

2 W/M studs into light S/M, B/D, toys, orno, shaving, leather, oral/anal action. Hot letter w/photo requested for fuck dates. No scat, fems. Box 4106.

VIRGINIA

DAD, HOT, 6', 150 LBS., HAIRY

36 yrs., 7" into leather seeks son 20-slim, smooth, submissive, obedient, hot buns, excellent cocksucker. You

will be trained to fulfill all needs. Shaving, W.S., T.T., CB.T., Loving S&M Verbal Domination. Appropriate Application & photo to Box 4119.

WANTED TWIN

Truly tired of bars—I'm 6'5" W/M. Seek intelligent; mentally sharp but naive, handsome; unaffected, home body; expeditioner, cu ddly; stand-offish. I'm a true gemini. Versatile & experienced. Alexandria. Box 4113.

33 YEAR OLD JAPANESE LEATHERMAN

Into bondage, biking, scuba diving. Prefer top but will consider bottom with right partner. (804)499-0743.

WASHINGTON

MASTER

Daddy, leather, hot and dominant seeks permanent son/slave, 6', 155 lbs, 30's, attractive, very energetic. You are slim, smooth, 20-35, submissive, obedient, hot buns, excellent cocksucker. You will be fully trained to meet all my needs. Shaving, w/s, light b/d, loving s/m, verbal domination. Your pleasure derives from being my personal cuntslave. Appropriate application and photo to Box 3866.

W/M NOVICE 30

Interested in being "broken in" by Seattle area Master. Into all but scat. Will answer all replies. Call 206-329-1142 Days or midnight.

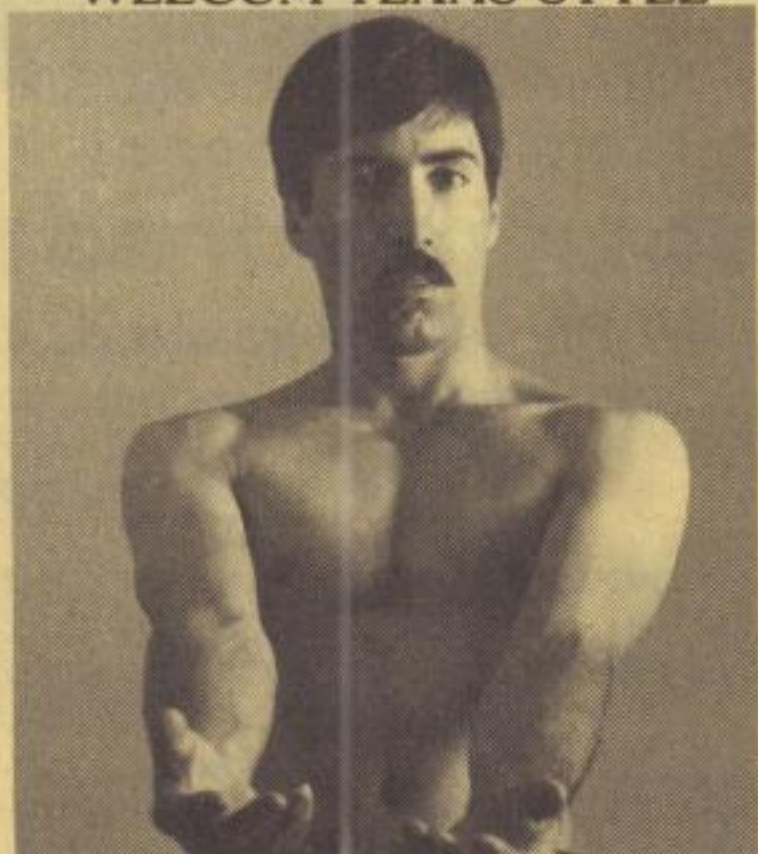
LEATHERMAN/MASTER

W/M 47, 5'7", 145, black hair, moustache, muscular, into leather, boots, uniforms, SM, BD, WS. Seeks slave/son. Reply with photo and your interests and limits. Box 3858.

INTO MALE GENITALS

W/M, 27, 5'10", 145, Bottom would like friends for sex play. Very curious about fantasies, B&D, C/B/T, W/S, Prince Alberts, etc. Send your desires and

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292-8083

turn-offs to Rick. Please respond with photo for trade. Box 4126.

HANDCUFF ME—

Grab my balls—fuck my mouth! Attractive WM, 5'8", 32, Act/F, Pas/G, Bondage, ball-stretching! G. Steven Box 16049 Seattle WA 98116.

WEST VIRGINIA

WHEELING AREA

Want slave for part time. GWM, 35, 5'10, 165 LB, 18-40 into BD, Light S&M. Send photo & phone, into three way. Box 4057.

WISCONSIN

WHIPPING BOY NEEDED:

28 year old w/m master, 6'0", 195, muscular, hairy chested, LEVEL HEADED, is seeking a younger than master, cute, babyfaced, slim, smooth, hunky or well defined slaveboy. Should be ready for humiliation, B/D, TT, CB/T, whipping (good and sound), and possibly some W/S. Nude and/or upper nude picture wanted. No fats or heavies. Phone # appreciated. Athletic type studs especially. I am open minded. Race unimportant. Box 3890.

DADDY 35, 6', 175#, 8" CUT

Men into C/B, S/M, B/D, T.T./ W/S and exhibitionism for fun and pleasure. Also accepting obedient and humbly slaves to be used for my total enjoyment. 18-40 photo and phone. Box 3936.

WANTED: ANIMAL TRAINING

Egotistical, tough, straight cowboy, 34, w/m, 190, needs hard core animal training. Mental mind-fuck games are my thing, not excessive physical pain. Sadistically humiliate & degrade me slowly reducing me to the lowest elements of domestic farm animal from my original human state. Hypnosis possible for behavior modification.

Stables, pig styes, kennels a must. BE WARNED: I will challenge and defy you most of the way. You must be experienced top, 35-50, 180-200, mean and strong. City twinkies, fats, boozers, druggies need NOT apply. Pix, letter gets fast response. Travel Tri-state area. Jay, Box 4048.

GREEK PASSIVES WANTED

By Chocolate Male, 27, 5'9" 165 lbs. Must be able to take it. All ages, races. SASE Welcome. OV P.O. Box 06153, Milw, WI 53206.

WYOMING

WYOMING HARD HAT

Into long hot sessions is taking applications for sons-slaves-partners. 5'9", 155, 8 thick uncut inches. If you can handle a man giving and taking heavy action, contact me with photo and letter. Be prepared to spend hours in a sling servicing construction workers, cowboys and truckdrivers. Punks, fats and fags need not apply. Box 3888.

CANADA

BOTTOM, 38, 5'9", 160 LBS.

Bearded, mustache will submit to strong beefy, or muscular or medium fat men. Humiliation, verbal abuse, bodyworship, armpits, tits, CB, feet, rimming, WS, bondage, shaving, SM, fantasies. Care, affection and know how will expand limits. Please include photo. P.O. Box 872 Station H, Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

TORONTO—HAIRY MALE

30, 140 lbs 5'8". Swimmer's build. Seeks similar age 18-35. Into asses, cocks, tits, jockstraps, sweat, versatile. Box 3854.

HUNKY M

Topmen, any race, call me, talk dirty, give me orders. I will do what you say.

Hot white BB awaiting your call Sir. Peter (403)-245-0691.

BOTTOM MAN

5'9", 160 lbs, br/bl, worship and service beefy or muscular or slight to medium fat men. You demand, order, humiliate and punish me as is your right. I please you as is my duty. If you have the know how and can also show affection, you will make me better and expand my limits. Please include photo with letter. No fems, no heavy SM that leaves damages. P.O. Box 872 Station H Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

HUNKY M

Topmen, any race, call me, talk dirty, give me orders. I will do what you say. Hot white BB awaiting your call sir. Peter (403)244-3295.

FILTHY MASTER WANTED—

Good looking W/M 33, need wild master with rank armpits, slimey asshole, stinking feet, toe jam and cheesy cock who likes to piss, fart, spit and blow his nose in my mouth. Please sir I need it. Box 4123.

INTERNATIONAL

HOMMES FRANCAIS CULTURISTES
Lutteur pour lutte et exhibition (photo obligatoire)—pouvons facilement heberger Paris—Ecrire: Alain Masse, 33 Rue Henri de Vilmorin, 94400 Vitry-sur-Seine, France.

AMERICAN, 33, 5'11", 160 LBS

In Kaiserslautern, W. Germany. Leather and Uniform scenes. Looking for G.I.'s, Tommies, Poilus, Krauts, Cops, etc. into same. No hard drugs, FF, or mutilation... All other options negotiable, bondage and bikes a plus. Often back home, so stateside replies welcome. Complete discretion assured. I know you're out there, and I know it's tough to make contact. I've got a lot to lose, and so do you, but we'll never meet if

you don't write. It's worth it. Box 3885.

FOREIGN SERVICE

Hedonist American House-Slave Seeks firm Master in Europe/Middle East. Handsome, well-trained Boy, 33, will provide unlimited pleasure in bondage. Resume/photo available. Contact Box 4122.

FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas air-mail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per ½ ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

AUSTRALIA

SLAVE NEEDED

30 yr. old Master, 6'0" 160 lbs. Moving from U.S.A. to Perth, Attractive is seeking a young boy-slave 18-30. Slave must be slim or hunky and baby-faced or handsome: Moustache preferred. I want a HOT BOY SLAVE who is totally obedient and ready for B&D, TT, CB/T, Shaving and Piercing. Master is level headed and caring. Upper-half nude picture requested with letter. Box 3865.

BRAZIL

LATE 20's, 135#, 5'8½"

Blond, swimmer's body in Southern Brazil into CB, BD, WS, etc. Like to meet anyone passing through or exchange hot letters, stories, jocks, etc. Box 3826.

FRANCE

PARIS DISCIPLINE

Dad, 48, spansks unruly boys. (1) 522 5005.

GERMANY

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES

Wanted by experienced man 43, 5'11" 160, looking for top or mutual pigs. Piss, snot, scat, puke, enemas, oil.



SEEING IS BELIEVING

Slave & Master Video announces three new videotapes that continue the exploration of the secret rituals of the SM dungeon.

FOOT FUCK

A gut-wrenching exhibition of assplay featuring Donut (seen in "Everything But the Kitchen Sink"). Dr. Bob thrusts his hands, his arms, and finally his foot into Donut's voracious asshole.

CRIME DOES PAY

Shot live at the Fourth Street Adult Book Exchange in Cleveland, Ohio, this tape shows that taking your punishment can be better than escaping it. A shoplifter (Dr. Bob) is bound, whipped, cut, and burned by the unrelenting Leather Rick.

A WINTER'S

TAIL Shot live at the Bijou

The mazes, slings and gloryholes on the second floor of Chicago's infamous Bijou Theater are the setting of this film's scenes — including a film first: a double fisting. Two men, one atop the other, experience Dr. Bob's famous fists, as well as an assortment of toys.

All Slave and Master videos are produced by Inter-Vision Video, Inc., directed by Dave Nesor, with the participation of The Skulls. These all-male tapes are in color, with full sound, each running approximately 60 minutes. These tapes are rated X for mature adults only; they are not for the squeamish.

Price: \$85 each plus \$3 shipping (per order)

To order: Send a money order, cashier's check or VISA or MasterCard number (with expiration date) plus \$3 for shipping, with your name and address, a statement that you are over 21, and whether you want VHS or Beta format. A free brochure describing other Slave and Master tapes, dealing with such specific areas of interest as fisting, piercing, and genitorture, is available. (You must include a statement that you are over 21 when requesting this brochure.) Send order or request for a free brochure to:

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grease, rubber and leather gear. Jockstraps, boots and foot worship S/M, TT, CBT and catheters. Hot wax, whipping shaving and piercing. Interested in world wide contacts. Box 3285.

BERLIN, 40, 6'1"/170

Bl, bearded uncut, into L/L, FR a/p, GR p, tits, coming to US, wants to meet leathermen. Send Ph/ltr to Hans G. Blass, 74 Stresemannstr #1120, 1000 Berlin 61, West Germany.

GERMAN LEATHERMAN

In SM, BD, TT, shaving, kink (NO scat), games and gamerooms, wants to meet interested and interesting men into same. Age, race not import. Send photo, description of your scene to: Postfach 420 515, 1000 Berlin 42, West Germany.

BERLIN, GERMAN

6'3/185, dk bld, moust, into L/L and related activities, not just limited to bd, sm, cbt tort, shvg, experiments, wants to meet men into some, all or more of the above. Traveling quiet often. Send ltr of your scene and photo to Box 3946.

MUNICH AREA

Two leather guys (40s) with dungeon, offer true woodshed games, heavy bondage, S&M, B&D. Possible live-in guests. Write: Mario, D-8011 Siegertsbrunn, Sigohostrasse 6, West Germany.

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Tall top leatherman with playroom & toys. Into anything! Clint (415)626-6444.

JO—EXHIB.

\$30. (415)398-6541. Marty.

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Brian, 22, 6'2", 180 lbs. Solid smooth 44" Chest, Brown Hair & Blue Eyes. Available Days & Weekends. Handsome. Friendly. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

MILITARY MINDED

Paul 21, 6'3" A tall drink of water. 160 lbs. 40c Hairy, 32w, black hair & blue eyes. Tight hard body-warm form. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

MANLY ANIMAL

Dean 25, 6'2" 46c hairy 32w handsome well endowed model. All of SF is raving about Light Brown Hair-Green eyes. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

WARM & FRIENDLY

Bill 25, 6' 160 lbs. 40c Smooth 29w Brown Hair & Eyes. Easy going. Masculine-well endowed. Available Evenings-Weekends. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

GUY NEXT DOOR

Philip 21, 5'11" 160 lbs. 40c. Hairy-Brown hair & eyes. Clean cut good looks. You'll enjoy having Phil around. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

MAGNUM FORCE

Move Over Dirt Harry

Adam: 29, 6' 44c, 31w. Hot as a pistol, cocked fully loaded 9½ inch barrel-ready if you are. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

MAGNIFICENT STALLION

Ben 26, 6'3" 44c hairy 32w. Brown Hair & eyes HOT-HUNG & Very Healthy—Tall Dark & Handsome. A real turn on! RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

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Big feet cum eat Hot Football Jock. Bud 863-9467 must lv # 75 on up.

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Fisting top, Hung thick and uncut. Ryder (213)669-0347.

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Rugged, blonde, masculine, muscular, beard, perverted, boots, socks, jocks, toys, bondage, W.S., F.F., Beginners limits respected. \$50/hr. In only (213)660-9611.

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Bodybuilder. 813-823-5629. Jerry.

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**MODELS
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MODELS

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UNCUT LEATHERMAN

Hung Huge, X-tra thick
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(212)243-6715
Will travel USA

ANYONE NEEDING A QUICKIE??

30ish, 6', 150/160#, bro/bro, nam vet, will let. Has bone, will moan. Available for anything and everything, especially if on a quickie basis. Cheap (understandable). In or out, preferably in. Simon (212)672-1010.

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Extremely handsome, friendly, hung 9 inches! New York's hottest model escort. Robert (212)473-7157 or 734-4185.

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MAIL ORDER NOTICE

The California law now reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy. To readers, the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms will still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

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Fun, Funky Enema Equipment for practical cleanliness, pleasure or discipline. Other Ass-oriented toys also. Catalog \$2. Art Hamilton, 315 West 4th Street, New York, NY 10014.

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By Drummer's Frank O'Rourke. Contact: Hatfield House, Box 14128, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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All kinds; Larsen Leathers, Box 33, Riner VA 24149; 1-703-382-4668 "For used boots, write Ernie Hale, Box 2153, Salt Lake City UT 84110; 1-801-359-5145".

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Etienne, Tom of Finland, Rex. 5x7, 8x10 drawing sets, books. Send \$1 for bro-

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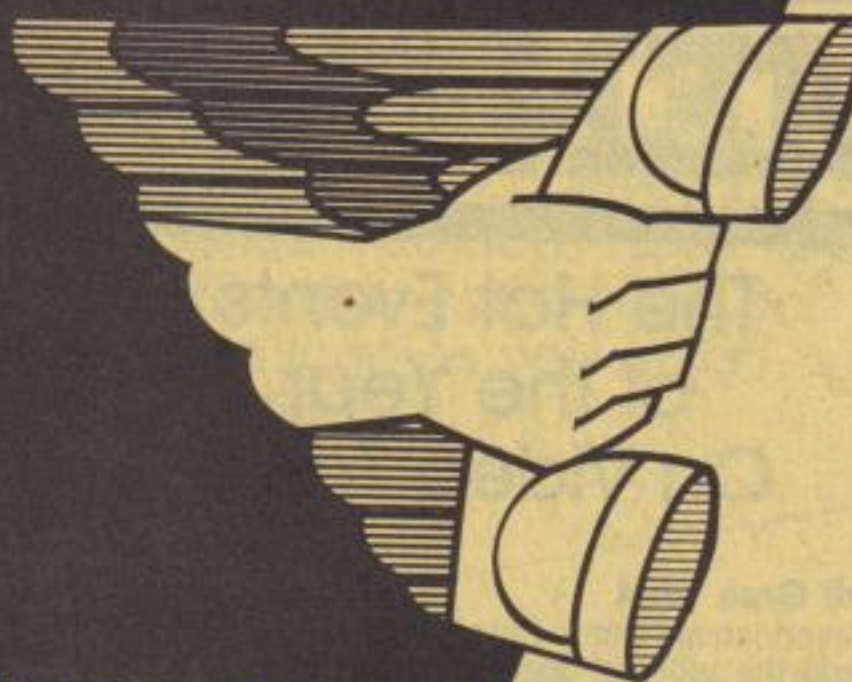
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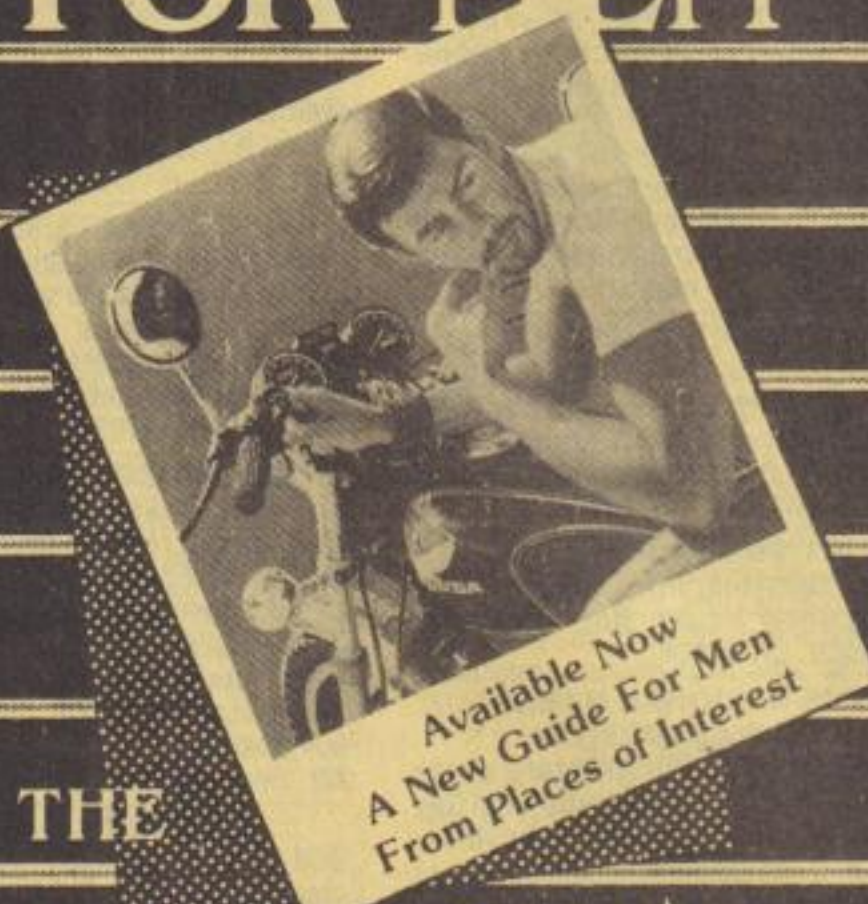
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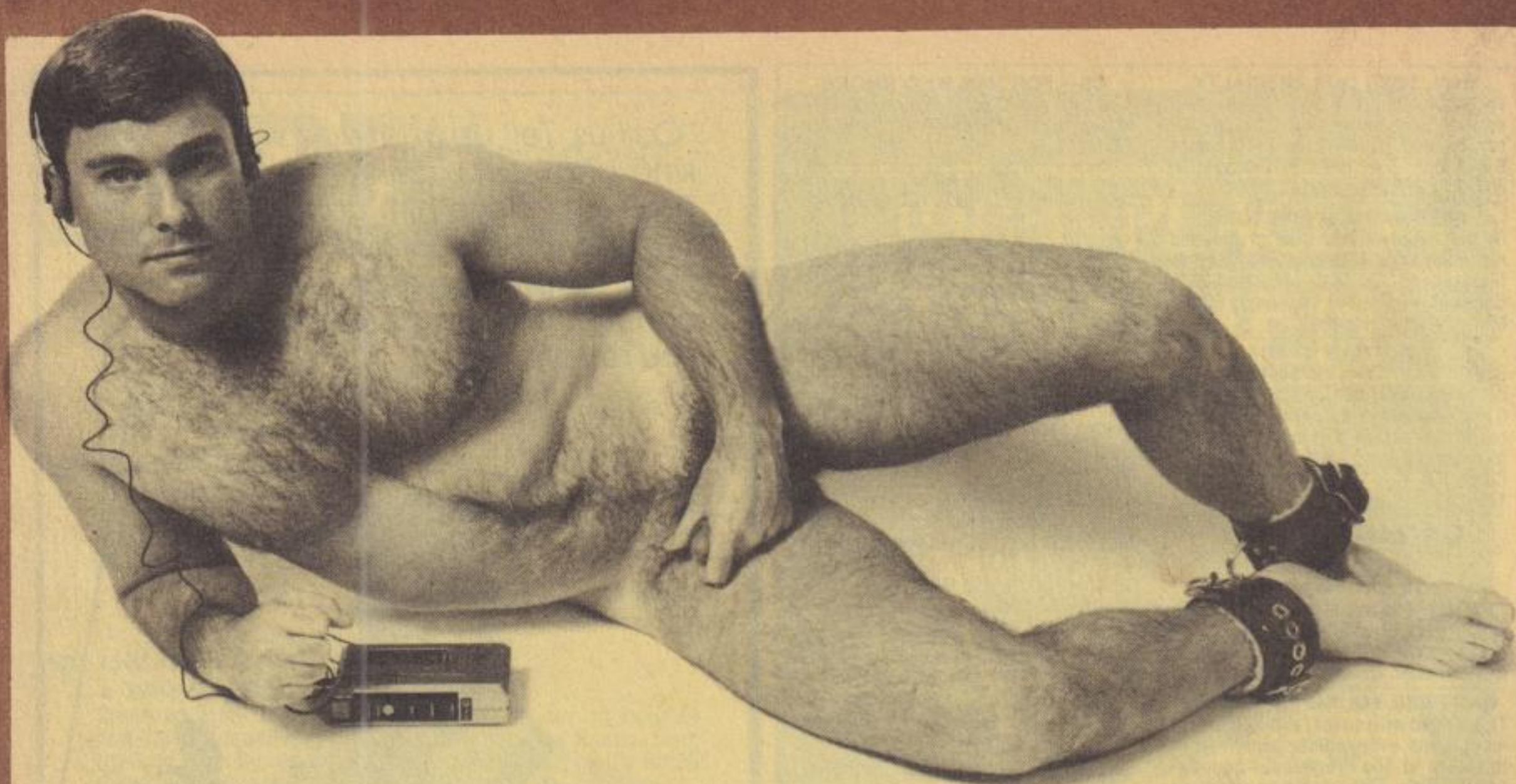
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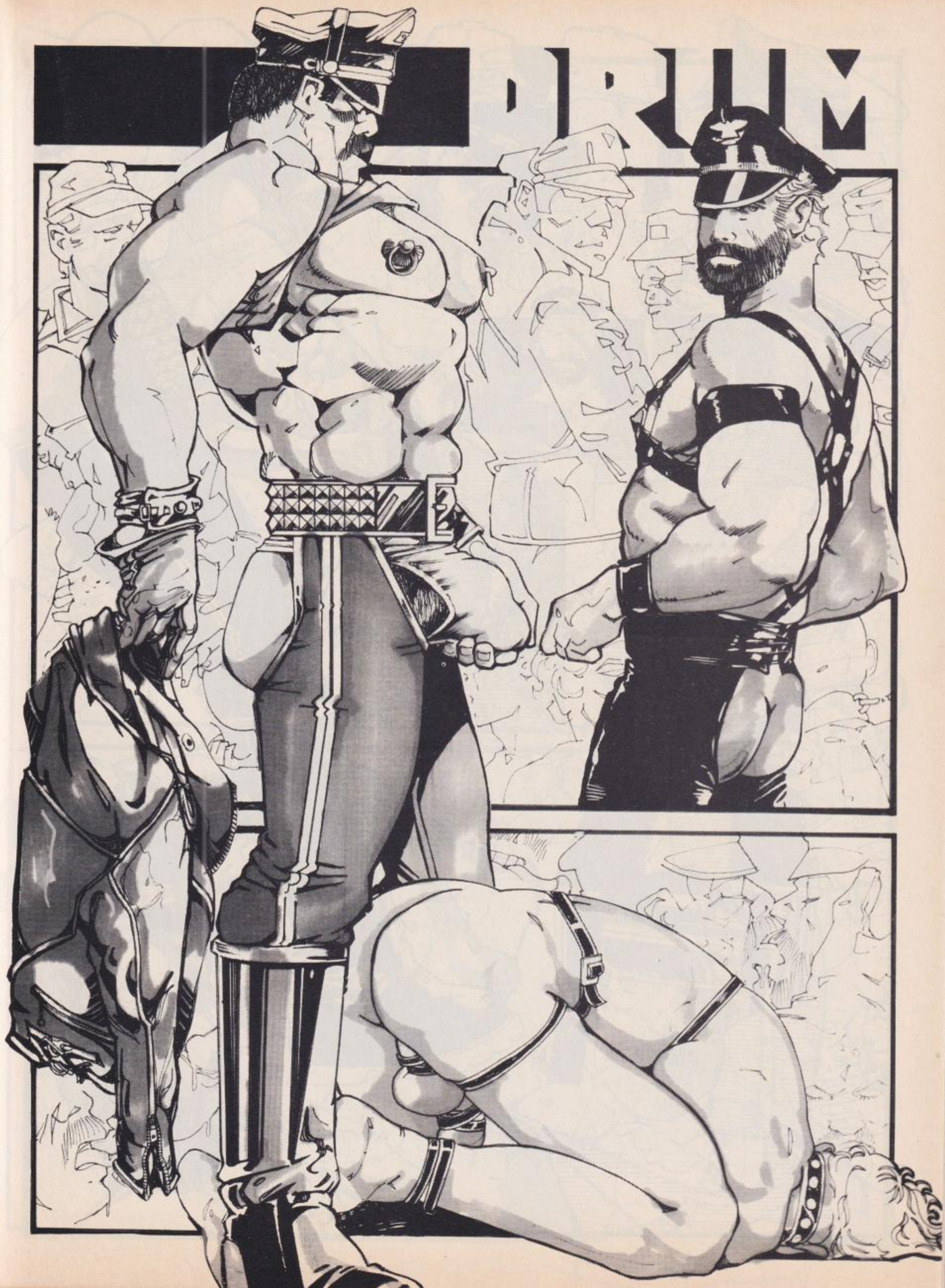
Teamster Bob picks up a hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck and the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off, then his dirty, greasy jeans. When the jeans hit the floor of the truck cab, you'll find out why this tape is called "Hot Hung Trucker!"

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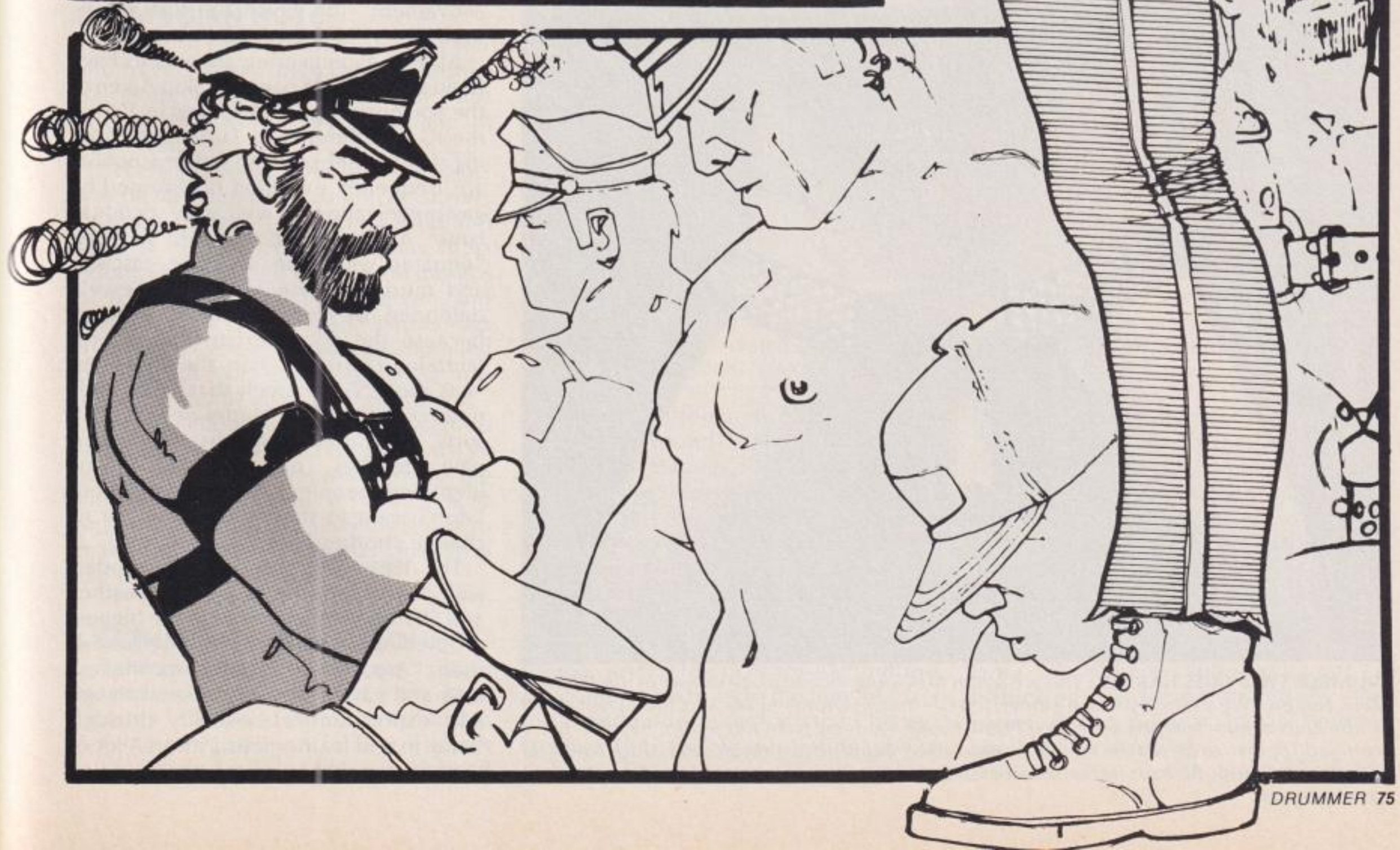
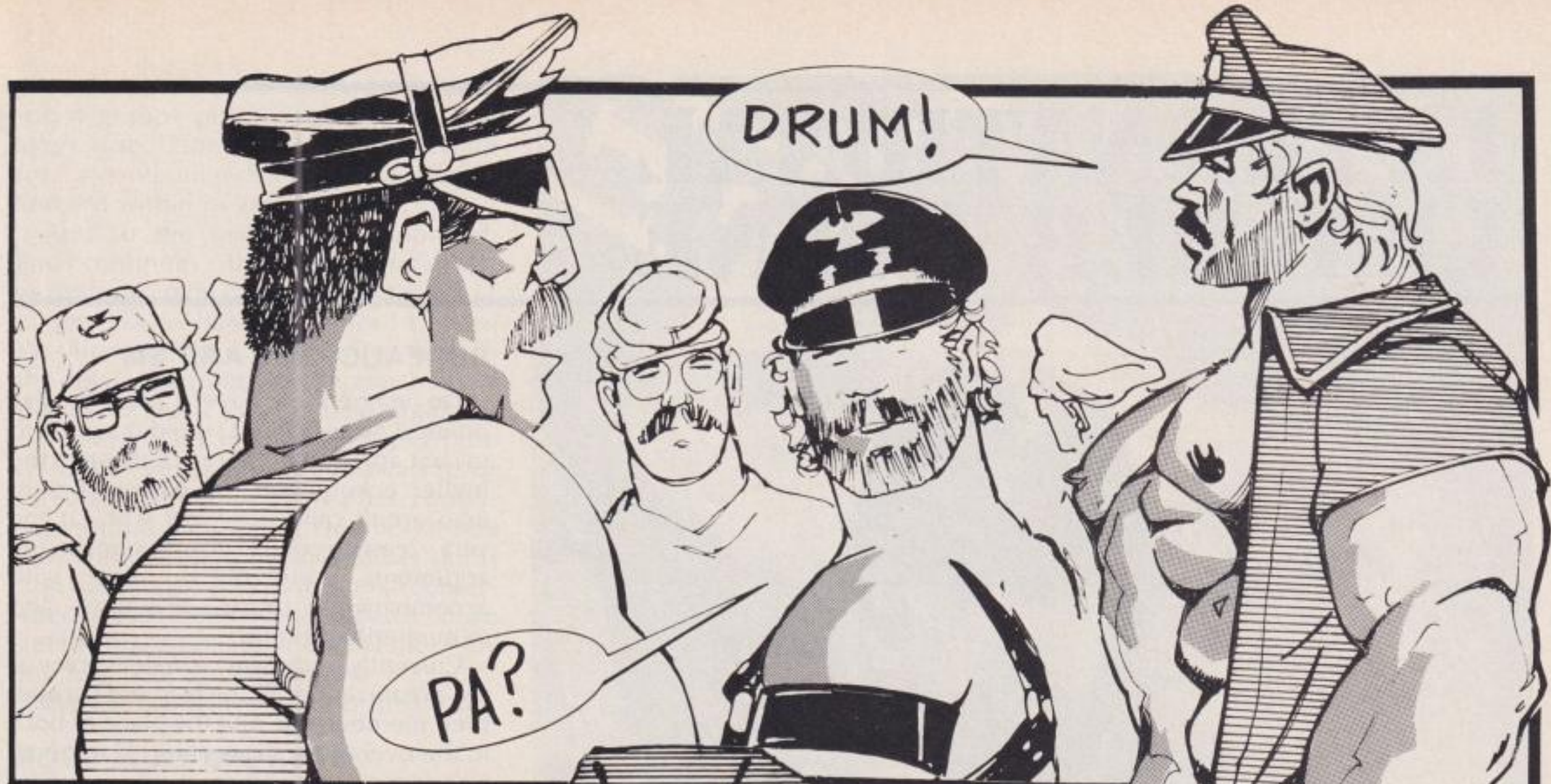
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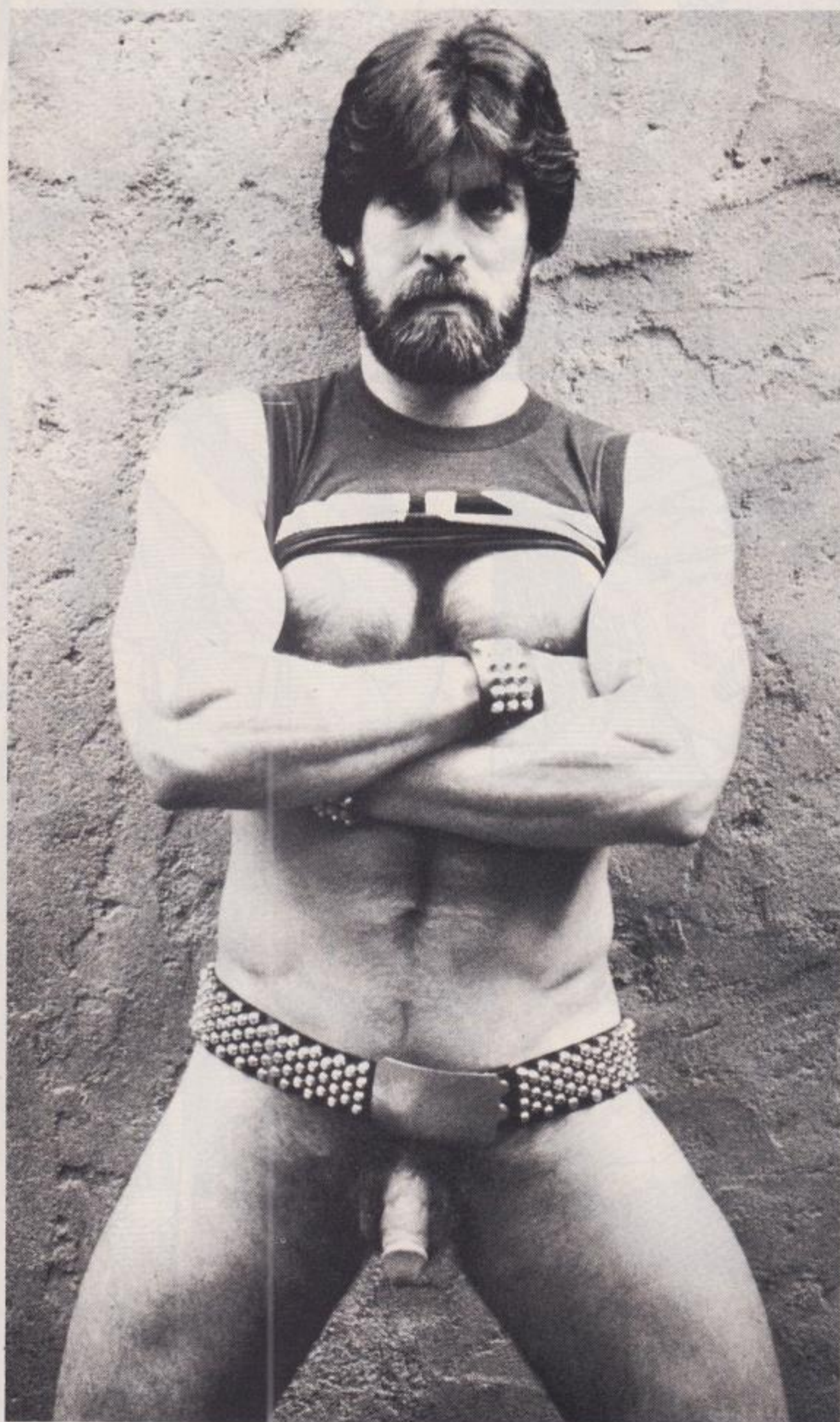
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INTERNATIONAL LEATHER SCENE



NUMBER TWO TRIES HARDER: This is Clayton McCloud, second place winner in the 1984 Mr. Zeus contest. (We showed you the winner, Jeb Greston, in Drummer 74). McCloud's fantasy act at the Zeus contest: playing a tortured POW. Funny—judging from this photo, he looks like a certified Topman to us. Maybe he's just a good actor. But which is the role, and which is the real Clayton McCloud? Perhaps further photographic evidence from Zeus will provide the answer.

76 DRUMMER

BUREAUCRACY AND SM

Do leathermen have a place in gay politics? Sounds like a stupid question to us, but apparently there are those in the higher echelons of the gay movement who aren't quite sure—or who, at the very least, require some convincing arguments, preferably on paper with accompanying charts, diagrams, and demographic studies.

Currently underway: a major survey of SM organizations in the U.S. and Europe, their membership, and the place of both in the overall gay movement. The survey was organized and begun this spring by Gay Liberation Front of Cologne, West Germany, under the hesitant auspices of the International Gay Association (IGA).

Two different questionnaires were distributed. The first went to "all available leather/SM groups, to collect various information on their profile and politics." The second was sent to member groups of the IGA "to investigate their attitudes toward Leather/SM and ask to what extent there is a visible Leather/SM element in their various organizations." The overall aim: to collect information to decide "if it is possible (or even desirable) to try and draw the Leather/SM subculture into the Gay Liberation Movement" (by which the IGA means itself).

All this maneuvering appears to have been sparked by a paper by Skip Aiken of the Society of Janus, delivered in 1981 at the IGA conference in Turin, Italy. Stating that leathermen and sadomasochists are frequently excluded or shunned by gay organizations as well as by society at large, Aikens noted that SM is often "equated with rape, violence, fascism, and murder. These myths are fiercely defended by our detractors, perhaps because the myths excite their secret fantasies far more than the following facts about SM," namely that it is by definition consensual, includes people of all sorts, and does not necessarily involve pain, fetishes, or even sex. "SM-identified people," Aikens concluded, "don't want to stay in the closet, or to change clothes before coming out."

The 1981 IGA conference responded with a workshop on "Gays into Leather and SM" that concluded that the biggest problem was not the sex but the leather itself. "A particular problem for the lesbian and gay community arises with visible expressions of sexuality through uniform and leather fetishism... A lot of confusion arises...when people asso-

ciate them with their historical use by social groups promoting violence and aggression." Nonetheless, the IGA called for "a continuing dialogue" on Leather and SM within its ranks.

And so the controversy continued, and continues, through conferences, workshops, plenary sessions and lots of paperwork at IGA meetings in Turin, Washington, D.C., and Vienna. Why all the fuss? Apparently there are those in power in major gay political organizations, especially member groups of the IGA, who feel offended, embarrassed, or threatened by a visible leather contingent within their ranks. This month, the IGA will be taking up the leather question once again at its sixth annual conference in Helsinki, Finland, aided—"if we get the questionnaires back in time"—by the results of the Big Survey.

We can hardly wait to hear the results.

FOOT FRAT UPDATE

Foot fetishists take note: Art Muench, formerly head of the Foot Fraternity (pun—ouch!—intended), has stepped down (once you start making puns...) from his position and sends this update:

"There is still some concern as to what has happened to the Foot Fraternity. Many people are concerned that it has 'folded.' I have tried to inform all the members that the group is now being run by a friend of mine in the Midwest, Doug Gaynes. I realize it's not the center of the 'Foot World,' but I know Doug is giving it his all! The new home for the Foot Fraternity is: PO Box 24102, Cleveland, OH 44124."

NORWEGIAN NOTE

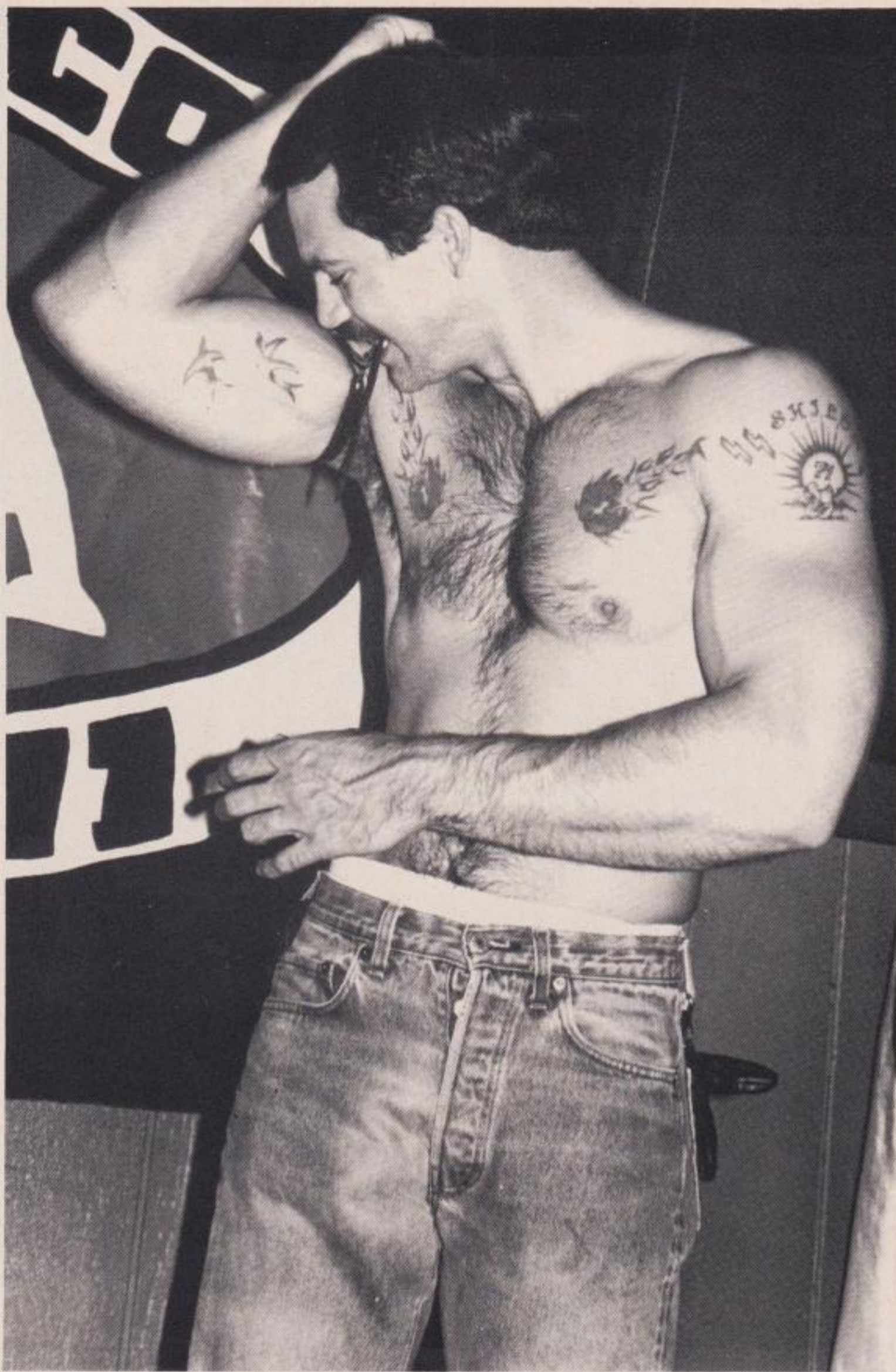
This word comes from roving reporter and travel writer Tomm Du Puis, known for his inside reports on private gay clubs around the world and especially in Scandinavia:

"The Lyseroddag Club of Oslo, Norway (at the Humla Restaurant, 78 Universitigaten), is now conducting a fashion show in leather each Wednesday afternoon. The showings feature the designs of Tor and Jarle Flatebo of Bergen, and they are some of the wildest leather togs that I have ever seen. They are modeled by some of Norway's handsomest university students, all in their late teens."

Anyone interested in booking a group flight to Oslo? Wild leather togs we've seen, but seldom wrapped around the kind of models that Du Puis describes. At any rate, it sounds like something sure to make each week's "hump day" memorable for Oslo's leathermen.

LEATHERMEN IN BABYLON

Babilonia, Italy's slickest gay culture magazine, recently devoted a ten-page "dossier" section to the subject of *Cuoio & Fantasm*—Leather & Fantasy. Though it was clearly not written for experienced



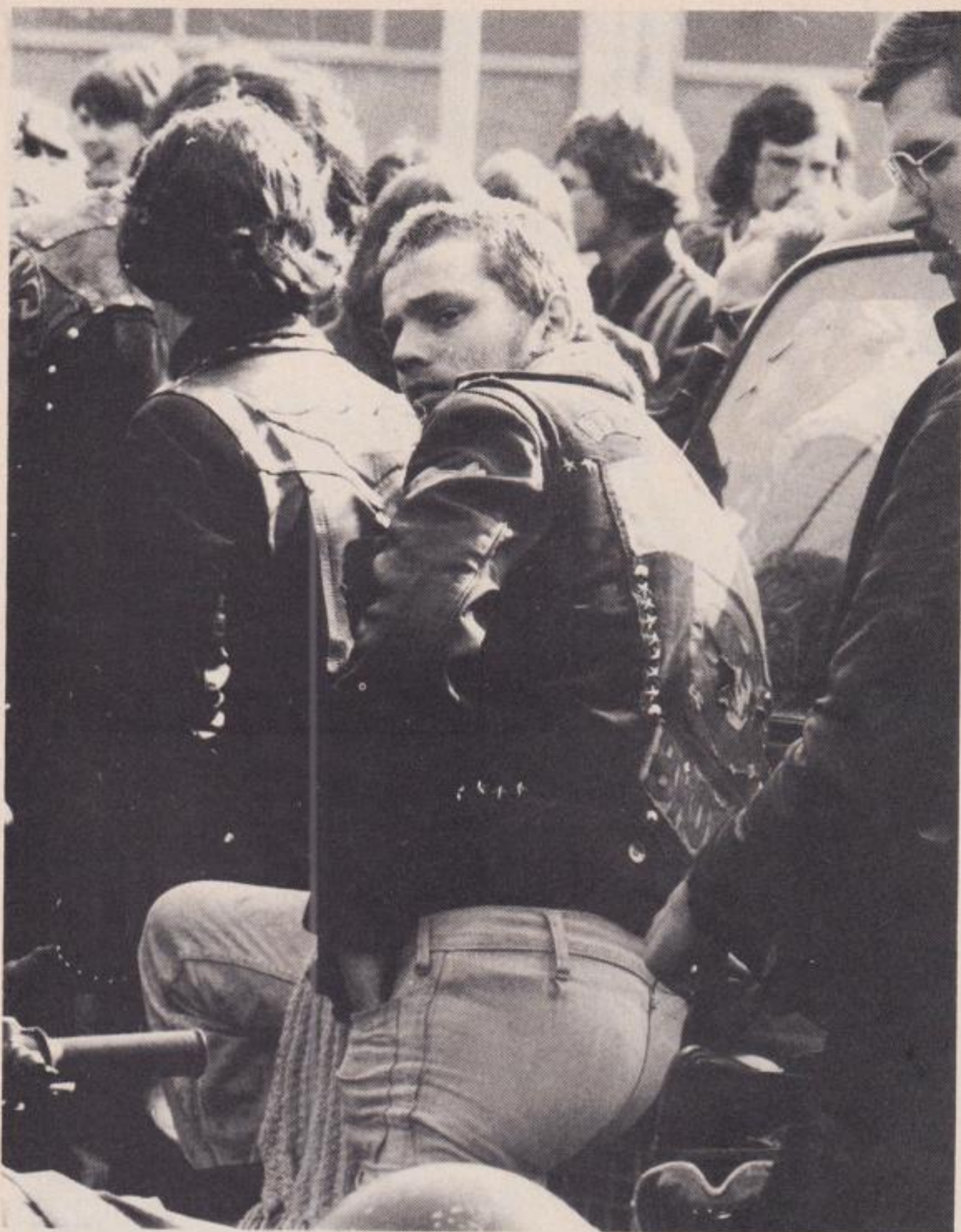
TATTOOS, BUT NO CIGAR: This is David, a San Francisco bartender and second runner-up in the Arena's Bare Chest Contest for June. We're not sure why he didn't take the top spot—perhaps his hairy, decorated chest wasn't bare enough. Here he demonstrates tightening an armband with no hands. Photo by Robert Pruzan.

leathermen or longtime SM devotees—the editors found it necessary to start with the bare basics, such as an explanation that the terms S and M started with the Marquis de Sade and the Baron Sacher-Masoch—the special section nevertheless managed to cover a lot of ground in a few pages.

The United States' contribution to the world leather scene was the dominant theme, with references throughout the series of brief articles to the films of Marlon Brando, the Mineshaft, the Chicago Hellfire Club, the classic photography of Robert Mapplethorpe, and the more

dubious achievements of the Village People (remember them?) and William Friedkin's *Cruising*. Americanisms also dominated the magazine's leather/SM vocabulary list, with entries explaining "Cock-ring," "Cowboy," "Fistfucking," "T-Shirt," "Dildo," "Popper," and "Leatherman" (*L'uomo in cuoio*). Curiously, "Master" remains the same in Italian, but "slave" is *schiaivo*. The popularity of Crisco—"lubrificante per il fistfucking"—is demonstrated by the name of the popular Italian "macho bar," The Crisco Club.

The special section also included a



HAMBURG LOOKS AT LEATHERMEN: Last issue we reported on the big events scheduled for the weekend of August 9-12 in Hamburg, West Germany—the combination Tenth Anniversary meeting of ECMC (European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs) and first-time selection of Mr. Europe Leather. Among the satellite events surrounding the festivities is a major art and photography exhibit organized by Revolt Press, featuring works by Amsterdam photographer Michael Eisenblatter, one of Europe's most exhibited gay photographers (his works are frequently seen in the U.S. at the Rob Gallery in New York). Eisenblatter's works for the "Leatherman" show, including this candid shot, will be on display August 6 through September 15 at Revolt-Gallery, Clemens-Schultz Strasse 77 in Hamburg.

fairly comprehensive listing of European leather bars and clubs, and of international leather/SM publications including, of course, *Drummer*, described as an illustrated leather/macho magazine, "molto conosciuta"—"very famous."

Running throughout *Babilonia's* leather "dossier," and also gracing the magazine's cover, were photos of James Dean—not particularly thought of as a leatherman in his own country, but apparently (for Italians) the epitome of American machismo. And curiously missing were any photographic examples of Italian leather design—reputedly among the world's best, but perhaps not as classically "macho" as the more aggressive, militant look of Northern

European and American leather design.

Babilonia is published by Babilonia Edizioni, Via Ebro 11, Milan, Italy. Cover price is Lire 3.500; U.S. subscriptions cost \$29 per year (ten issues). Each issue, featuring news, interviews, art portfolios, reviews and classified ads (but no nude photo spreads) is 52 pages printed on glossy paper. It's the next best thing to a trip to The Crisco Club.

GOOD OLD DAYS IN NYC

There's nothing like Gay Pride Week to bring out that old leather spirit in New York City—AIDS, etc., notwithstanding. You can tell by the traffic. Postscript from a letter from author T.R. Witomski: "We were all very gay for gay pride weekend.

There were lines to get into the Mineshaft, and the cabdriver who dropped me off said, 'Looks like the old days.' NY cabdrivers know everything."

ZEUS GOES TO HELL...

Hellfire Inferno, that is. When Inferno XII, the annual anything-goes gathering of the Chicago Hellfire Club, took place last fall, Mikal Bales of Zeus Studio was there with camera at the ready to capture some of the most intense and imaginative SM/bondage action anywhere on the planet. The result is a 48-page black-and-white magazine with over 80 photos depicting Inferno participants bound, racked, clamped, mummified, shaved, whipped, waxed, strung up, and generally having a good time—a hell of a good time.

It's all here—goings on at the Casa Crisco, the House de Sade, the Tonsorial House and the spectacular Suspension Towers. Curiously missing from the *Inferno XII* magazine is any explanatory text—but perhaps these pictures do speak louder than words. (Anyone wishing to read about Inferno XII should look up the eyewitness report by Frank Hatfield in *Drummer* 69, which featured a sampler of the photos now available in Zeus' *Inferno XII*.)

Inferno XII is available from The Zeus Collection, Box 64250, Los Angeles, CA 90064; cover price is \$8.50 (mail orders add \$1 for first class shipping—and we've got a feeling you'd better tell them you're over 21.)

THE OTHER SIDE OF SM

We've just had a look at a new publication called *The Power Exchange: A Newsleather for Women on the Sexual Fringe*—yes, a newsletter for women into SM, assembled under the demanding eye of "editrix" Pat Califia. The first issue, dated June 1984, contains 8 pages of advice, poetry, press clips, classifieds and ads. *The Power Exchange* also publishes an SM Resource List for Women and a "Lesbian Hanky Color Code" (our curiosity is piqued). So, if you've got a sister, or maybe a friend of the female persuasion who's been going to the leather bars with you and just not finding what she's looking for, have her send for a subscription form: *The Power Exchange*, PO Box 527, Richmond Hill, NY 11418-0527.

SUBMIT!

International Leather Scene is our effort to keep *Drummer* readers informed about what's going on with leathermen in the U.S., Canada, Europe, Australia, and elsewhere. Have you got an event or inside information we should know about? Submit press releases, announcements, photos, etc.—as early as possible—to International Leather Scene, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.

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REDHEAD

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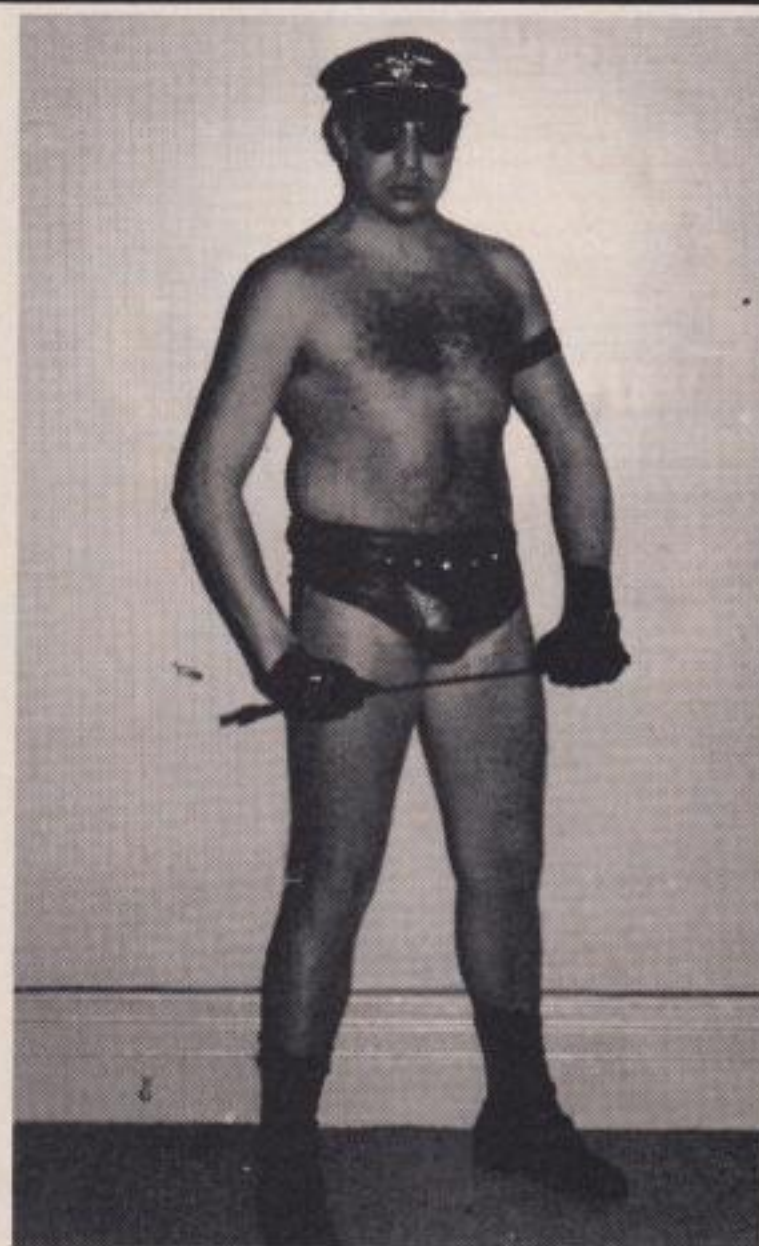
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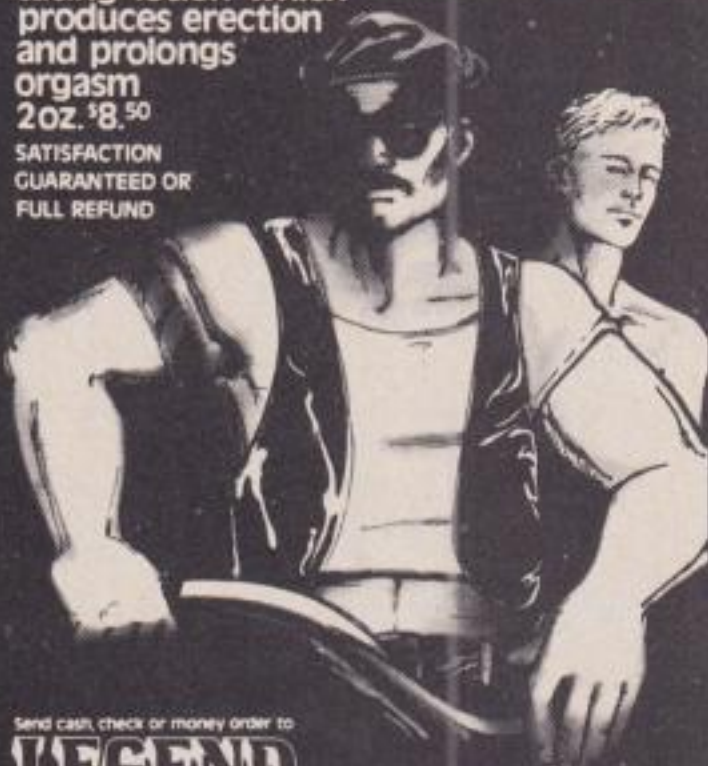
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DRUMEDIA

VIDEO

THE KNOT THAT BINDS

My main complaint against bondage films has always been that the tying up takes too long. In *Paula's Punishment* it all happened between the scenes, which is probably worse, since you got none of the joy of bondage. In most of the Slave and Master Video productions you see every twist of the rope (*The Pain Down*

Captive Men, Close-Up Productions, 1984; starring Daniel Holt, Bart Sterling, Cane, and The Men of Avitar; features entire cast; color and sound; Beta/VHS; 60 minutes; \$90 post-paid; signed statement required. Close-Up Productions, Box 205, N. Hollywood, CA 91603.

Below, *Crime Does Pay*, and *Down and Dirty* perfect examples)—which, if it takes too long, can cut into what else can be done before the cassette runs out. In a previous Close-Up Production, *Tightropes*, the ropes were just tight enough to hold (a few times not quite tight enough), and the pace quickly packed back up as sex in bondage took over.

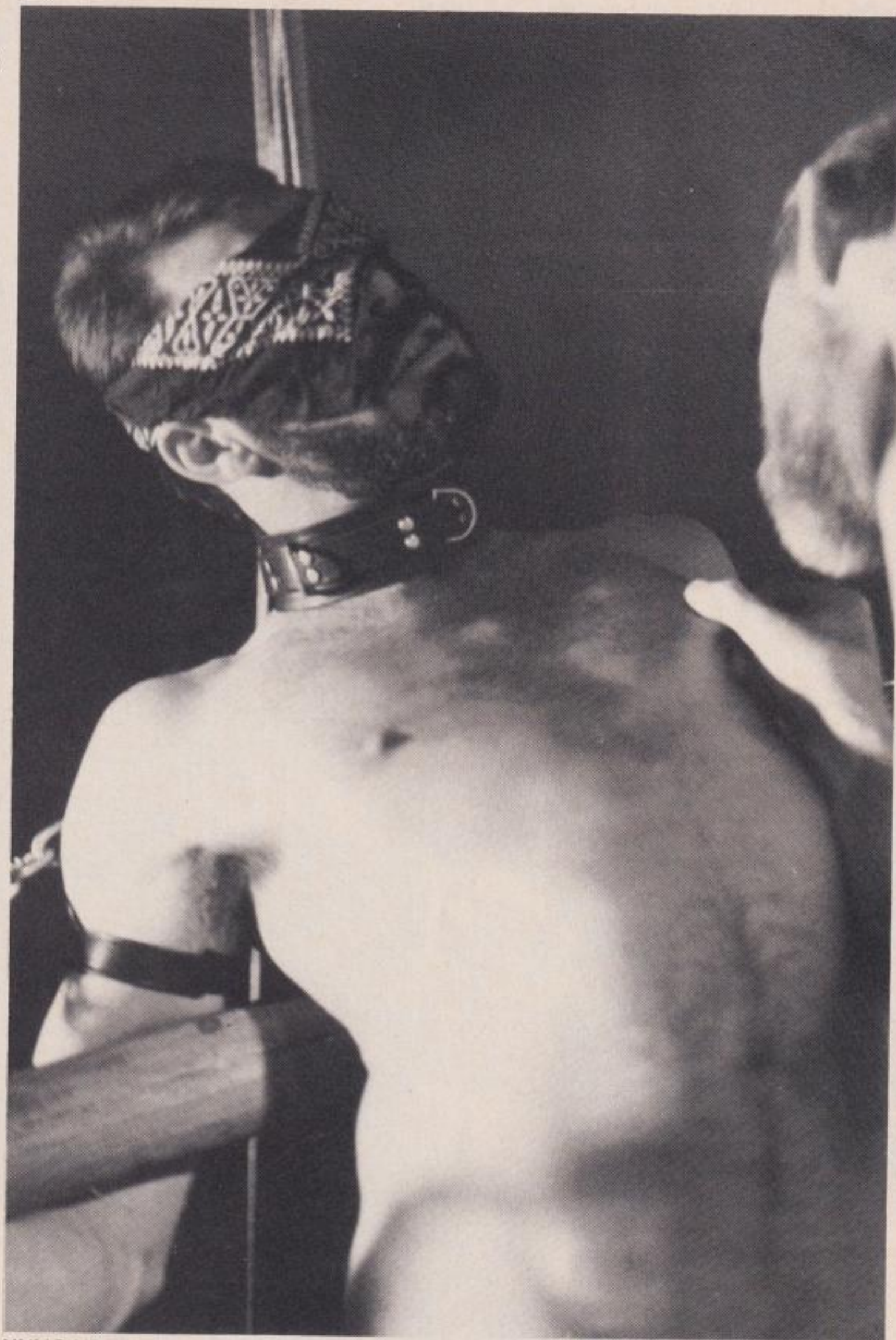
Captive Men strikes a fairly responsive chord between instant bondage and too much attention to knot-details. It's 60 percent rope work and 40 percent post-bondage amusements. One segment towards the end features a rope spider web so elaborate it's enough to just see it in action, never mind how it was constructed.

The story follows simple lines, structured to get the two main characters in exactly the right positions for some fancy binding. Daniel Holt and Bart Sterling decide to experiment with a little bondage outside their intense but limited relationship. Daniel takes Bart to Cane, supreme master of the knot, and his group, the Men of Avitar. Rumor has it that this master and his group were not acting.

Once inside Cane's lair, Bart is taken to a predetermined location and introduced, somewhat roughly, to his first elements of bondage. Cane looks more than capable of getting the respect he demands, and Bart, at first with great hesitation, succumbs to both verbal and purely physical instructions.

It isn't difficult to judge Cane's techniques as top-of-the-line, and the camera manages to capture nearly every well-placed knot. It doesn't drag in this case because Cane knows just what he's going to do next and trusses up Bart in near-record time. No jump cuts, no dissolves to more complex knotting, just fast and sure handiwork.

Once completely laced into his new environment, Bart is prey and subject to some enticing and rewarding (for the



HUNG UP TO DRY: Bart, bound by clothesline, in Close-Up's *Captive Men*.

viewer and Cane) discipline. In short, Cane works this trussed turkey, as well as having one of his gremlins give Bart a good going-over.

Meanwhile, in the aforementioned rope spider web, Daniel is waiting for his reward for having introduced a new treat to Master Cane. Spread out for service, it's Cane cock he is expected to worship, until it, like its master, is fulfilled. Daniel makes the mistake of unloading his own oversized organ on the Master's boots—which he's made to lick clean. Now that's a moment worth waiting for.

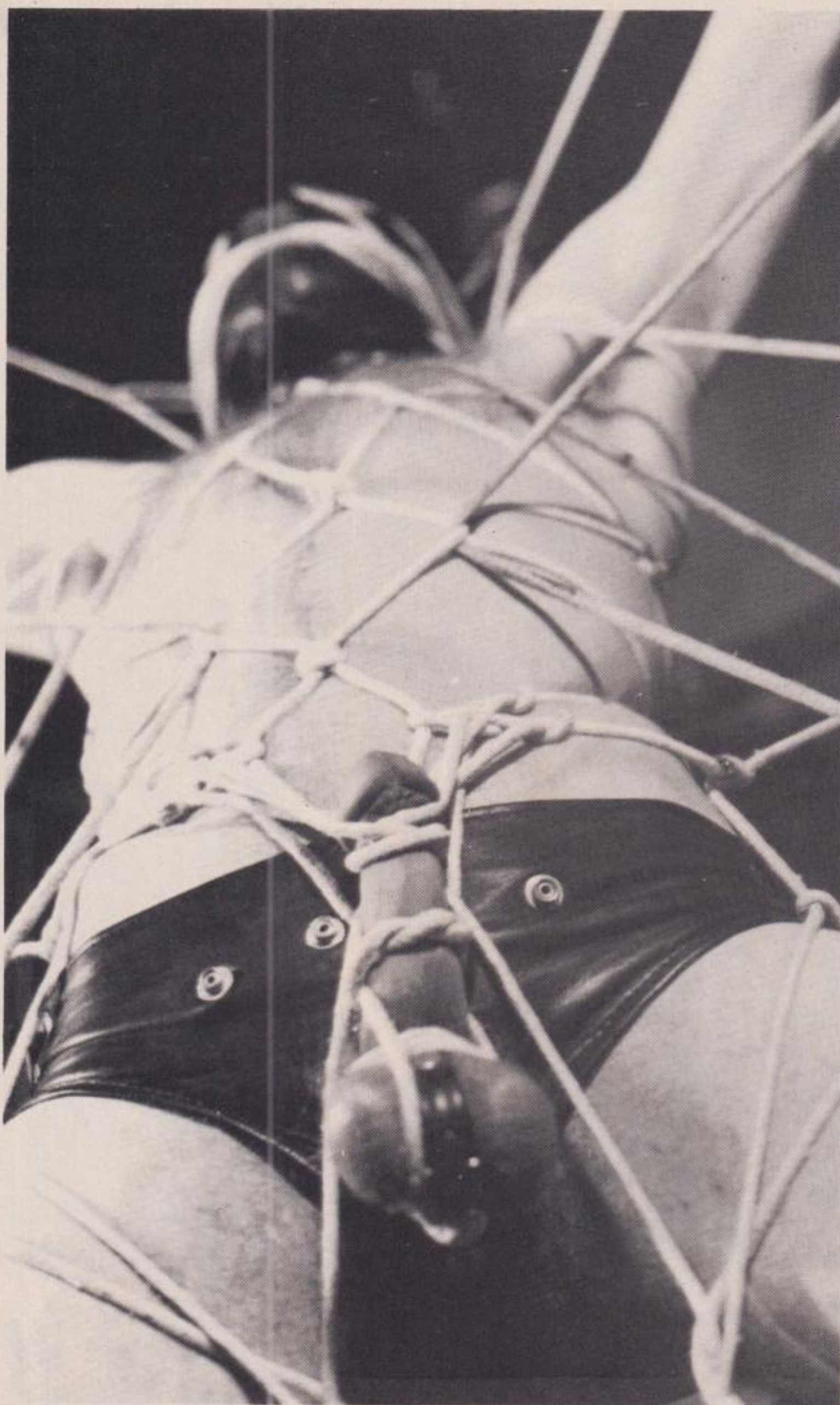
Unloading his balls isn't everything for Master Cane. Another slave—one we get the impression has been well broken-in—gets the old clothespin torture, where 999 clothespins are applied to 999

parts of his naked body, then yanked off one at a time. It's enough to make you flinch. Or worse.

Untied and somewhat shaky, Bart is escorted out by Daniel, and much talk of a return engagement is made on all sides.

Technically, superb. The direct video look works extremely well in the claustrophobic setting of Cane's game room; just enough space for the portable camera to get to all sides of strung-up Bart Sterling. Live sound works well, too. The spoken narrative line is kept simple, the dialogue right on cue with just enough fear in Bart's voice and just enough command in Cane's to make it all seem like *video verite*.

It's a big gamble to make a video that is obviously geared for a specific part of the



CAPTURED ON CAMERA: Blindfolded and bound, Bart writhes under the nipple-torture of Master Cane. Close-Up's *Captive Men* video demonstrates a wide range of bondage and restraint.

market, and you'd never see such a project this intense from the likes of the major league gay pornmasters. But the real risk-takers are the small companies and independents. That's what makes Close-Up worth watching and *Captive Men* worth watching now.

BLACK MEAT TO EAT

While Old Reliable already specializes (straight men jacking off), their newest number, VT 22, is pure fetish oriented—

five black straight men posing and beating their meat for the camera. It's been done before, to be sure (*Black Meat in Heat* from Puer Eternus), but never on this grand a scale, and never with such a cold, calculating perspective.

Expect little warmth; these guys are—muscles aside—not your contemporary upwardly mobile blacks, but rather mean meat machines who look like they'd as soon break your arm as bust your balls.

Five men in two hours: almost an over-

load. The hands-down winner for sheer size and physical prowess has to go to Ron, the first stud on the tape. Muscle on top of muscle (180 pounds on top of 6 feet), once is not enough for this tower of black heat; he appears a second time outdoors, his churning balls and pumped biceps captured under sweat-producing Southern California sunshine.

Stud number two, Charles, is light-sinned, extremely well-defined, hung like a legend, and the most sensuous (in his own cool, detached way) of the troop

Basic Black (VT 22), Old reliable, 1984; features entire cast; two hours; color and sound; VHS/Beta; \$59 (plus \$3 postage/handling); signed statement required; brochure available. Old Reliable, 1626 N. Wilcox, Suite 107, Hollywood, CA 90028.

as he lays his muscles back and quietly, but intently, works his meat to orgasm.

Darryl is the roughest of the bunch. Straight from the streets, he looks like he might take the television after he gets off; lean, very lean and hard muscles, mean, downright nasty.

Another tall, muscular frame, Thomas, has veins that stand out like relief carving on a slab of marble. Nice smile, big dick, great physique—still, you'd probably rather see him on your television than across your living room.

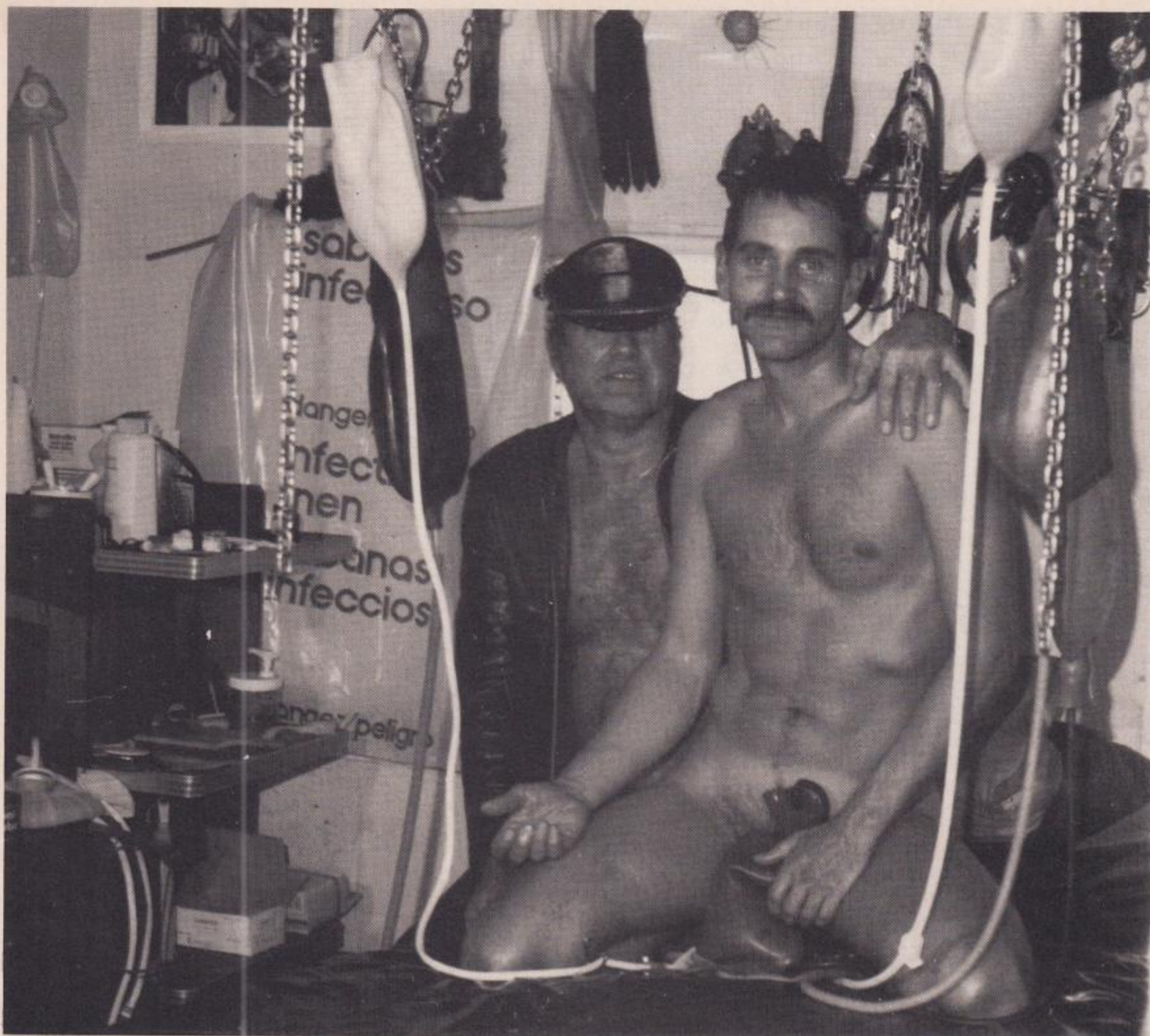
Ace (did they save the best for last?) is the youngest and almost the biggest of the brood. At 6 feet, his 170 pounds is all muscle. He does things differently than anyone else on the tape: He goes to bed and pulls his tool. You get the feeling he told the cameraman where to stand, and just how close to get, and got his way. Old Reliable has already announced that Ron will appear in a future wrestling video; pity the poor shit that has to take him on.

Specialized, but completely keeping in line with Old Reliable's philosophy of bringing you the toughest in street punks unrehearsed, uncompromising, unedited. This is much safer than cruising Watts or Harlem and probably a lot more rewarding.

Technically, extremely well done; also in keeping with the advance Old Reliable has made in reproduction. The live sound only makes the experience all the more real.

WET RECTUM

Appreciated, but rare on the market, are enema videos. Once in a while an enema scene pops up (PM's *Wet Sports* and an episode in *Slave & Master's The Terrible Trilogy*), but seldom does an enema package surface. Superb by default, *Enema Night/Enema Slave* fills the bill for a half-hour. Originally shot as films, the transfers to video are standard for the underground market. Each film contains at least one slow-mo stream; both are frantic short subjects that waste no time shoving an enema hose up



THE FILLING STATION: Jason gets ready to show his depths as an actor in a well-stocked enema playroom in *Enema Nights/Enema Slave*.

someone's willing rectum.

In *Enema Slave*, the first half of this video, a tall, streamlined young man is led over to a motorcycle parked in a bar and bent over face-down while his captor rips the jeans from his upraised ass. In a flash an enema bag appears and the hose is unceremoniously shoved into the

Enema Nights/Enema Slave, J.B. Supply Ltd., 1984; 30 minutes, color, music soundtrack, features entire cast; VHS only; \$64.95 (plus \$2.50 postage/handling); signed statement required, brochure available. J.B.'s Supply Ltd., Box 84667, Los Angeles, CA 90072.

hairless orifice for which it was intended. It is a gusher that emerges, all over the bike and the floor. The captor drags the enema slave home to an elaborate combination rack-sling-bed with every possible enema device in the world hanging overhead. First one kind of hose, then another, then five or six at once, then the

inevitable outward bound stream (the single best shot in this package).

Oh, there's some nipple twisting, some ball-crushing, a few well-directed ass slaps, even an orgasm—but it is the water spout that steals the episode.

Enema Nights, the second half of the tape, starts with two leathermen dragging a dressed, unwilling young twink into their dungeon, strapping him to a rack, ripping off his clothes, and sudsing up his ass for the straight razor. Asshole shaving and enemas go hand in hand in some circles. His first enema is a soapy mixture delivered via an antique-looking contraption that must have come from the enema museum. It does the job; cleaned out and puckered up, he gets a wine enema straight from the jug and a piss-enema straight from the crotch-hose of one of his tormentors. Seemingly sated, the two enema experts make the mistake of letting him loose. He turns on

one of them (the bottom of the first story) and, with the cooperation of the other, straps him down to the table and hoses his face with the remains of the piss enema. Like a good bottom, he opens his mouth.

Then things get a little more chummy as the remaining top administers dual enemas to both ass-upraised bottoms, plugs each with a dildo, and prepares an even more elaborate hosing.

We get to see one stream in mid-air, but the other is dumped into a toilet bowl (the filmmakers obviously intended for you to see this one as well, but the camera angle is off) amid dual orgasms. End of tape.

What's lacking in technical skills is more than made up in boundless energy and imagination. Give these boys a chance and they'll make a flood of a sequel.

—John W. Rowberry
DRUMMER 85

DRUMEDIA

BOOKS

SIR ALFRED, THE SADIST

Two words recur over and over in *The Dark Side of Genius*, Donald Spoto's brilliant biography of Alfred Hitchcock. The first is found in the title: *Genius*. The second word: *Sadist*.

Spoto's biography was published in hardcover last year, to extraordinary praise from literary critics and cineasts alike; it combines an unforgettable portrait of its subject with a comprehensive examination of his films that will change forever the way in which both Hitchcock and his life's work are seen. Now available in paperback (Ballantine Books, 665 pages, \$4.95), *The Dark Side of Genius* is currently casting its shadow over hammocks and beach blankets across America. Along with being a dazzling piece of scholarship, it is also a terrific read—and its popularity must be attributed at least in part to the frank and sometimes shocking, but always compassionate and meticulously argued revelations that Spoto makes about the sexual psychology of Alfred Hitchcock.

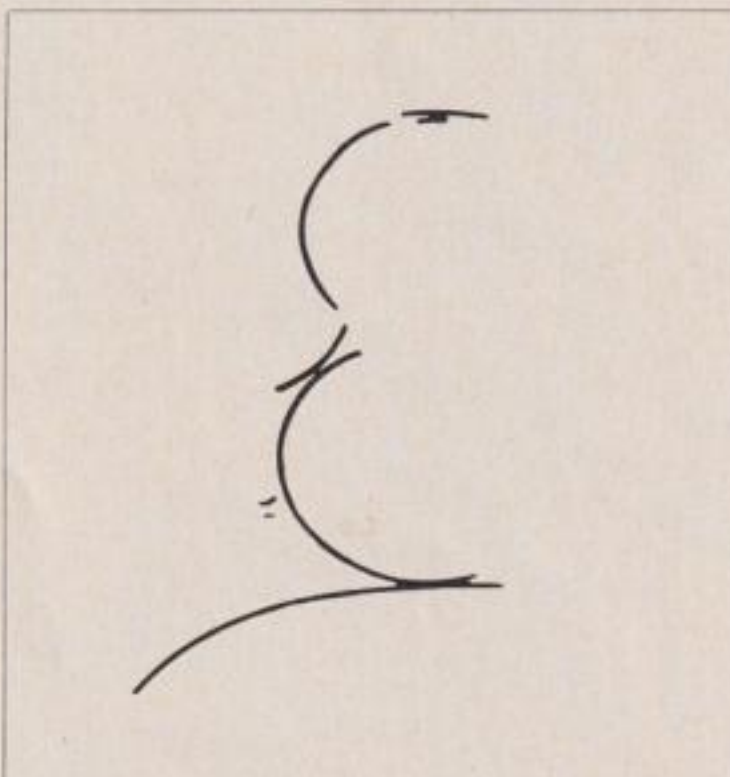
Tied up in Hitchcock's personality, and revealed consistently in his work, was a fascination for bondage, rape, strangulation, torture, humiliation, bowel movements, and even necrophilia. As screenwriter Samson Raphaelson put it, "It's obvious that there was some kind of sexual aberration in him, but how operative it was nobody ever knew."

Early on, Hitchcock became known for his practical jokes. Probably the most striking which Spoto recounts in his book involves both his penchant for humiliation and his fascination for uncontrolled bodily functions. "Hitchcock bet the property man a week's salary that he would be too frightened to spend a whole night chained to a camera in a deserted and darkened studio. The chap heartily agreed to the wager, and at the end of the assigned day, Hitchcock himself clasped the handcuffs and pocketed the key—but not before he offered a generous beaker of brandy, 'the better to ensure a quick and deep sleep'... When they arrived on the set the next morning, they found the poor man angry, weeping, exhausted and humiliated. Hitchcock had laced the brandy with the strongest available laxative, and the victim had, unavoidably, soiled himself and a wide area around his feet and the camera."

A variation on the same theme occurred during the filming of *The 39 Steps* in 1935. One morning, after Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll were handcuffed together for a scene, Hitchcock pretended to lose the key and then

vanished for the rest of the day. By the time Hitchcock suddenly "found" the key, the actors "were tired, angry, uncomfortable, and acutely embarrassed. But Hitchcock was delighted when the rest of the cast and crew found out about his little trick and were shocked. He wanted to know how many people were discussing the manner in which the humiliated couple had coped with details of a decidedly personal nature."

"What interests me," Hitchcock himself once said, "is the drama of being handcuffed. There's a special terror, a sort of 'thing' about being tied up, haven't you noticed?" Apparently, for Hitchcock, part of that "thing" was the exposure, vulnerability, and humiliating lack of privacy inherent in bondage, as well as the possibilities for cruelty, intimidation—and fantasy. According to Spoto, the only way for the director to get through the unhappy filming of



Jamaica Inn in 1939 was "to indulge in his own fantasies at key points in the narrative; thus he instigated the appalling exaggeration of a sadistic scene in which the deranged Charles Laughton, protesting how much he is in love with Maureen O'Hara, binds and gags her."

In *The Lodger* (1927), a detective, promising a wedding band, places handcuffs on the heroine—mimicking a picture on the villain's wall which depicts a woman in bondage tied to a stake for punishment. "Psychologically, of course, the idea of the handcuffs has deeper implications. It's somewhere in the area of fetishism," Hitchcock acknowledged, "and it has a sexual connotation. When I visited the Vice Museum in Paris, I noticed there was considerable evidence of sexual aberrations through restraint."

Hitchcock was, in fact, fascinated by all manner of "sexual aberration." In the 1950s, after interviewing a prostitute for an aborted film project ("she recounted some rather bizarre stories—sexual sadism and masochism and all sorts of strange specialties"), writer Samuel Taylor reported back to Hitchcock, who "insisted I tell him everything in great detail. He adores all such stories,"

including those concerning necrophilia. "Hitch was fascinated by this specialty," Taylor recalled.

But throughout his life, as Spoto clearly details, "Hitchcock was singularly intrigued by the act of strangulation"—especially when coupled with sexual overtones. Murder by strangulation is described, implied, or shown, by Spoto's count, in 17 of Hitchcock's films—most graphically in the shocking rape-strangulation scene in *Frenzy* (1972), over which Hitchcock labored with intense enthusiasm; advisers on the set talked him into cutting a segment showing saliva dripping from the victim's tongue. As Francois Truffaut observed, Hitchcock filmed scenes of murder as if they were love scenes, and love scenes as if they were murder scenes.

"I always believe in following the advice of the playwright Sardou," Hitchcock once told the press. "He said, 'Torture the women!'... The trouble today is that we don't torture women enough!" Speaking to a group of Cambridge students, he once suggested that "mass hypnotism would be a nice idea for the theatre of the future. You buy a ticket and choose what character you want to be. If you want to be the villain, you have a good time being the villain, and if you want to be the tortured woman, you can suffer."

His favorite seems to have been the water torture—not a slow drip, but repeated immersions. In *The Skin Game* (1931), for a scene involving a young woman's attempted suicide in a garden pool, Hitchcock required actress Phyllis Konstam to be "hurled into the stage-set lily pond no less than ten times." Spoto notes: "For the first of several times in his career, he enjoyed watching while his assistants repeatedly tossed an actress into water." Kim Novak was given the same treatment 16 years later, during the filming of *Vertigo*. Novak was far from the director's ideal actress, but, as he later recalled, "at least I got the chance to throw her into the water."

More serious was Hitchcock's treatment of his helpless protege Tippi Hedron on the set of *The Birds* in 1962—a week of shooting was needed to capture the very real bird attack on Hedron, as the creatures were repeatedly thrown against her body for hours at a time. Hitchcock's pathetic attempt to seduce Hedron while making his next film, *Marnie*, is the saddest and most startling revelation in Spoto's book.

Like the hypnotized audience he imagined, Hitchcock played out his sexual fantasies on the screen, through fictional surrogates. *The Dark Side of Genius* is a story of passions repressed and twisted, and of genius in bloom. Sitting in the dark, watching Hitchcock's films and playing witness to his obsessions, will never again be the same.

—Aaron Travis

DRUMEDIA

MOVIES

ROPE TRICKS

1948: Who would turn down a part in a Hitchcock film? *The Hitchcock film*. His first, after decades of successful movie-making, with full production control; his first in Technicolor; his chance to try a daring technical experiment by photographing in uninterrupted ten-minute takes which would set the pace in natural time and allow prime acting exposure. There were three major roles—Brandon, Philip and Rupert.

Farley Granger accepted Philip, presumably without a whimper. But Cary Grant and Montgomery Clift turned up their respective patrician noses at Rupert and Brandon, for the sake of their reputations, and the parts went to Jimmie Stewart (whose Honest Abe image was so deeply grounded that he could afford to be cast against type) and John Dall (whose reputation never recovered.)

The reasons for the rejections were not publicized at the time and no one spoke aloud of the scandalous relationship inherent in the main characters. The 1984 press materials from Universal still gloss over the subject. While they could have overlooked Vito Russo's synopsis of *Rope* in his *Celluloid Closet* ("pretentious homosexual lovers who on a whim murder a former prep school classmate"), they're unlikely to have ignored the one in Spoto's definitive biography, *The Dark Side of Genius* ("homosexual lovers who murder a friend for the intellectual experience of it"). Thirty-six years after the fact, you'd think a film could be looked at squarely, if not straight on.

Philip and Brandon are not only male pair-bonded, as they say in pop-psych circles, they are long-time SM playmates who had been influenced by a Nietzsche-admiring housemaster, Rupert, in their salad days. The stereotyping of the effete, snobbish, intellectual, idle, wealthy, woman-shy, amoral weakling psychopath is simply the British public school type trans-Atlanticized. Having to hide the body and not declare the act is "like painting a picture and not hanging it"—or having fulfilled a passionate love affair, in a very dark closet. How else to justify a thrill killing? They've gotta be queer, and more.

The Russo and Spoto quotes are not true synopses; they are scene-setters. The (rope) strangling occurs almost on top of the opening credits. The body of the film involves the failure of nerve and conviction on the part of the murderers and their unwitting instructor. The bulk of the action—the extension of the suspense—lies in the presence of the victim's loved ones who have been invited



BETRAYED BY THE MASTER: Farley Granger and James Stewart struggle in *Rope*.

to a party at which the corpse is the unknown guest. Rupert's dawning realization that his preachings have been put into horrible practice puts the final knot in the noose and draws it tight.

The pecking order is, like the camera, in constant motion. Dall's Brandon is the nervy elder, taller and brighter of the two young men, a dangerously amateur "top" who stutters in the presence of his former mentor—not just because he might be found out. He's the one that wants to hide in the dark at the end but was all braggadocio ("Pity we couldn't have it with the curtains open in the bright sunlight") at the start. He dominates only when he's not flustered.

Granger's Philip is a natural (badly trained) bottom, begging for it—in a sense, directing his own torture—without knowing his limits or anyone else's. The final "sir" is only a breath away when he says, "You frightened me. May I have a drink now?" His "artistic temperament" as concert pianist, in contrast to the bookish Rupert and tennis-playing Brandon, allows the power of a true masochist to come through. After cutting his hand badly, he insists on playing, even when Rupert starts up the metronome and increases the tempo in time to a vicious interrogation. He tells barefaced lies and sticks to them. He rebels.

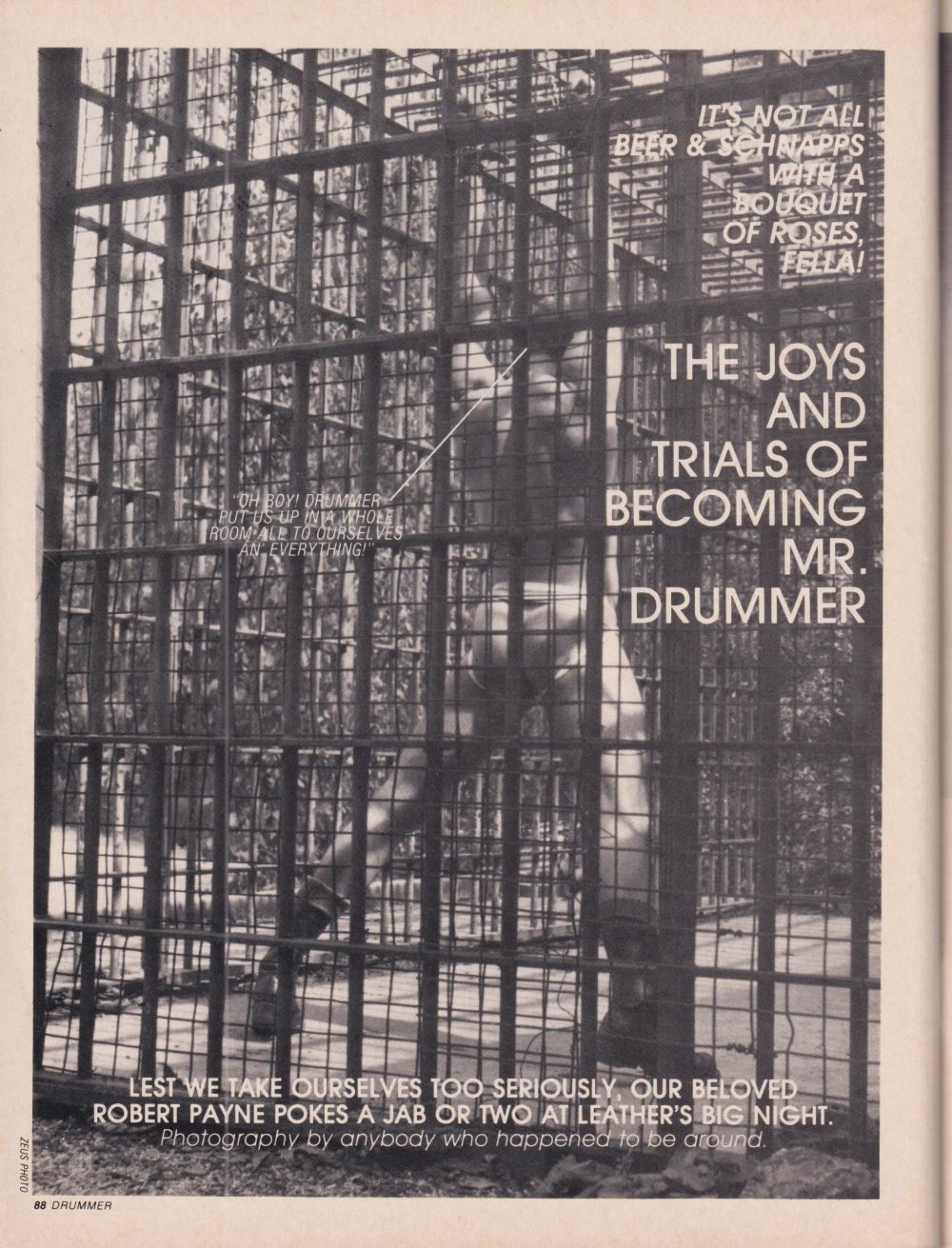
A petty argument ends with Brandon's contemptuous backhand slap across

Philip's face—what follows is what in any other Hitchcock film would be the Big Kiss, clutching each other close-up, Philip's ineffectual open hand trapped between their bodies in surrender.

The opening minutes of *Rope* are an exercise in erotic tension, a miniature parody of the sex act from psychological foreplay to gasp-and-grunt orgasm, to the post-coital cigarette and demurrer: "Not just yet. Let's stay this way for a minute." As Brandon later describes it: "I don't remember feeling much of anything until his body went limp, and then I knew it was all over. Then, I was marvelously exhilarated." The rope itself becomes a sex toy, used again and again to titillate and torture. It's a setup calling for punishment, not for taking a human life, but for the crime of indulging and enjoying sexuality. The sexuality with the heaviest taboos, at that.

The audience is treated, besides being strung up on a thin wire of who's gonna get who next, to incessant insults to accepted conventional behavior; they are disciplined, mentally ragged, humiliated in being forced to observe; laid about with guilty thrills in voyeurism, sexual innuendo and visual parlor tricks without a shred of redeeming social value. Aside from Stewart's questionable curtain speech, the "boys" get away with a hell of a lot.

—Penni Kimmel
DRUMMER 87

A black and white photograph of a person, likely Robert Payne, standing behind a large, dark wire mesh fence. The person is wearing a light-colored shirt and is looking towards the camera. The background is slightly out of focus, showing some foliage and a building structure. The overall mood is somewhat somber or contemplative.

IT'S NOT ALL
BEER & SCHNAPPS
WITH A
BOUQUET
OF ROSES,
FELLA!

THE JOYS AND TRIALS OF BECOMING MR. DRUMMER


"OH BOY! DRUMMER
PUT US UP IN A WHOLE
ROOM ALL TO OURSELVES
AN' EVERYTHING!"

LEST WE TAKE OURSELVES TOO SERIOUSLY, OUR BELOVED
ROBERT PAYNE POKES A JAB OR TWO AT LEATHER'S BIG NIGHT.

Photography by anybody who happened to be around.



"YOU MEAN I
GOTTA TAKE THOSE
OFF TOO?!"



"AND LIGHTS OUT
IS AT TEN O'CLOCK,
UNDERSTAND?"

(upper right)

Just as with Miss America, the Drummer finalists are carefully watched over by a D.I., lovingly referred to as "Mother." He knows who has been bad and who has been good and, probably, who has been great. Pre-bedtime anti-masturbatory hand binding is a necessity, according to "Mother."

(lower right)

Exposure is the name of the game and Drummer beef is no exception. Showing off one's best assets is important in the final judgment. Above, contestant is directed to bare his all, while below, three contestants are judged for (1) soles of feet and (2) expression.



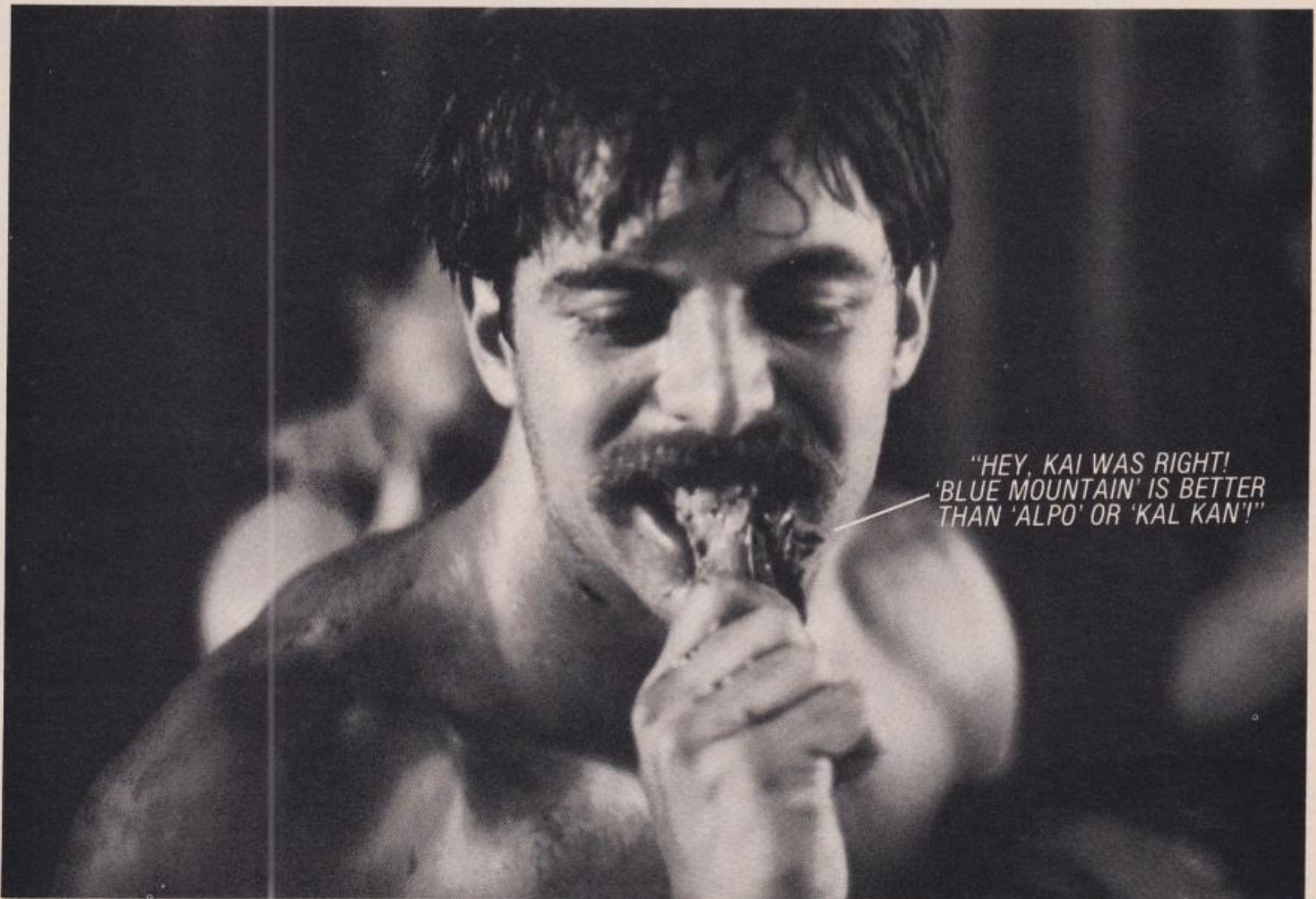
"I LIKE THE
ONE ON THE
RIGHT..."

"I VOTE FOR THE
ONE ON THE LEFT.
HE'S GOT REAL CLASS."

WHO'S THE
ASSHOLE IN
THE MIDDLE?"



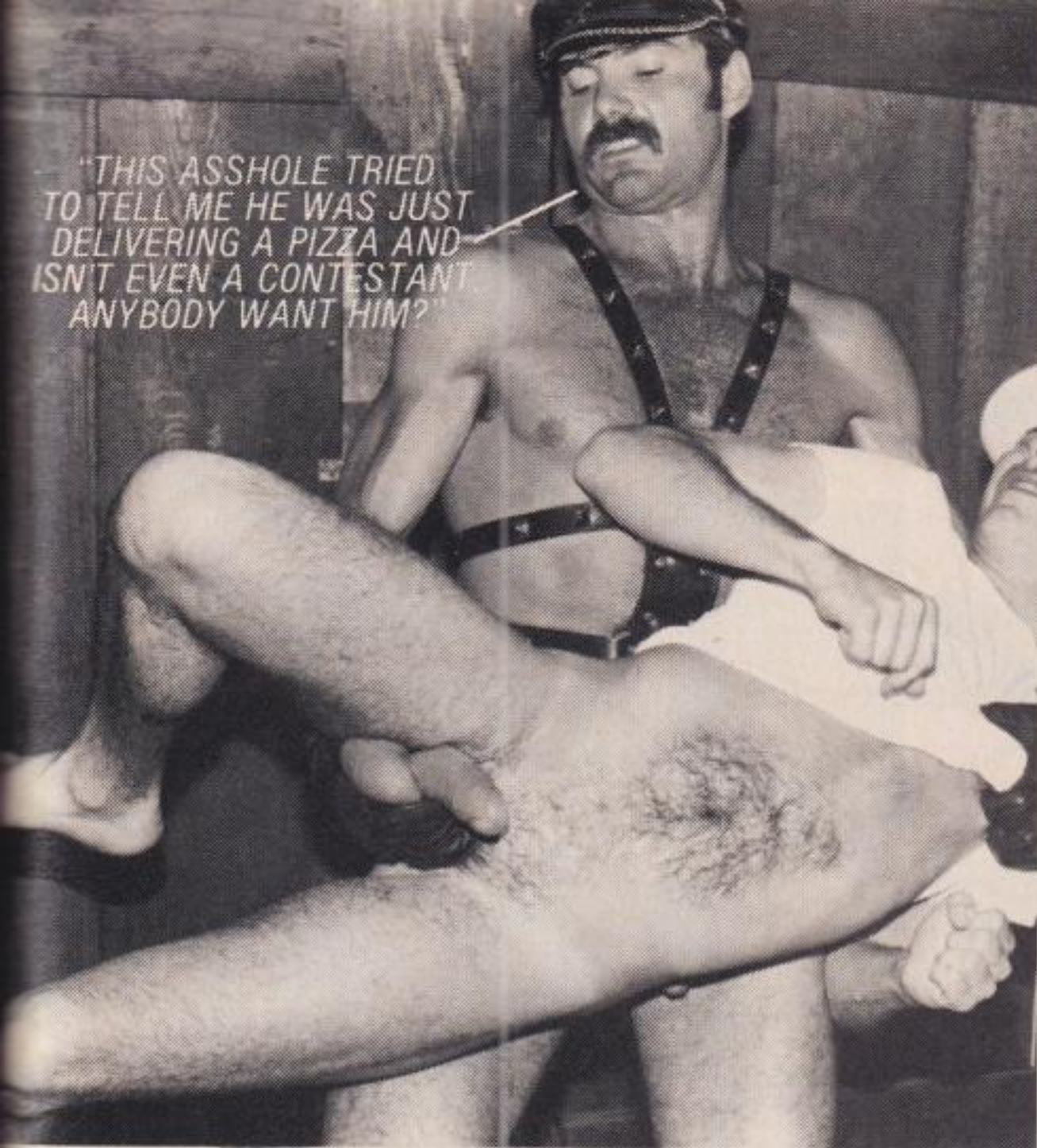
"HEY ROBERT! THE
WINNER FROM THE MR.
ATLANTIC SEABOARD
DRUMMER CONTEST JUST
ARRIVED. WHERE DO
YOU WANT HIM?"



"HEY, KAI WAS RIGHT!
'BLUE MOUNTAIN' IS BETTER
THAN 'ALPO' OR 'KAL KAN'!"

Contestants are well fed by special arrangements with some of the finer leather restaurants in the South of Market area. 'Chow Down' becomes just that with an old-fashioned

feeding trough as the contestants fight good naturedly for the choice morsels. They are then leashed up again and taken back to their rooms. (See preceding page).



"THIS ASSHOLE TRIED TO TELL ME HE WAS JUST DELIVERING A PIZZA AND ISN'T EVEN A CONTESTANT. ANYBODY WANT HIM?"

RECRUITMENT Here a staff member shows a young fellow to his place. Later both acknowledged that the 'recruit' turned out not to be a contestant after all. He stayed around to help his new owner, however.



"HONEST, FELLAHS I CAN DO IT FOR MYSELF. FELLAHS?"

SERVICE Among the many luxuries enjoyed by contestants is the personal service in dressing and undressing by the staff. Here Mr. Drummer '84 is stripped down for some occasion in jolly good fun by those assigned to him.



"AND THEY SAID WE'D HAVE TO KISS ASS TO GET INTO THE FINALS."

HUMILITY IS IMPORTANT Few of these affairs rely quite as heavily on ATTITUDE as the Mr. Drummer competition. To your right is a contestant and a judge. We are not sure which is which but you can be sure there has been plenty of attitude shown by both. Friendly Persuasion is more than the name of an old movie on TV.


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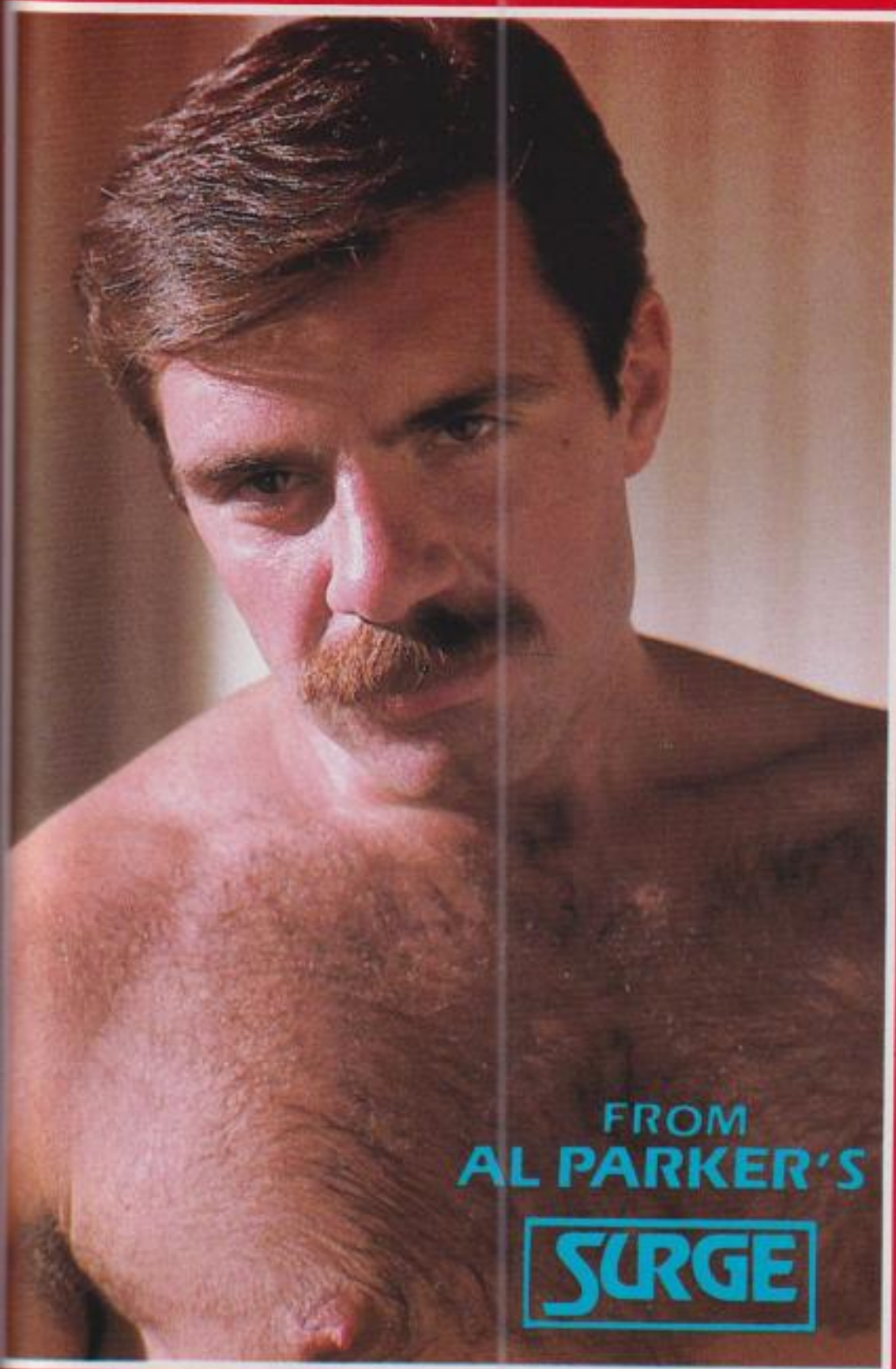


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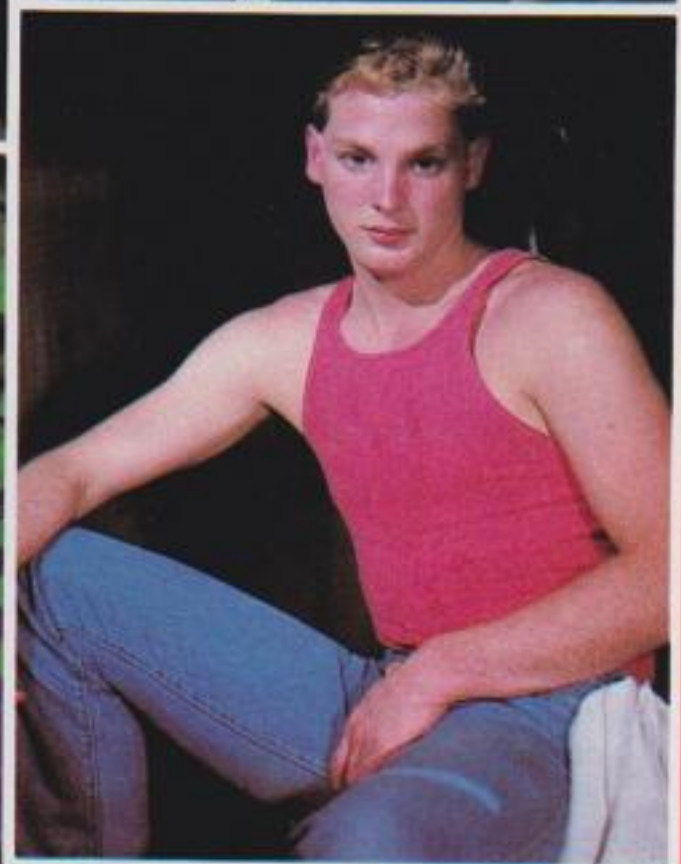
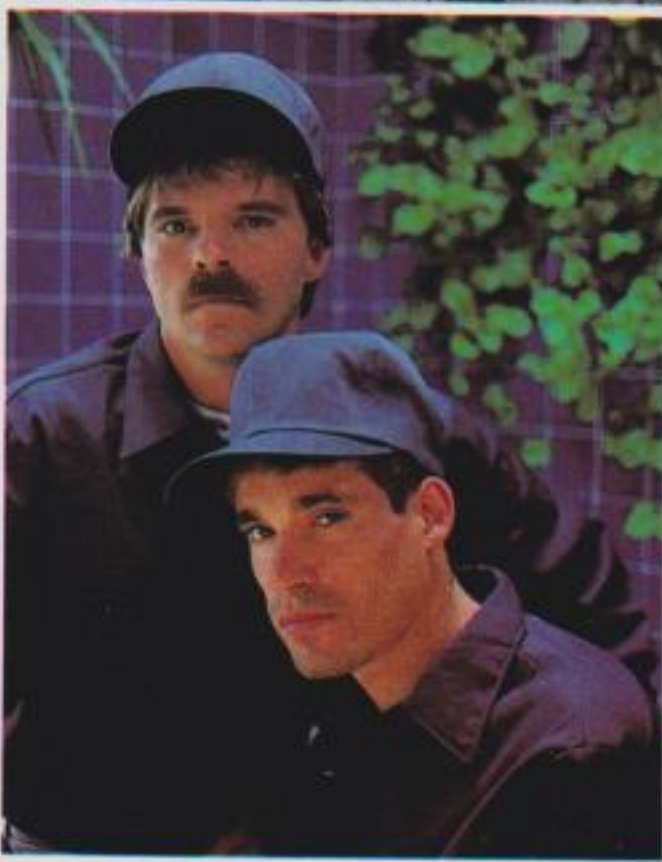
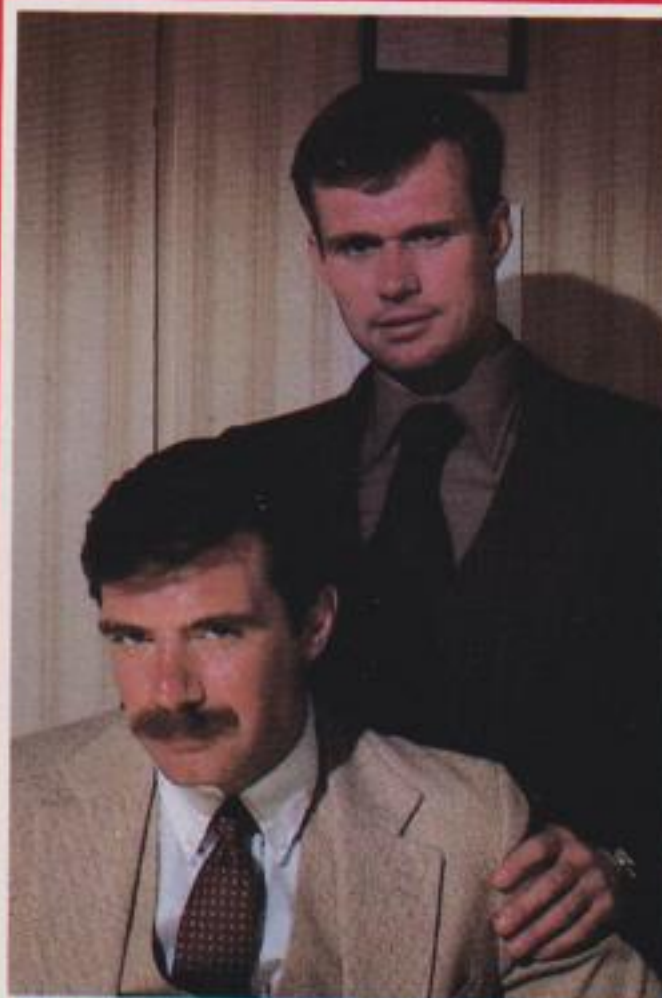
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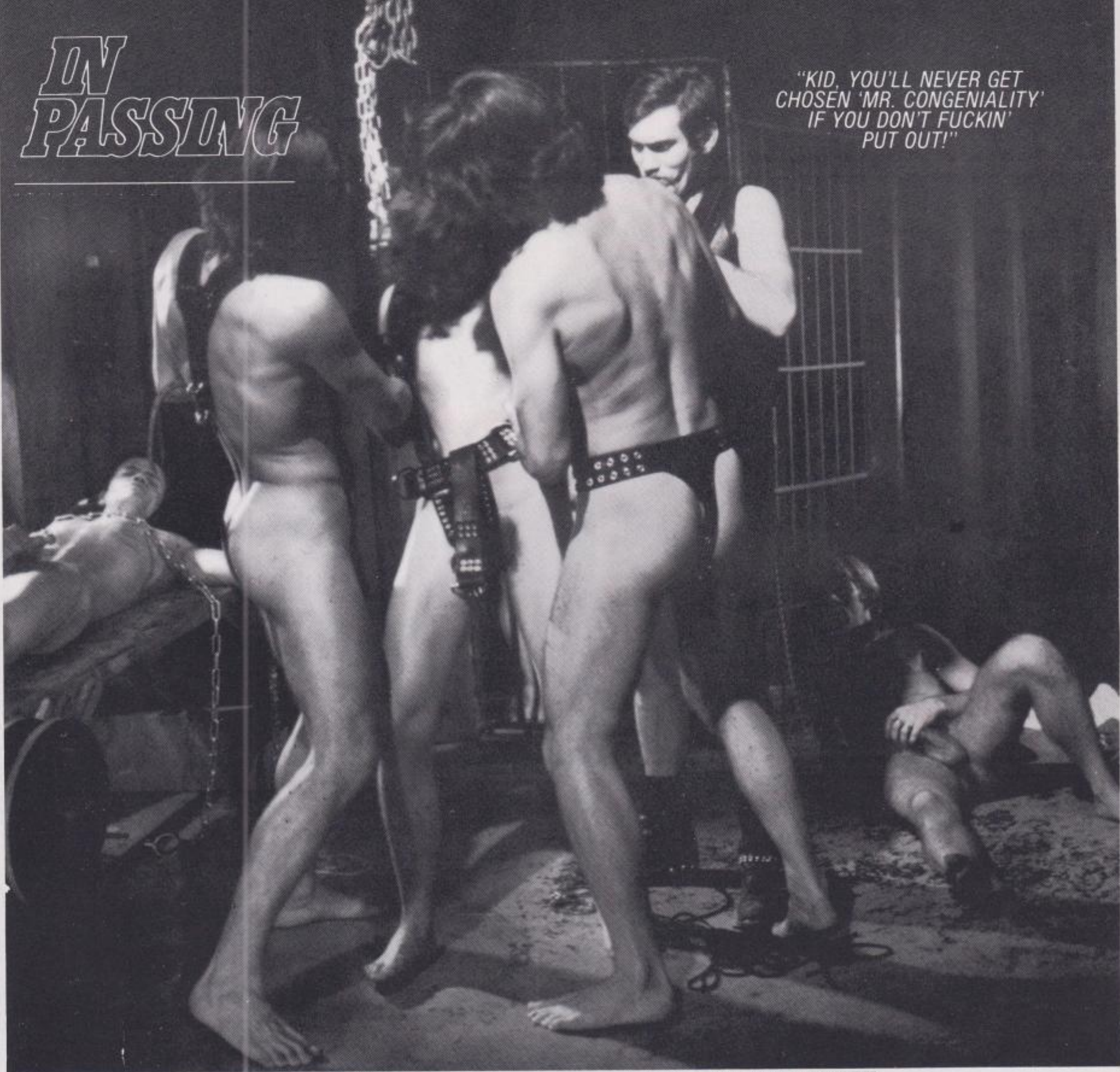
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IF YOU DON'T FUCKIN'
PUT OUT!"



Among the many cherished titles being passed around, MR. CONGENIALITY is a favorite. How does one achieve this distinction?

Be charming, show a little camaraderie, lend a fellow contestant your jock, and of course, it doesn't hurt to put out occasionally. Or even a lot. You'll get our vote.



DISPOSING OF THE 'LEFTOVERS'

Naturally, in this sort of event attracting so many hunky guys, there are bound to be leftover men. Those who didn't finish in the finals, the discarded slaves and groupies that always surround such a leather gathering. These are auctioned off from the same stage as the event itself, with many of the leftover contestants, especially, bringing a very good price. Proceeds, of course, are given to charity. □

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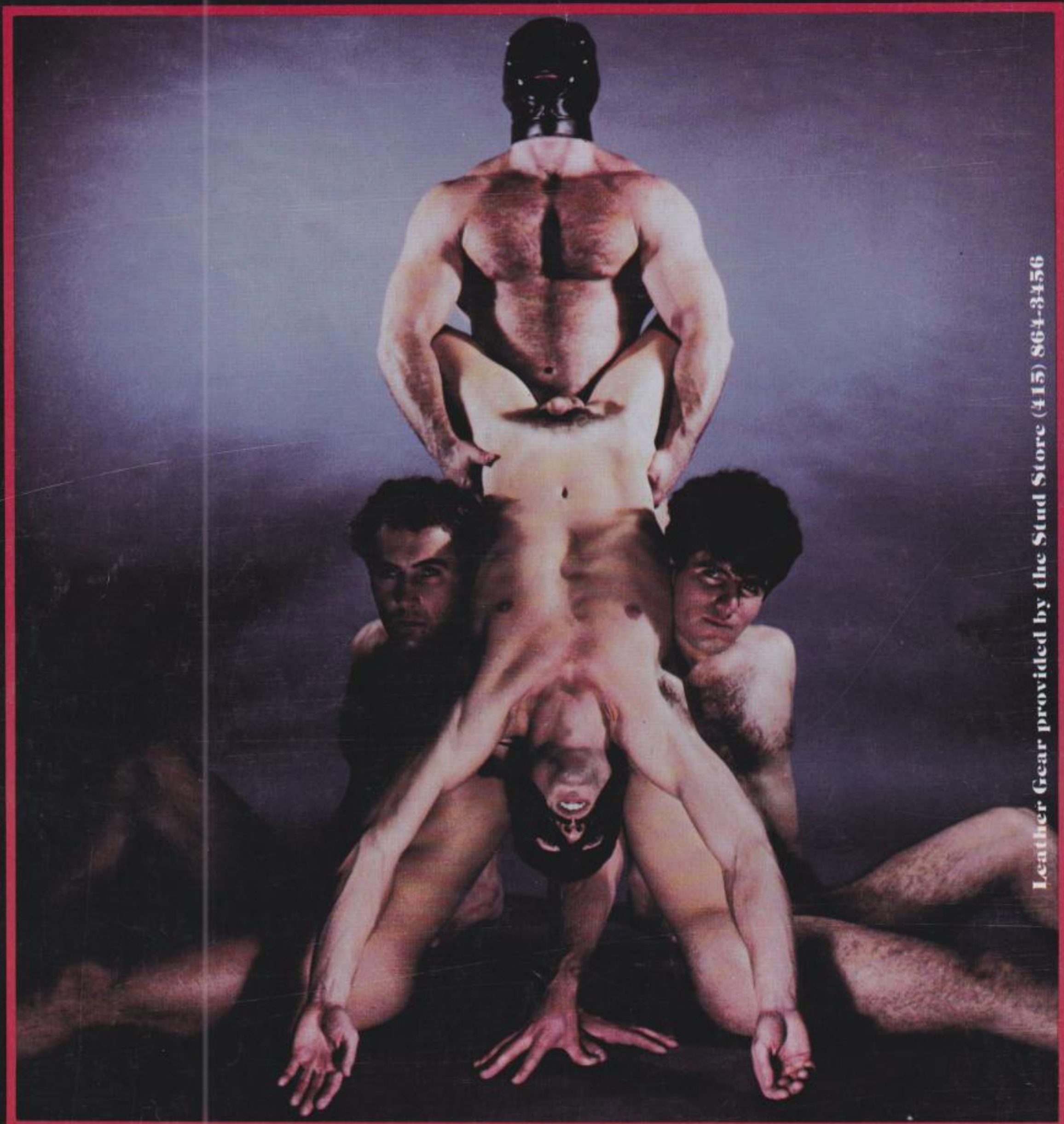
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